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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

BATHURST:
WE TEST BROCK'S '84 RACER

WHY THE SEARCH FOR QUALITY SEX TURNS MEN COLD

LIQUID SKY'S ANNE CARLISLE IN A BIZARRE PICTORIAL

COCAINE: JUST HOW DANGEROUS IS IT?

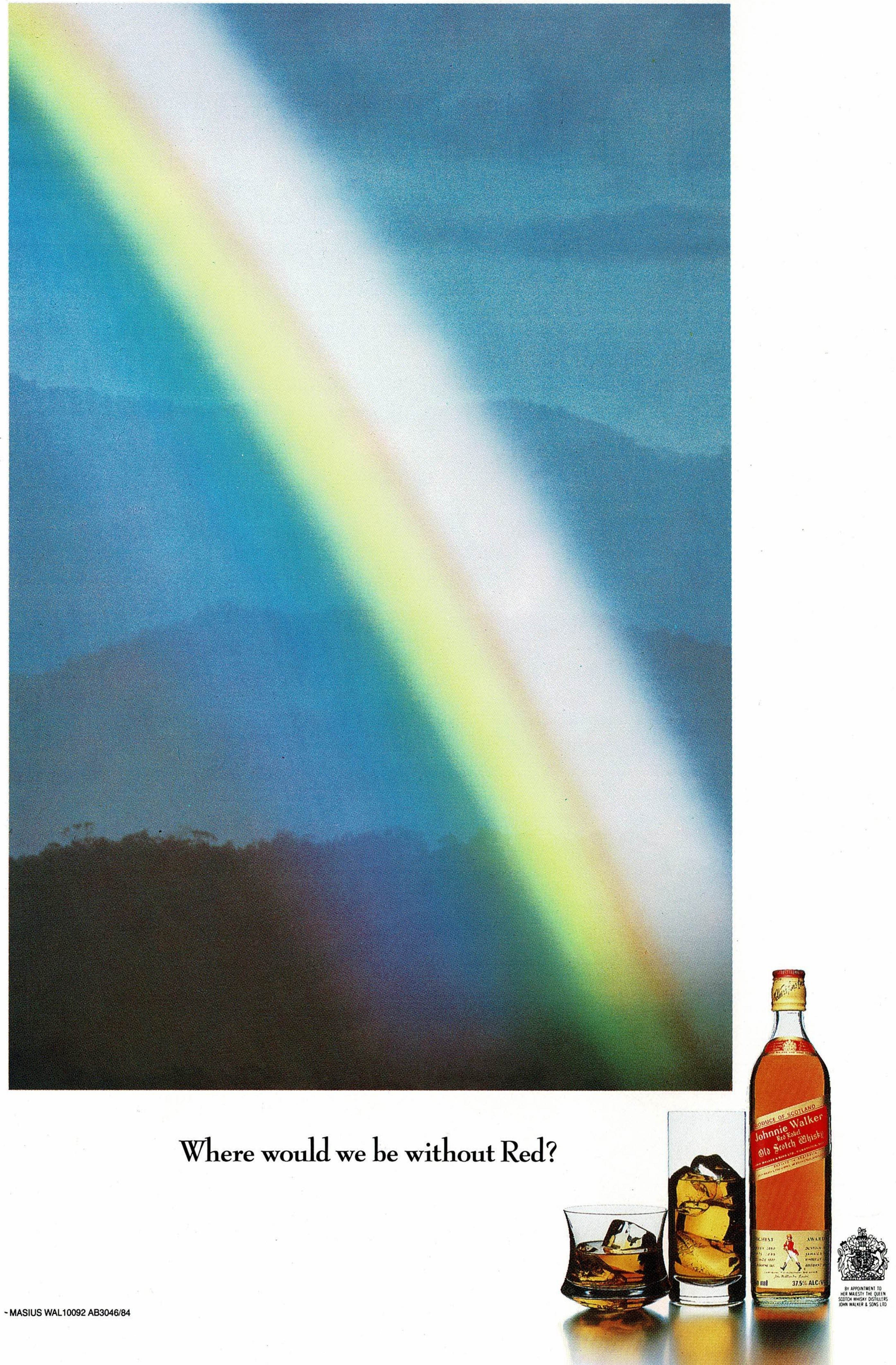
ULTIMATE FITNESS: HOW TO GET THE BODY YOU WANT

Plus DRESSING FOR SUCCESS, TOP FICTION, HUMOR

SHIRLEY MACLAINE
BARES HER SOUL IN A STARTLING INTERVIEW

TOM CARROLL: WORLD SURF CHAMP LINES UP

WHY MALE STRIPPERS DRIVE AUSSIE WOMEN CRAZY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PLAYBILL

SHIRLEY MACLAINE has been one of the spunkiest women in movies for nearly 30 years. That's right, three decades.

She celebrated her 50th birthday in April this year, around about the time she collected her Best Actress Oscar for *Terms Of Endearment*. Still the owner of two of the shapeliest legs in showbusiness, she has demonstrated herself to be a volatile, provocative, often maddening, frequently endearing free spirit. And certainly never dull.

David Rensin spoke to Shirley for this month's Playboy Interview about her new beliefs: reincarnation, astral projection and out-of-body experience. You may have read a few teasing items in the newspapers about Shirley's extraordinary convictions and now you can examine them at length in this exclusive interview and make up your own mind.

On a more physical plane, summer is just around the corner. It's time to get in shape, sweat off winter flab, oil the joints, grease the reflexes, tune up the old body and get mean and lean for a summer of public exposure.

The first step is to decide what body you want. Take a look at the body you've been given and decide how you can improve it. Fitness experts will tell you that if you're prepared to work at it, you *can* have the body you want. In How To Get The Body You Want we show you five blokes who work at keeping in top shape and writer **Tim Griggs** tells you how they got that way. Diet, hours of sleep, hours of exercise, sports favored — it's all here in an inspiring read. **Rico Mettbach** took the macho portraits.

Then, when you're in terrific shape, you can make your fortune as a male stripper. We're only half-kidding. The blokes who form The Cheeky Chaps are getting rich and having a lot of fun touring Australia's suburbs and bush towns taking it off nightly for thousands of apparently sex-starved women. Why are Aussie women so enthralled by these blokes? What have male strippers got that you haven't? What does it tell us about repressed sexual behavior in the Australia of the 1980s? **Janet Street-Porter** gets her teeth into a story that will have you looking at your woman, and women in general, with new curiosity.

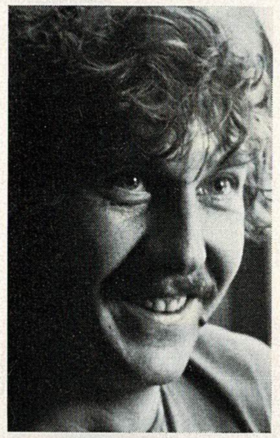
It's stories like that which may explain why Western societies seem to be producing a new generation of frigid men. You don't believe men can be frigid? Check out **Craig Vetter's** expose and you'll be surprised. There are a lot of guys around — healthy, hetero and otherwise happy — who are turning cool toward women after years of unsatisfactory sex.

One bloke who has no doubts about his place in the world is Tom Carroll — he's on top of it all. World champion surfer Tom lines up for 20 probing questions from **Neil Jameson** about world-class surfing and the rewards and pressures of being number one.

Once known as the champagne of drugs, cocaine is proving to be far deadlier than anyone at first suspected. It seems coke can, and often does, kill. **Laurence Gonzales** investigated the consequences of cocaine and has produced a revealing, no-nonsense report about the physical effects on users. Anyone who has ever flirted with cocaine should read Gonzales's report. **Brad Holland** did the illustration.

For motor racing fans, October is just another word for Bathurst. In our special Bathurst preview, motoring editor **Rob Luck** takes you for a spin in Brock's Bathurst car for an exclusive Australian PLAYBOY track test and gives you all the pit talk on how to get the most from the biggest motor racing weekend of the year.

If that's not enough, we have a truly bizarre pictorial featuring Anne Carlisle from the cult sci-fi movie, *Liquid Sky*, shot by **Richard Fegley;** the incredible bodies of Kirsten Ottlewski, Kimberley Evenson and Michelle Jette; Dressing For Success featuring seven successful men with personal selections from their own wardrobes; a quiz to see how materialistic you are; sport, booze and **Bettina Arndt's** sex advice. There now, that should get your motor running.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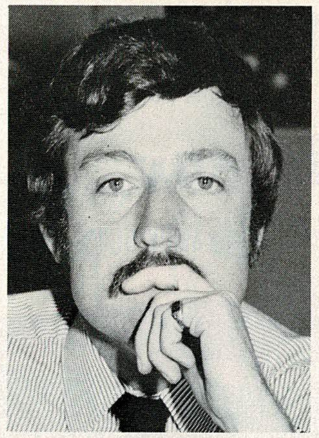
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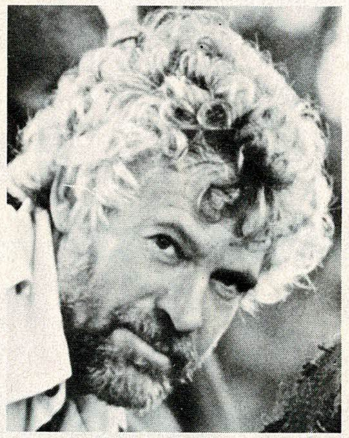
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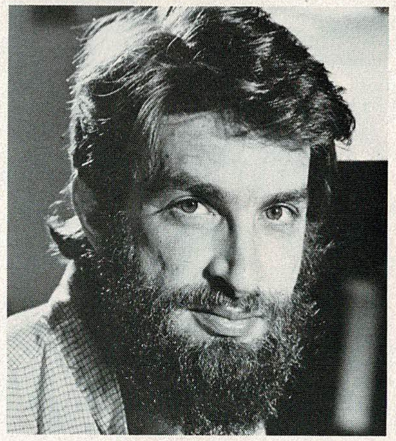
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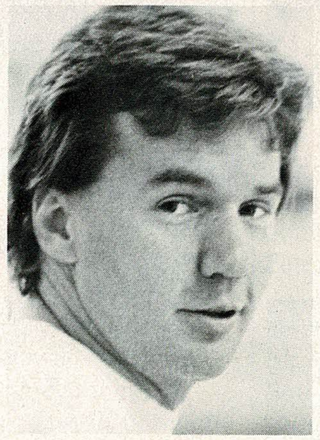
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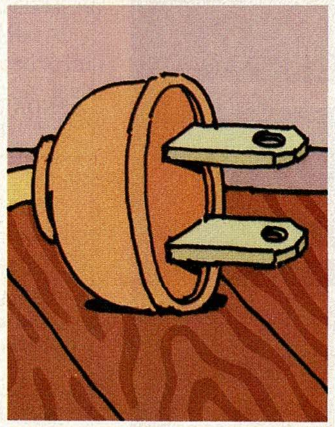

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EDITORIAL
SUSAN KUROSAWA chief copy editor; TONY LOVE copy editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; RICO METTBACH staff photographer; ALICIA LARRIERA editorial assistant; PHIL JARRATT senior contributing editor; RENNIE ELLIS chief melbourne correspondent; FRANK ROBSON brisbane correspondent; GRAHAM BARRY, IAN TONKIN proof readers; VITEK fashion editor; MIKE AGOSTINI sports editor; STEVEN SCHWARTZ, NEIL JAMESON, CHRIS PRITCHARD contributing editors.

ART
GARY FLETCHER art director; STEWART O'BRIEN, TONI HOPE-CATEN art assistants.

ADVERTISING
BARRY STEWART national sales director; NANCY GRAY nsw sales manager; RAY HARTLEY merchandising manager; GRIEG LYTHALL senior sales executive; AMANDA EYLES advertising assistant; victorian sales GEOFF WOODSIDE (03 63 1811); queensland TED VINING (07 229 8477); south australia SYMONS MEDIA (08 315 135); western australia RAY BURNS (09 322 2066); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DEFILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185).

PRODUCTION
MONIQUE PASILOW production co-ordinator.

FINANCE
PHILIPPA BRENNAN accountant; NGAIRE MEEHAN assistant to the accountant; ANGIE DASKALAKIS accounts receivable.

MARKETING
LYNDA PRINCE promotions manager; TRACEY INGRAM subscription manager.

PLAYBOY
HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher
NAT LEHRMAN
associate publisher
LEE HALL Director, HARESH SHAH assistant director, international publishing; MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN CONNELL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Congratulations to Lee Gomes for an excellent article on Artificial Intelligence (May). I am presently studying electrical engineering and I'm very interested in the subject of artificial intelligence.

I do feel that Gomes could have pointed out the main reason why an intelligent computer has not yet been constructed. It's because computers are serial processors whereas the brain is a parallel processor. Computers can only perform one operation at a time while the brain can perform numerous interconnected operations simultaneously. That's why computers can do calculations but they can't assimilate the enormous amount of data required for "thought". Parallel processing is essential for that and it's only now starting to be developed.

I also believe that researchers are going about the design of artificial intelligence in the wrong way. After all, do we expect a baby to understand the English language? If a computer were designed so that it could "learn", then it could be taught and eventually it would perform all the functions generally associated with intelligence.

Michael Beicht,
Townsville, Qld.

COLLINS UNVEILED

I would like to congratulate you on your Playboy Interview with Joan Collins (May). Being a Dynasty fan, I was intrigued to find out what the so-called "Bitch" was really like. She turned out to be a very raunchy and outspoken lady.

Good on you, Laurence Grobel, for such a revealing and easy-to-read interview.

Michal Minns,
Morisset, NSW.

DOLLAR LANE?

As a Beatles fan and great admirer of John Lennon, I have been astounded by the way the media and business sectors of our society have handled the obligatory "after-death promotions of a rock star". They seem to have applied unusual subtlety and respect which is certainly not their usual practice.

I thought it must have been a combination of genuine appreciation of the man's beliefs and the tragic circumstances under which he was killed that kept both his record companies and the publishing corporates from going for the big dollar kill.

It seems from your April 1984 article that I was wrong. Obviously the assault is yet to come. Thanks very much for the warning. Let's all hope that this great artist is saved from the slandering that has gone on for so many before him. Let's please remember John Lennon for his beautiful and brilliant musical statements.

At least there is some reassurance in your article that a few people are doing everything within their means to protect Lennon's name from those whose main motivation is purely monetary. Thank you, Australian PLAYBOY.

Peter A. Linden,
Cobargo, NSW.

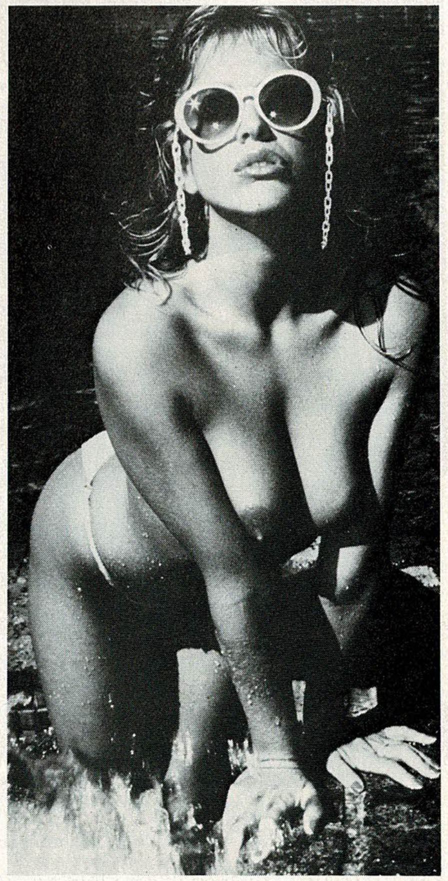
WHAT A BEACH BUM!

Thanks Australian PLAYBOY for the beaut pictorial on Cheryl Dombrowski in your August issue. She's a super-looking girl and deserves to do really well in whatever career she chooses.

I think she personifies the tanned, trim and fresh-faced Aussie beach girl. Also, she has a great bum, as evidenced by the photograph on the opening page. Another glimpse in the Dear Playboy page would be unreal.

Eric Harvey,
Port Macquarie, NSW.

We agree with your comments. Take another long look at our shapely water baby — Ed.



GOLDEN WORDS

Congratulations to Phil Jarratt for a most perceptive and entertaining article on the de Castella challenge for gold (April). It is rare for a writer to combine fiction and fact in one article (particularly when related to sport) and succeed so well.

As a struggling jogger, the article provided a good insight into what the marathoners were to face in LA.

Geoffrey T.,
Hobart, Tas.

POWER OF VIDEO

As much as I admire Anthony O'Grady's work as a rock journalist, I feel motivated to write after reading Rock'n'Roll Dreamtime (May).

One of the main reasons Australian rock is gaining ground in America is because the Australian rock video industry has been developing and refining the art since the early '70s and can deliver the goods through such video outlets as MTV in America. This, more than live performances, has been responsible for the increasing awareness of Australia in the global rock 'n' roll video village.

Sure, some of the acts mentioned delivered the goods live, but in 1980 I saw Cold Chisel deliver a blistering set to a crowd in LA only to be met with blinding indifference. Men At Work and Real Life have been criticised heavily for their live work in Australia but have become more successful in America than Cold Chisel, The Angels, Skyhooks, in fact most of the bands mentioned in your article, before they even played over there.

Moira English,
West Footscray, Vic.

A LOVELY SURPRISE

Your May issue was one of the best ever. I particularly enjoyed your article on frigid women but the most interesting and exciting section of that issue was the inclusion of Lesa Ann Pedriana.

Oh how I'd love a surprise package like the lovely Lesa Ann! She's one of the sexiest girls to ever be featured in Australian PLAYBOY.

G.A.C.,
Maryborough, Qld.

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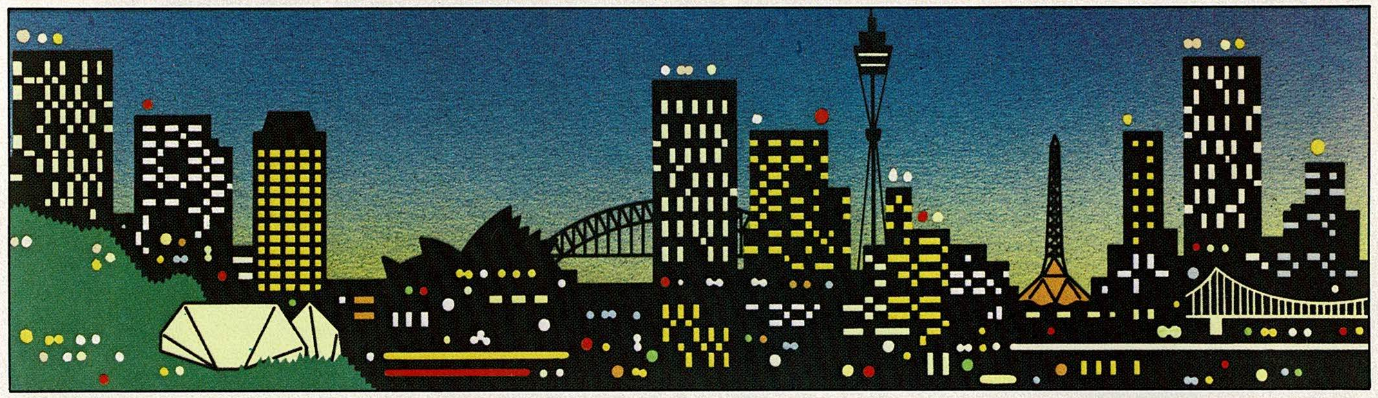
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



PUNK CULTURE

The British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) has banned a new pop group by the name of Pogue Mahone.

Apparently the pop group had played several times on the air much to the amusement of those BBC listeners familiar with Gaelic, one of Great Britain's ancient regional dialects.

It seems Pogue Mahone is Gaelic for "kiss my arse".

BULLDOZED

A pommie zoo-keeper made a fatal error in judgement when he spotted a bull elephant called Bindu becoming sexually aroused in the elephant compound at London zoo.

Now wait a minute, wait a minute, it wasn't what you think. Bindu appeared rather anxious to demolish some railings standing between him and the lady elephant of his desires.

Naturally the zoo-keeper decided to do the heroic thing. He boldly thrust himself between Bindu and the railings, whereupon Bindu boldly thrust him through the railings. . . a bit at a time.

Serves the silly sod right, you'd probably say. And we'd be inclined to agree. So take a tip, next time you see a bull elephant in full mating mode, mind your own bloody business.

LOTTO LUCK

Mrs Kerry Taylor of Western Australia is a methodical woman. Every week for three years she has filled in the same numbers on her Lotto coupon. A few weeks ago she was unable to deliver her coupon as usual on the Thursday night because she had to go to a meeting.

You guessed it. Her numbers came up. It didn't help the poor woman to discover that some agents still accept coupons up until 11am on Fridays in WA.

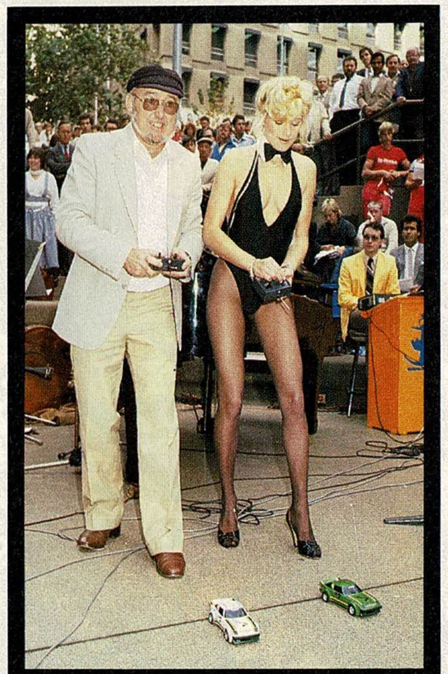
PSST, COMRADE, WANNA SCORE?

A Russian narcotics officer claims the Soviet Union has about 2500 drug addicts — and all of them live in the Kremlin.

Seriously, folks, the Soviet spokesman told the United Nations this low figure showed that, by world standards, Russia doesn't have a drug problem.

Life is so wonderful in the USSR, he said, that no one uses heroin, cocaine, LSD or amphetamines.

Sure, and all those Russians in Afghanistan are tourists.



Why does this man look nervous? Well, be honest, if you were a celebrated author, Booker prizewinner, and internationally acclaimed literary giant, would you want to lose a game of electronic racing cars to a woman who looks like a rabbit in evening dress?

Too bad. Because Tom Keneally did lose to our lovely June centrefold, Conie Pound, in the mini-Grand Prix held at Sydney's Martin Place to aid the Variety Club of Australia.

Conie and Tom were just two of the celebities who helped boost interest in an auction of classic licence plates to raise funds for the club by taking part in this snorty little event.

Tom was a good loser, though. He even got a kiss on the cheek from Conie as a consolation prize. Who says writers lead dull lives?

NIGHT MOVES

Florida police have tracked down a man charged with stealing a six-roomed house — eight years after he ran off with it. It seems Alfred Thomas Altland jacked the house up in the middle of the night and towed it away. The original owner returned from a trip to find a vacant lot where his home used to be. But he never got tired of looking for his lost home and now it's coming back to him.

PUNCHED OUT

One of the smaller London councils, Southwark, wants to take the punch out of Punch and Judy shows. The council has written to puppeteer John Alexander asking him to tone down his act and to cut out the sex and violence.

The council was acting on a recommendation by their women's committee which claimed Punch and Judy shows catered to prurient sexual appetites because Judy was always on the receiving end. So that's why poms grow up weird!

On the subject of pom-baiting, the British RSPCA has acted on several complaints of "worm-coaxing" in the Cornish village of Liskeard. A local pub had been holding competitions to see who could lure the most worms out of the ground. An RSPCA spokesman said the worms should not be made to suffer.

BOXER SHORTS

A man walked into the police station at Innisfail, Queensland, to report that his boxer dog had come home wearing a brassiere on his chest and a scanty pair of women's undies on his backside. On investigating further, the dog's owner found a pile of women's underwear on the front doorstep, apparently brought home by the dog.

A few days later a local woman reported to police that while she had been away on holiday someone had broken into her house and stolen all her underwear.

Police are still interviewing the dog.

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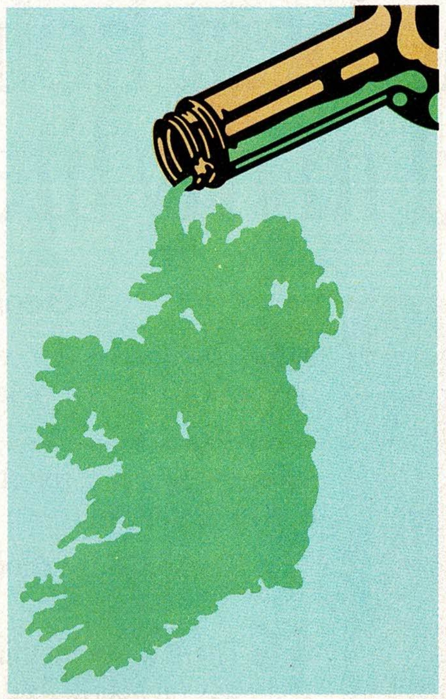

From the land of shamrocks a whiskey that's no joke.

Irish whiskey has a colorful history worthy of celebration. It boasts one of the spirit world's longest pedigrees and was the first distilled spirit produced in the British Isles. Like all Irish miracles, credit for its discovery is often attributed to St Patrick but the more likely truth is that the art of distillation was brought to Ireland by missionary monks from continental Europe.

Although the Scots are loath to accept Irish supremacy, many historians and whisky authorities believe that the Irish were, in fact, the real inventors of the major prop of the Scottish economy. During his invasion of Ireland in the 12th century, Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, is said to have noticed that, as well as being decimated by his troops, the Irish were also drinking whiskey. The fabled first mention of Scotch in written records did not appear until 1494.

The original Gaelic name for Irish whiskey was *usgebaugh* (water of life). When such notables as Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth I developed a fondness for Irish spirits, the word was anglicised to whiskey. For reasons that have never become evident, the Irish and the Americans drink whiskey with an "e", while the Scots and Canadians throw back whisky.

The real birth of the modern Irish whiskey industry occurred in the late 18th century with the establishment of several large commercial distilleries. Respected brands such as John Jameson and John Power, which are still in existence, can trace their beginnings back to this dawning of the new whiskey age.

There are several important differences in manufacture that make Irish whiskey a very different breed to Scotch. Pot stills are used in both whisky industries, but the Irish use bigger ones. The Irish distil the spirit three times, while the Scots restrict the number of distillations to two. As a result of the triple distillation, Irish whiskey is a lot purer and headier running off the still. Another variation, which greatly affects the final flavor of both products is the way in which the grain malt base of each whisky is dried. In the Scottish method the germinated malt is dried in kilns over open peat fires, which results in Scotch whisky's distinctive smokiness. The Irish toast the malt over peat in closed kilns, hence the peat does not influence the taste of the whiskey. The malt base for Scotch is pure malted barley, but the Irish use a mixture of malted and unmalted barley, rye and oats. Following distillation, Irish whiskey is aged for at least seven years in used oak casks which once contained either bourbon or sherry.

Depending on your palate, Irish whiskey can be gentle and nut-like with a wondrous array of nuances, or hearty, hardy and bracing. My sentiments agree with the latter opinion and a drink possessed of such rugged individuality should only be drunk neat and clean. Some experts, however, feel it is perfectly all right to substitute Irish whiskey for Scotch in drinks such as Manhattans (whiskey, rye, sweet vermouth and Angostura bitters chilled with ice and then strained) and Sours (a sharp blend of whiskey and lemon juice, lightly sweetened with sugar).

If you do decide to vary the recipes of these drinks, remember that they will not have the same bite, as Irish whiskey is mellower than Scotch and the other ingredients may overpower it.

Then, of course, there's Irish Coffee. It seems made for blustery March evenings in County Kerry when the only sensible thing to do is shutter the windows, throw another chunk of peat on the fire and down a rich blend of coffee, cream and Irish whiskey. However, you don't have to aspire to the grand final of *Mastermind* to work out that coffee is not a centuries-old Irish beverage and the Irish do not possess a long history as makers of cocktails.

The truth is far less romantic than any imagined yarn, but none the less worth knowing. Irish Coffee, or Gaelic Coffee as it was originally known, was first invented in the late 1940s by Joe Sheridan, the chef at Shannon Airport, back in the days when the first transatlantic flying boats splashed down in a nearby estuary. The mostly American military passengers arrived almost frozen to the bone after the 14-hour journey and Joe concocted the drink as a means of warming them up. In the beginning, Joe preheated a heat-proof stemmed glass with boiling water and tossed in three sugar cubes. He then filled the glass three-quarters full with hot black coffee, poured in a generous kick of Irish whiskey and topped the whole thing off with a 1cm layer of fresh cream poured slowly over the back of a spoon to ensure that it floated.

According to the keepers of the sacred claim, this is the only way to make the heavenly blend.

There are dissidents, of course, and many have adapted their own versions. Alexander Beaumont, president of the Australian Bartenders' Guild (ABG) and runner-up in the 1984 World President Cocktail Mixing Championships, has very fixed ideas on the subject. He advocates the use of a glass (never a mug) and uses 5oz of strong, black coffee and a spoonful of brown sugar stirred together until completely dissolved. He then pours in 1oz of Irish whiskey followed by approximately two tablespoons of fresh cream dripped from the spoon into the coffee mixture. That final step ensures that the cream is lightly aerated.

Summer doesn't mean that you have to give up this exquisite tipple. When the barometer hits swelter, shake up an Icy Irish. Whip one scoop of vanilla ice cream in a blender with a small cup of cold black coffee. Once it is well mixed, add a jigger of Irish whiskey and blend again for a few seconds. Pour into a frosted highball glass, top with fresh whipped cream and dust with cinnamon.

If Irish Coffee can lay claim to the title "runaway success", Baileys Irish Cream isn't far behind. A rich amalgam of Irish whiskey and cream, it was first produced for the export market in 1975. In less than nine years it has become the world's number one liqueur. More than half the Australian population over the age of 18 have treated themselves to a "drop of the Baileys" and it ranks number five in popularity of all spirit-based products. The drink's advertising slogan of "It's as Irish as falling in love" has been taken literally and it enjoys enormous popularity with Australian women between the ages of 25 and 40.

Danish Cherry: Shake ¾oz cherry liqueur and ½oz each of Baileys, Irish whiskey, orange juice and fresh cream. Strain and pour into a 3oz cocktail glass and garnish with a cherry. This cocktail took out first place in the ABG National Cocktail Mixing Competition this year.

— ELISABETH KING

"My P&O cruise was, without doubt, the best holiday I've had in my life."

Welcome home…

"The English service, especially the drink waiters, is spectacular. You put your feet up and don't do a thing.

Your holiday starts from the moment you step aboard – no boring travel or transfers before you arrive at your destination.

The ship is big enough to get lost in."

N. Azzopardi, Waverton NSW

"There was something to do every moment of every day on board. And none of the activities cost an extra cent above what I'd paid for the cruise — not even the cinema!"

T. Dalton, Cleveland, QLD

"So much was happening on our P&O cruise, the only thing we didn't get enough of was sleep."

J. Taylor, Cammeray NSW

You could be having the time of your life.

A P&O cruise is really twice as much holiday as you'll find anywhere else.

To begin with, you get the relaxation which you can only experience while cruising the tropical paradises of the Pacific: swimming across lagoons lined with multi-coloured coral; soaking up the sun on powder white beaches; sipping a long, cool drink in the shade of a beautiful palm tree.

While on the other hand, you have the excitement of life aboard ship.

There is a disco, where you can dance away to your heart's content. And you have the chance of winning a fortune around the gaming tables.

During the day, the range of shipboard activities and games is enormous. And if you just want to sit back and watch, there are lounges, bars and, of course, acres of sun drenched deck space.

It's all for a price which is probably far less than you'd imagine.

P&O will even arrange for you to fly TAA at special low bonus airfares to connect with your cruise.

For more information, see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.

"Take me away, P&O."

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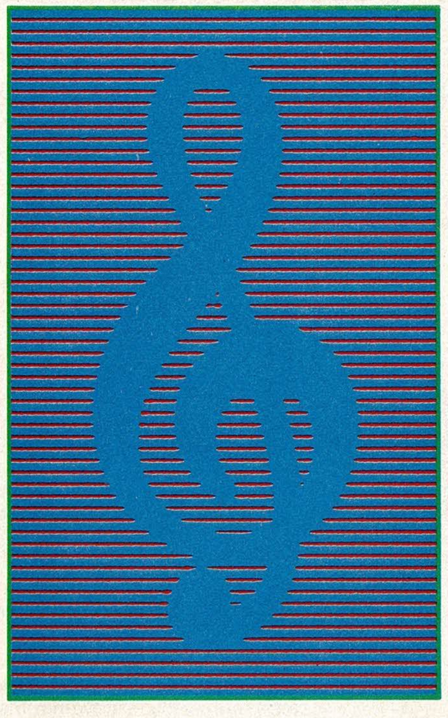
MUSIC



Forget music to the ears; now hi-fi means you'll cop an eyeful as well.

Master of make-up, character actor, and mega rock star **David Bowie** has always been a step ahead of the pack when it comes to new musical ideas. With major record and video companies deciding there really *is* a music video-hungry public, Bowie has found himself in the frontline again, on the books of three music video marketeers. They now see him not only as their champion of sound but of vision.

After changing the face of the music video scene with the release of the world's largest selling video, *Making Michael Jackson's Thriller*, independent video distributor Video Classics came out with Bowie's *Serious Moonlight*, recorded live in Canada during his '83 world tour which ended in Australia with capacity crowds.

PolyGram Music Video launched its Australian operation earlier in the year with vintage Bowie, a video titled *Love You Till Tuesday* that includes the original version of *Space Oddity*. Also on its listings are **Dire Straits'** live video, *Alchemy*, **Big Country's** *In Concert*, **Elton John's** *Videosingles*, **ABC's** *Mantrap*, **The Jam's** *Transglobal Unity Express*, **Roxy Music's** *The High Road*, **Donna Summer's** *A Hot Summer Night*, **Dexy's Midnight Runners'** *The Bridge*, **Rainbow's** *Live Between The Eyes*, **Siouxsie And The Banshees'** *Nocturne* and **The Style Council's** *What We Did On Our Holidays*.

While PolyGram and Video Classics have gone big on their music video range, Thorn-EMI has been much more cautious, releasing a range of super stars — **Paul McCartney, Olivia Newton-John,** and **The Who's** *The Kids Are Alright*. **Duran Duran,** however, has been its biggest seller, and now Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust* (the movie) is on its books.

The other major recording companies, WEA and CBS-Fox, also have adopted a wait-and-see approach with their music videos. WEA's small catalogue includes *A Tribute To Jim Morrison And The Doors*, *Simon And Garfunkel In Central Park*, **Fleetwood Mac,** a **Devo** documentary, plus a few old faves like *Woodstock* and *Hair*. CBS-Fox's big number is *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Festival Records, on the other hand, has gone all out, releasing **Bob Marley's** *The Legend*, **Grace Jones's** *One Man Show*, **Spandau Ballet's** *Live Over Britain*, **Billy Idol, Michael Schenker Group, Ian Hunter's** *Rocks Live At Pier 84 New York City*, **Jethro Tull's** *Slipstream*, and **Ultravox's** *Monument*.

PolyGram, too, has decided that the video boom in Australia will last and is putting a lot of record dollars into its music video wing. It sees that with the advent of hi-fidelity music video cassettes and players videos will assume the same role as albums. Statisticians tell us Joe Public buys fewer records these days. He wants more out of his music. He wants to see the bands and he wants them live. No concept videos.

"The future of music is an audiovisual one," says PolyGram MusicVideo's manager, Kathy McKerrow, who came here after setting up PolyGram's music video operation in England. Two years ago only 20 percent of the company's English catalogue was music; now it's around 60 percent. The same growth is expected here, especially with a video cassette recorder estimated to be in one in every three Australian homes.

Another reason for the expected music video explosion here is the recent introduction of hi-fidelity stereo VCRs, which will soon become the accepted video hardware in home entertainment equipment, along with stereo television and hi-fi audio machinery.

The leaders in this field both come from West Germany. Blaupunkt has geared its video equipment to join the boom in stereo television, but with an emphasis on sound quality which it claims is close to the reproduction of the audio digital disc. Blaupunkt's VCR stereo tuner can effectively convert your mono TV to stereo, and also is able to receive two channel programs. Blaupunkt's VCR began selling at around $1600.

Nordmende also sells for a similar price with its VCR designed to link up with a high-definition projection screen ranging from 50 inches to 100. The most popular domestic size is 72 inches, and priced at around $7500, while a complete system with VCR, hi-fi audio, projection unit and screen can cost between $10,000 and $12,000, and is available in specialist stores as well as Nordmende stores in Sydney and Melbourne.

Japanese makers, too, refuse to be outdone and both Akai and National also have hi-fi equipment that sells for around $1300.

Software should soon all be recorded in hi-fidelity which means the quality of sound will be vastly improved with a dynamic range of 80dB, a frequency range between 20 and 20,000 Hz, and wow and flutter of .005 percent. For top quality tapes, you're also looking at between 100 and 120 plays before any deterioration is likely to occur.

So while you're contemplating the spectre of hi-fi music video of the taped kind, the next step down the audiovisual path is already on the way — the laser disc. These discs provide stunning visual and audio reproduction and are already being pressed in England. PolyGram (UK) has about a dozen acts already out on video disc, including ABC, The Jam, Pink Floyd, and Roxy Music. While manufacturers see this as a little premature for the Aussie market, you can start putting your bucks aside for these ultimately permanent slices of audiovisual history.

•

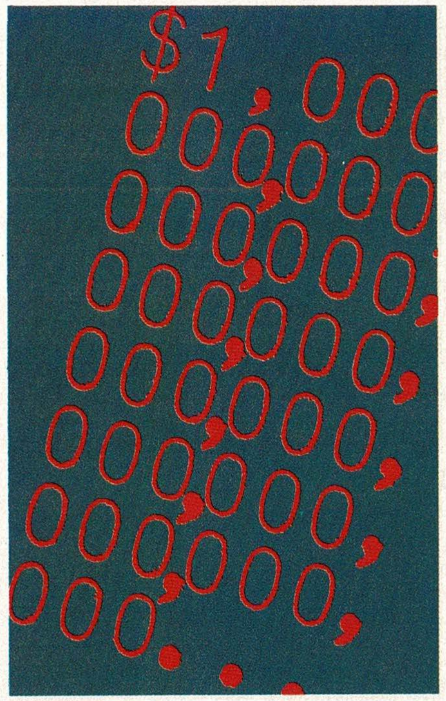
Just to prove that hi-fi equipment still has some connection to good music, a Scottish company, Linn Products, has released an album by three Glasgow boys called **The Blue Nile.** Linn is known for its hi-fidelity turntable, the Linn Sondek LP12, and while treading a small specialist line in previous recordings, it has now linked up with Virgin records for worldwide distribution.

The Blue Nile's debut album, *A Walk Across The Rooftops*, is a wonderful antidote to much of the childishly concocted synthetic pop that now bombards the record-buying public. The music is mature and the songs brave enough to be emotional. The album creates a mood that is rich and elegant, while at the same time there is a rawness that is determined and sometimes defiant.

This is a recording that won't appear and then disappear from the charts, but on the other hand once it finds itself near your turntable, it won't go away either. A delectable discovery that the world of artificial pop music can't match.

— TONY LOVE

MONEY


$1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

If you are 30 years old, employed and belong to a superannuation scheme, chances are that someday you will be a millionaire. And you won't have to discover gold, invent a new computer or win the lottery.

If your superannuation contributions, and your employer's, total $2000 per year, and if your money is invested in securities paying 12 percent interest (compounded monthly), you will accumulate around $1 million by the normal retirement age of 65. Considering that you and your boss have only contributed $70,000, this is not a bad investment. In fact, even $1200 invested yearly in such a superannuation fund will yield more than $750,000 in 35 years. If you are under 30, the amount will be even larger. Eventually, when all Australians are covered by superannuation schemes, we will become a nation of millionaires.

Who's going to be a millionaire? We are!

Sounds too good to be true? There *is* a slight catch. We may all be millionaires when we retire, but it's not at all certain that we'll be rich. A million dollars is only worth what it can buy, and it's unlikely that it will buy very much. The problem is inflation. It already takes 10 million of today's inflated dollars to buy what one million could 35 years ago. Thirty-five years from now, it may require 100 million.

Now it's always a dangerous business to predict the future and I have no crystal ball. But we can take a tip from the American magazine *Changing Times,* which suggests that one way to tell what the economy will be like 35 years from now is to examine what things cost 35 years ago.

Their reasoning goes something like this: A cheap pair of kid's-school shoes cost one pound ($2) in 1949. Today, even at K-Mart, the same shoes will set you back $14 or seven times as much. For shoes then, the inflation factor over the past 35 years is seven. If you assume that inflation over the next 35 years will be similar to the past 35, then school shoes should be seven times dearer in 2019 than they are today. In other words, to estimate prices in 2019, we merely calculate price changes over the past 35 years and apply them to the next 35 years. Using this procedure, we can estimate that cheap school shoes will cost $98 ($14 x 7) in 2019.

This approach to estimating future prices is not without its problems. For one thing, the calculations assume that the future will pretty much resemble the past and there is no real reason why it should. Nevertheless it's a pretty good bet that nothing important will change between now and 2019. Over the past 35 years, we have had a variety of governments and inflation rates that varied from nil in some years to 20 percent in others.

If we assume that we will have a variety of governments and similar swings in inflation over the next 35 years, then the procedure just described should give us a reasonably accurate picture of what that million dollars will buy when we finally grow old enough to spend it.

The accompanying table lists various consumer items, wages and other familiar economic statistics. For each item I have indicated the 1949 price (translated from sterling into dollars), the current price, the inflation factor and the estimated price in 2019. The 1949 figures come from advertisements in *The Sydney Morning Herald* and from the *Yearbook Australia* published by the Commonwealth Government. The 1984 figures are also based on newspaper ads and government statistics.

Where several 1984 prices prevail, I have chosen the most representative rather than the highest, so although they may appear outlandish, the estimates for 2019 are actually quite conservative. For example, there are many places today where men's wool trousers cost more than $55. If I had used a higher 1984 price for this item, say $80, the 2019 estimate would have been $1076 instead of $508.20. It is also worthwhile noting that although we tend to think of inflation as uniform, some prices increased quite a bit more than others since 1949. International air fares, for example, have increased very little over the past 35 years and cheap cars are still relatively cheap. Real estate, on the other hand, has exploded.

By examining the entries in the table, it is possible to answer the question of just how far that million-dollar superannuation bonanza will go in 2019 . . . not very far at all. A moderate house, a cheap car, some new clothes and it will be largely gone. This doesn't mean you should not participate in a superannuation plan. Considering what prices will be like, you may starve to death without one. Just don't expect to be rich.

— SETH GREGORY

WHAT WE CAN BUY WHEN WE ARE ALL MILLIONAIRES

Item	1949	1984	Inflation Factor	2019
	$	$		$
Butter (500g)	.21	1.75	8.33	14.58
Eggs (dozen)	.27	1.55	5.74	8.90
Milk (litre)	.07	.74	10.57	7.82
Steak (kg)	.40	6.60	16.50	108.90
Bread (one loaf)	.06	.79	13.16	10.40
Man's suit (off rack)	32.00	220.00	6.88	1,513.60
Wool trousers	5.95	55.00	9.24	508.20
Packet of cigarettes	.23	1.50	6.52	9.78
Sydney Morning Herald	.02	.30	15.00	4.50
Cheap car	1,400.00	6,100.00	4.36	26,596.00
Cheapest return air fare UK	1,170.00	1,651.00	1.41	2,327.91
Weekly rent for a flat	8.00	80.00	10.00	800.00
Cheap house	6,000.00	45,000.00	7.50	337,500.00
Moderate house	10,000.00	80,000.00	8.00	640,000.00
Sydney Harbor home	33,000.00	500,000.00	15.15	7,575,000.00
Average weekly wage	17.00	387.00	22.76	8,808.12
Income tax as a percent of average wage	8%*	20%	2.50	50%
Commonwealth Debts	3,634 million	17,916 million	4.93	88,326 million

**Includes Social Services Levy*

Bacardi
LIGHT-DRY
CARTA BLANCA
RUM
Ron
BACARDI
Superior

"...at that time of day a long, cool Bacardi was called for."

"What better way to take the edge off the noonday sun? Bacardi rum and orange, or cola, or dry, or tonic or... who says you can't please all of the people all of the time?"

BACARDI rum and Orange. Pour one part Bacardi rum over ice in a tall glass. Add three parts orange juice. Stir. Garnish with a slice of orange. Also try pineapple, grapefruit or other favourite juices.
BACARDI rum and Cola. Pour one part Bacardi rum over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add three parts cola (or diet cola) to fill the glass. Stir.
BACARDI rum and Tonic. Drop a slice of lemon or lime into a tall glass filled with ice. Pour in one part Bacardi rum. Add three parts tonic. Stir.
BACARDI rum and Dry Ginger Ale. Pour one part Bacardi rum over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add three parts dry ginger ale. Garnish with a twist of lemon peel. Stir.
Discover more easy ways to enjoy Bacardi rum. Send the coupon below for your free copy of the BACARDI rum Party Book.

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TRAVEL

The very best of everything in the sultry South Pacific.

Red-hot days, balmy nights, ultra-blue seas, virginal beaches, scantily dressed women and jugs of rum punch within easy reach of your hammock. There are few of us who can resist the lure of a tropical paradise. Some may say you don't have to go further than Noosa or the Whitsundays to find a hedonistic Utopia but I believe that as long as the lure of duty-free shopping and low-cost packages prevails, most serious sloths will head for the South Pacific.

There's an extensive range of holiday options available. Most tastes and budgets are catered for; if time is no object, contact a carrier such as Polynesian Airlines and buy a Polypass which gives you unlimited travel for 30 days on the airline's network of 14 destinations. Don't zip around too much, though, as the essence of a South Pacific holiday is laziness and once you find a palm tree you fancy, the idea is to stay put there.

I've done a bit of South Pacific wandering in my time. Some of my most serious research has been conducted while propping up the bar at Aggie Grey's in Apia or sipping banana daiquiris at The Pioneer Inn at Lahaina on Maui. In fact, I made a list once at Aggie's of some of the South Pacific's most potent attractions. It went something like this:

Best beach: Champagne Beach on the island of Espiritu Santo, Vanuatu. Sand like caster sugar and water newly flushed with Blue Loo. Rent a car at Luganville Airport, stop at least 20 times to ask directions and eventually you'll find it when you've just about given up. It's hidden down an overgrown track and there's a small box on the fence where you can leave a donation for the villagers. Hopefully, the place will be totally deserted (it usually is) and you can slip off your sarong and fulfil all your Robinson Crusoe fantasies. Of course you will have a bottle of bubbly, crusty French bread and a hunk of pate on hand because you must have stopped off at the Burns Philp store on the way to ask directions. You can't spend a day at Champagne Beach without proposing a toast. I believe this beach is one of the South Pacific's best-kept secrets so don't go spreading the word around. I'll know if you do.

Best beer: Fiji Bitter is the frontrunner in the South Pacific beer stakes. Western Samoa's Vailima trickles in at second place. In Vanuatu they drink Fourex and you can be stumbling around some of the remotest islands in the chain and suddenly you'll come across a smiling native in one of those red and yellow T-shirts. I don't approve of this at all. If you spend any length of time in the region, you may find yourself ready to kill for a Heineken.

Best-looking women: You have to admit that the French colonists in the South Pacific did their duty well. The women in New Caledonia and Tahiti are the most graceful; there are lots of French expatriates in both countries and in New Caledonia you'll find topless bathing which is considered a bit of a shocker elsewhere. The women on the beaches in Noumea smoke Gitanes and smell of expensive suntan oil; on the Tahitian islands of Moorea and Bora Bora you can easily make believe you're enveloped in the bosom of a warm, inviting Gauguin painting. The wahines on Honolulu's beaches are long-limbed and parade around with hairdos that a Charlie's Angel would kill for.

Best food: One doesn't go to the South Pacific to eat (well, not specifically). The food at resort hotels tends to be buffet style and if you stick to that pattern then you deserve everything that's coming to you. In Vanuatu, eat coconut crab on Erakor Island and splurge on a French meal at Pisces (always arrive in time for the sunset and demand a ringside table); in Honolulu, everything tastes like polystyrene except the food at any of the Japanese restaurants in Waikiki where the sushi and sashimi are wonderful; in Noumea, there's a great range of little French eateries and there's no excuse not to eat well; the same goes for Tahiti, especially L'Auberge Landaise in Papeete where they fly in the foie gras every week from Bordeaux; in Fiji, I suggest you take out a fishing boat and have the chef at your hotel cook up your catch for dinner; in Western Samoa, eat as many mangoes and paw paws as you can handle and be wary of any hotel dish with a French name; on the Hawaiian island of Maui, the macadamia nut ice cream is orgasmic and the pina coladas are a complete meal.

Best scenery: There's no such thing as bad scenery in the South Pacific, but some parts are more dramatic than others. On the splendor scale, I'd rate the Western Samoan island of Savai'i as number one, closely followed by Maui. Real Tarzanic territory, thundering blowholes, dense jungle, surrealistic landscapes and massive lava flows. Savai'i is virtually untouched; Maui is the playground of Hollywood stars but there's enough untamed scenery left to maintain the Jules Verne illusion.

Best cocktails: Hawaii for fruit-flavored daiquiris and pina coladas (with typical American excess, they are bigger here than in any other South Pacific destination); the bar at Aggie Grey's in Apia serves devastating mai tais; the rum punch served at Hideaway Island, Vanuatu, is memorable; The Regent of Fiji near Nadi and The Hyatt Regency on the Fijian Coral Coast both have long cocktail lists that take you a week each to work your way through (the blue ones are the best) and almost any fruity cocktail you order in Tahiti will be a knockout. Keep the little paper umbrellas that adorn each cocktail so you can tally up your consumption at the end of your trip. Never, of course, drink the water and if you have to waste stomach space on coffee, do it in New Caledonia where the local coffee is aromatic, tasty and super-cheap.

Best diving: I believe that Vanuatu offers the best snorkelling and scuba diving of any South Pacific hot spot. Visibility is tremendous, there's an infinite array of sealife and coral formations and the dive operations in Port Vila are all run by Australians so there's no problem organising whatever you want. Hideaway Island just off Vila is an ideal stay-put spot for a diving holiday and instructor Tony Antoniou is one of the most experienced divers in the region. On Santo, you can dive on the *President Coolidge*, a US ship which was sunk during World War II and which is the most accessible shipwreck in the world today. Make arrangements with the *Coolidge's* unofficial custodian, Alan Power, at the Santo Hotel in Luganville. Recommended for experienced divers only.

Best watersports: Most resorts offer a range of activities such as paraflying, sailboarding, sailing, waterskiing, canoeing, the lot. Some (such as Le Lagon in Vila) don't charge guests for hire of equipment; others do, but may forget to tell you so be sure to check this point before going overboard on equipment hire.

Best hotels: Almost all South Pacific destinations are rife with resort hotels nestling in pool-scaped surrounds. Le Lagon in Port Vila, for example, has its own lagoon and lots of snug bungalows dotted through its lush gardens. There's a sensible rule which applies in most places: no building should exceed the height of the tallest palm tree. Thatched huts, ceiling fans and decor based on local handicrafts are all prerequisites for tropical accommodation. The exception to all of this is Honolulu where multi-storey establishments preside, most of them decorated in eye-popping elegance and with astonishing theme restaurants (zebra skins, caged birds, flamenco dancers and the like). Waikiki's one exception is The Royal Hawaiian, a gracious pink hotel which still oozes 1920s charm (don't be talked into staying in the new wing). Elsewhere, I would opt for Aggie Grey's legendary establishment in Apia, Western Samoa (a bit frayed around the edges but with palpable character); The Regent of Fiji at Nadi (beautiful tennis courts); and L'Escapade resort just across from Noumea. The Tahitian islands of Moorea and Bora Bora are so idyllic that a hammock between any two palm trees would do me there; on the Western Samoan island of Savai'i you can stay in a government guesthouse, sleep in an open-sided bungalow under mosquito netting, catch a fish for breakfast and join the local rugby team; on Maui stay at The Pioneer Inn at Lahaina, the old whaling port, drink cold beer and listen to spicy tales from the old salts who still hang out at this historic pub.

Best nightlife: Again, the French-influenced destinations are where it all happens after dark. In Noumea, there's a big casino and an assortment of nightclubs; in Tahiti, there are a couple of discos which really rage by South Pacific standards. Resort hotels all have live music and special theme nights when guests dress up in hula skirts and make extravagant head-dresses out of everything they've saved from that week's cocktail glasses. It's there if you really have to have it. If it's not your cup of kava, just sit on the beach and watch the theatrically perfect sunsets, perhaps cast a fishing line or watch the crabs sidestepping all over the sand.

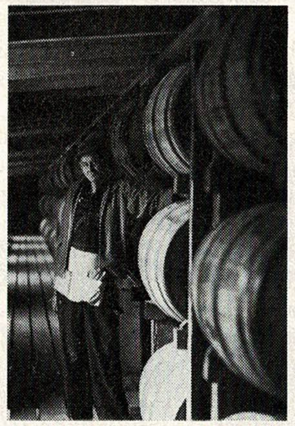
The South Pacific is all about improvisation and relaxation. If your life depends on manufactured entertainment and buses that run on time, then go to Japan instead. Give me a sarong and a smile any time.

—SUSAN KUROSAWA

CHARCOAL MELLOWING
VAT NO: 1
CAPACITY

Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we fill vats like these with hard maple charcoal to help make the world's smoothest whiskey.



After "charcoal mellowing," aging

For over 110 years, we've done something special to our whiskey. We "charcoal mellow" it before aging. That means every drop must filter through a vat of hard maple charcoal ten feet deep—a process that takes many days. But the results are worth it: a flavor smooth enough to win six gold medals in whiskey competitions all over the world. Once you try Jack Daniel's, we believe you'll appreciate why we charcoal mellow every drop.

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Liege 1905
St. Louis World's Fair 1904
Amsterdam 1981
Ghent 1913
Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No.7
BRAND
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Tennessee
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If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB1796/82

MEN

C'mon everybody, it's time for a truce between the sexes.

Sam is a close friend of mine. He's fortyish, divorced, balding and devoted to women. Adores the creatures. Spends most of his time plotting ways to meet more of them, ask them out, spend money on them, buy them Chloe perfume and bunches of floral exotica. Rest of the time he spends with me. We drink together, I carry on about the state of my mortgage and my children's teeth and he complains about all the hostile females he encounters.

It's a good, platonic, lasting friendship. Or at least it will endure until he becomes entangled with another female and I'll be unceremoniously dumped like last week's kitty litter.

It happens now and again. I understand: he becomes passionately involved for, on average, three weeks and then he's back. Meekly rings and asks if I'd like a few double scotches.

I become very superior and say I've given the stuff up but would settle for some Chloe — a large, economy-size bottle would be nice. We meet at the local wine bar, I pocket the Chloe and resume my old drinking habits.

Sam needs to be loved. More than that, he needs to give. But to whom? Where are all the deliciously feminine, soft-hearted and romantic females of this world? Have they really all taken to eating their apple pips and wearing overalls in trendy inner-city suburbs?

Sam doesn't understand feminism. Sure, he was there in the late '60s when it all started to happen and he did his share of washing up, changing nappies and burning lamb chops.

But Sam's wife went out to find herself and didn't come back. He discovered that his isolated acts of housekeeping weren't enough to appease his wife's lust for recognition and power. She wanted the world.

He turned mean. Turned the confused guilt he felt into anger and resentment. Pooh-poohed the whole notion of women's rights. Took to hanging out at swingers' clubs, even considered a mail-order Filipino bride, avoided real relationships with mature women like the proverbial plague.

By the late '70s, Sam was jaded. Sick of one-night stands, week-long root-a-thons at holiday resorts and the occasional prostitute. Decided to spruce himself up, worked out at the gym, swapped the bell bottoms for designer jeans and went out looking for a female he could relate to. He was ready to do battle with a new-wave woman.

Dammit, she could open her own doors, pay for half the meals, split all the housekeeping duties, change her tyres and organise her own orgasms.

He'd never be accused of being weak and patronising.

Six months later, Sam was ready to turn gay. Had decided the female gender was bad news.

They'd squawked at him when he hadn't opened the doors and snapped at him when he had. He'd been accused of trying to get them into bed when he'd paid for dinner and then been yelled at for being a tight-arse when he'd suggested splitting the bill. Was labelled as lazy and good-for-nothing when he ignored the dirty dishes after she'd cooked dinner and then was accused of trying to move in when he'd washed up and put out the garbage.

As for sex, the poor guy literally didn't know if he was coming or going. These liberated types expected an award-winning performance.

They'd all read every sealed section *Cleo* had ever published. They'd appraised his penis like a choice cut of rump on display at the butcher's. They laughed at him when he asked whether or not they'd "climaxed". Poor Sam, even the jargon was wrong.

The fabled G Spot seemed as elusive as a mirage in the Sahara Desert. None of those newfangled women would just lie back and enjoy it. They pushed down his head and dug their fingernails in his scalp; they leapt all over the bed performing gymnastic stunts and directing his every move like imperious traffic wardens.

He'd be so nervous he'd ejaculate almost at once or else not at all. Most women would masturbate and call him a poofter. A few of them tried the sympathetic approach. Gave him the names and numbers of doctors who specialised in "that sort of thing". He was bamboozled. Sam had masturbated his way through the sexual revolution. He retired, defeated.

The mid-'80s see Sam in a new cycle. He dates occasionally but soon shies away from the indignant, hostile types who quiz him on his past and boast about how much they earn.

He's very careful. Like me, he realises that the sexes have reached an impasse. There's hostility on both sides. Males are resentful of women's apparent freedom and females are afraid to show their true colors. Scared to admit they like being pampered, hate changing their own tyres and wouldn't really mind being swept away on a tide of movie matinee romance.

What's a guy like Sam supposed to do? And, dammit, what's going to happen to a girl like me?

Do we drift in limbo forever? If Jean-Paul Sartre was still around he could have written a play. Wasn't he the one who said, "Hell is other people"?

The reality is that men and women have lost the ability to *like* each other. Neither side will give an inch. It's like an enormous tug-of-war that ultimately leaves us all tired and defeated.

Sam and I used to arm-wrestle but I could never win so I insisted he had to try and beat me at cryptic crosswords and he never could.

We were getting nowhere.

We came to a truce. We decided that everyone should pretend that the tussles and point-scoring between the sexes ended in a tie.

We would all slap each other on the back, buy drinks all round to celebrate and take back all we said about each other's mothers. We would cease the accusations about being patronising, take turns to open doors, spit on the dirty dishes and share our orgasms.

Sam reckons it would probably never work. For a start, which side is going to go first?

Okay, let's take a deep breath, count to 10 and do it all in unison. First, we'll stop questioning each other's motives, treat ourselves to some genuine caring, replace the scowls with smiles, dance through the streets and splash huge amounts of Chloe on everyone in sight.

Is that a sneer on your face? C'mon, think about it for a while. Jesus, fellas, what in the world have we got to lose?

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

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WOMEN

I only see Sally every so often. She lives five or six hours' drive away in a country town. But I am heartbroken at what's happened to her.

Last year when she was 10 Sally squeaked. She hung around my neck and squeaked, "Oh, Cynthia, I love you so," or she dribbled a softball out into left field and squeaked, "A triple! I can do it!" or she decided to make a cake, put in way too much baking powder and squeaked, "Wow, isn't that pretty!" as the batter cascaded through the oven.

I recently visited Sally and her family, and it's pitiful. Sally is squeakless. She pouts. She acts coy. She wears make-up. She wheedles.

When she doesn't get what she wants, she looks pained and sick and fretful and hurt, instead of emitting one of those mega-squeaks of yesteryear.

Pained! I hate it when people look pained, especially 11-year-olds, who are too young to be offered a Valium.

Pained means "Do something for me, you're hurting me, it's all your fault I'm unhappy."

My mother has been known to practise this pained look on me, her mother would practise it on her. Sally's pained look is all too familiar.

"She's just a little girl," my friend Jane told me, "you know how all little girls get obnoxious during that special pubescent period. They giggle, they whisper secrets, they compete with everyone madly, they become devious."

"Well, doesn't that suck?" I asked, "I mean, doesn't that suck incredibly? This is how little girls pass through the portals to womanhood?"

"They can't help themselves," Jane decided. "A few months ago, Sally was going to a party and wanted a new dress. She had her eye on this frilly pink number. Asked her mother for it. Mum told her to ask her father. Sally asked Dad. Dad didn't pay attention until Sally got all cute and pouty. Then she got her dress."

"Incredible," I announced.

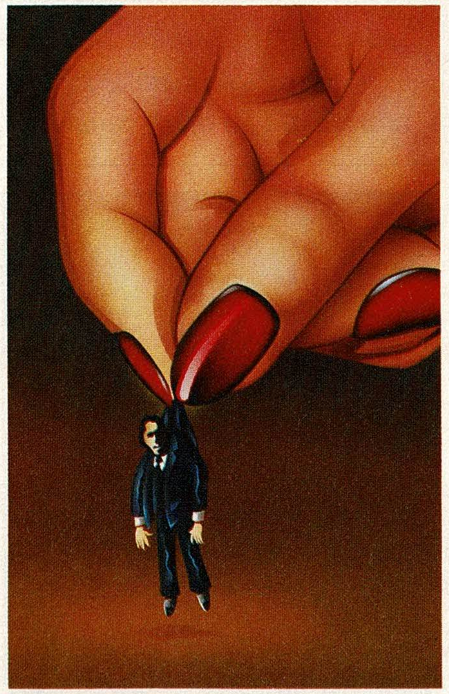
"Not at all," said Jane. "Goes on all the time. It's so easy for manipulation to become a way of life."

The patterns of childhood often stay with us well past their usefulness. Recently, I hired Hilary, a friend of mine, to sit in my apartment while new windows were being put in.

She showed up in the morning, all bright and cheerful. When I phoned during the day, she told me what a wonderful time she was having, how it was much better than being at her own apartment.

When I got home, I reached for my wallet to pay her.

"All I've got is $20," I said. "Is that enough, or shall I write you a cheque for the rest?"



How manipulation can become a way of life.

"No, no, that's fine, that's great," she said.

Two days later, Robert, a mutual friend of ours, called me.

"Hilary's upset," he said uneasily.

"Huh?" I said.

"She thinks you ripped her off," he said. "After all, a whole day's work for only 20 bucks."

"But she said that was enough!"

"It wasn't."

"Why didn't she tell me?"

"She told Sarah."

Sarah is his wife. Wife told him, with strict orders to tell me. He felt stupid and uncomfortable.

I felt guilty, then furious. Manipulation! I had been set up! Hilary could have said, "My time is worth more than $20, give me a cheque for another $30." Or something, for goodness sake.

Why couldn't she tell me directly instead of telling Sarah to tell Peter to tell me and thus fashioning an incredible web of confusion?

So you know what I did? I'll tell you. Nothing. Nada. Zip.

I was afraid to confront Hilary. I didn't want to have a fight with her. I thought maybe, in some subtle way I couldn't even see, that I was wrong.

I tried to phone her, but I got this choking feeling in my throat. I just couldn't bring myself to take direct action and neither could she. We haven't spoken since.

Men, as a race, are manipulative too, but I find them less ornate.

A friend told me that every time she got angry and screamed at her husband, he'd say, "Hey, honey, let's go out to a really nice restaurant and have a scrumptious, expensive dinner."

This is clumsy, straightforward manipulation.

Women are generally more artful, often verging on the psychotic. Not long ago I fell in love and a dear friend of mine arranged to meet my lover and me for lunch. She also arranged for her ex-husband to drop by. And one of her boyfriends. Then another of her boyfriends.

She cuddled with them all and threw my lover conspiratorial glances through fluttering eyelashes.

I was thoroughly incensed. "What is this?" I said to her later, "you had to prove to the love of my life how desirable you are?"

"Of course not," she said, "I wouldn't do that to you. I just wanted him to see that I wasn't available."

I call this psycho. Maybe I just need a new collection of friends, but I think manipulative behavior is widespread among women.

I personally would blame societal pressures for this state of affairs.

Traditionally, little boys are allowed to fight. If somebody steals little Johnny's lunch, he punches the perpetrator in the nose.

If he wants something, he acts.

Little girls, like my poor Sally, are taught to deflect. If somebody steals a little girl's lunch, she tells the teacher.

The teacher simply goes and gets her lunch back for her.

By the time we're pubescent, we've learned that straightforward behavior gets us nowhere. And yet we want things just as fervently as boys do.

So we learn to go the long way round. We flirt with daddy, we tell the teacher. We burst into tears and act weak and helpless and make people feel sorry for us.

Women are taught to be passive, to be insecure, to crave protection. This is why we are so "intuitive". It becomes imperative for us to read people properly.

If we know what makes them tick, we'll be able to figure out how to get them to give us that raise, or that diamond or fur coat, whatever.

I mean, we couldn't just overpower them and *take* it. Could we?

Goddamn! Maybe we could! What a novel notion! — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MOVIES

Aussie grit, yankee saga, Cheech and Chong in maniacal Corsican comedy.

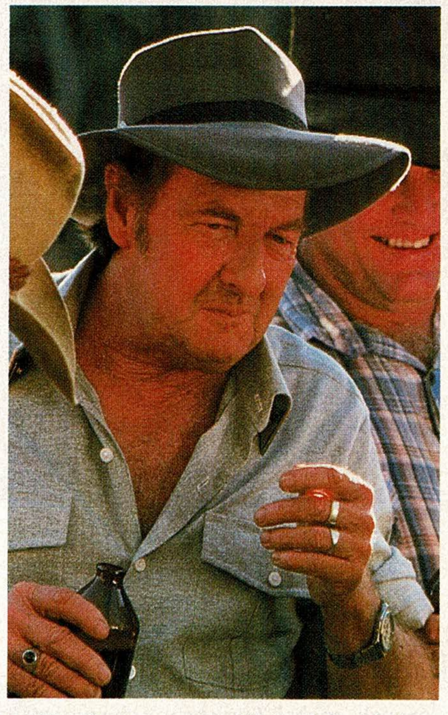
Slim Dusty singing his way to Tamworth may never rival *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, but real moments in the life of real people can generate an integrity that is quite disarming.

Director **Rob Stewart's** *The Slim Dusty Movie* is a life-and-times movie in the truest sense. Spanning the 47 years since David Gordon Kirkpatrick set his sights on country music stardom, it depicts great jingo-swelling screenfuls of everything from Aussie grit and determination to Aussie grit and dust on the carnival road-show circuit of the '50s.

What this film isn't in the truest sense is documentary, nor drama, nor musical, and there are as many disadvantages as advantages in its musical scrapbook approach. The lack of narrative is almost the equivalent of the old "here's an artist who needs no introduction" cringe.

Slim Dusty's struggle to establish himself as an artist is hinted at rather than suffered, but overall there is a sensitive perception of the gentle man who has earned himself legend status and is regarded as such even by people who have never seen him. The film depicts Dusty as a man with so much devotion to his beliefs and so much fair dinkum commitment to his fans that we end up admiring him even if our last favorite country and western song was *Rawhide*.

Wife **Joy McKean** and daughter **Anne Kirkpatrick** make real contributions to the genuine charm of the film and the travel poster shots of the awesome Outback and the equally dramatic bush rodeos make it good watching whether or not you're absorbed in the heart-warming growth of a legend. Slim it may be, but its box-office chances have to be better than that.



Slim Dusty stars in a life-and-times epic spanning the 47 years of his music career.

●

Sergio Leone's epic *Once Upon A Time In America* is a victim of nothing more than its own ambitious scope. In seeking to portray the nature of Jewish criminal elements in the US, this marathon movie fluctuates between flashes of gruesome violence and interminable tracts of criminology and sociology.

It is 12 years since Leone's last film and this one is so painstaking that you'd believe every minute of those years was spent plotting its laborious progress. Its true saga status does, however, give it the distinction of not being overshadowed by **Robert de Niro's** presence. Here, the charisma that he carries into the film does make him the one point of reference in the wilderness, but overall the vast sweep of history and activity subdues any individual stardom.

Once Upon A Time In America bites off a time span of 40 years . . . and it must be said that the cinema session seems almost that long. It covers the period from the '20s when the characters are involved in petty crime and sexual initiation rites in the lower east side ghettoes of New York, to 1968 when David "Noodles" Aaronson (de Niro) returns to New York and reunites with childhood buddy Fat Moe (**Larry Rapp**). Leone fixes his focus firmly on the labyrinth of relationships, loyalties and betrayals that burrow through the underworld. It is an angle that severely tests the comprehension of the audience which faces another hurdle in the total evaporation of sympathy for Aaronson following the brutal rape of Carol (**Tuesday Weld**) and Deborah (**Elizabeth McGovern**).

Leone's treatment — all $35 million of it — produces the same methodical and pensive style which worked both for and against *Ragtime*. Even at the end of his original 227-minute version, Leone's *Once Upon A Time* had no story conclusion and maybe the one thing that the production does resolve is that Leone handles the flashback better than anyone else in contemporary cinema.

●

Cheech and Chong, they who leave no turn unstoned, have apparently turned over a new leaf. Their latest effort, *The Corsican Brothers*, forgoes the usual drug humor in favor of a parody of the nearly familiar classic of illegitimate twins of a noblewoman and a commoner, separated at birth. That's not to say it's any more formally structured than the joint partners' earlier efforts, in fact, it's as much slapdash as it is slapstick.

The Corsican Brothers, Luis (**Cheech Marin**) and Lucien (**Tommy Chong**), are working, or rather, not working, as buskers in Paris. Their music is so bad the passing crowds pay them not to play.

They learn of their noble birth from another itinerant, a fortune-telling gypsy played by **Rae Dawn Chong**. If this is starting to sound like a family home movie, it's only fair to mention that actor/director Chong's wife, **Shelby Fiddis**, and other daughter, **Robbi Chong**, also appear, along with Cheech's wife, **Rikki Marin**.

The secret of their birth having been revealed, the film flashes back to Paris at the time of the Revolution and relies almost entirely on the twist of the twins only being able to feel pain when it is inflicted on the other. This benefits from the fact that their adversary, the treacherous Fucaire (**Roy Dotrice**) is heavily into torture and after-hours S and M, and whenever he's on screen, the action is as giddy as a Feydeau farce. Now overdosing on sexual innuendo, Cheech and Chong have completed the sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll trilogy and one hesitates to predict what might be next.

At least, since giving up drugs, they have a little more to spend on production standards. Otherwise it's manic and aggressive, as always, and while *The Corsican Brothers* will never threaten *The Blues Brothers*, Cheech and Chong freaks won't be disappointed.

— ROBIN INGRAM

●

An extraordinary, gut-wringing performance by **Ingrid Thulin** is probably the best reason to see *After the Rehearsal.* Thulin weeps, rages and shivers the timbers as the elder of two actresses (**Lena Olin** is the up-and-coming ingenue) involved in a searching onstage dialogue with a famous Swedish director (**Erland Josephson**) who's nearly as celebrated for bedding his leading ladies as for mounting theatrical milestones. This compelling psychodrama, set in an empty theatre, has unmistakably autobiographical overtones.

The director, in case you haven't guessed, is **Ingmar Bergman,** not actually reneging on his vow that *Fanny And Alexander,* a 1983 Oscar winner, would be his last major film. *Rehearsal* was originally produced for Swedish television, to be commercially released as a rare, rather special treat for Bergman fans who always hunger for more.

●

Director **John Huston's** rather murky movie based on **Malcolm Lowry's** stylish, complex novel *Under The Volcano* is distinguished mainly for a magnificent all-

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stops-out performance by **Albert Finney.** As The Consul, a drunken diplomat during the final day or so of his fateful journey to self-destruction, Finney finds the quick sting of truth in every cliche. As his former wife, loyal except for one crucial act of infidelity, breath-taking **Jacqueline Bisset** matches him with a feeling, sensitive portrayal that may be her best work ever. Considerably less compelling, England's **Anthony Andrews** doesn't enjoy equal opportunities as the hero's potent but opaque half-brother.

Opacity is a major problem here, since neither Huston nor Guy Gallo, author of the screenplay, provides any helpful clues as to what gnaws at these disenchanted English people going to hell in Mexico on the eve of World War II. They are psychological kin to those walking-wounded expatriates who shamble through the works of Hemingway and Fitzgerald. But *deja vu* is not the essence of screen drama. Huston allegedly dreamed for decades of making this film. Sad to say, his *Volcano* fizzles, particularly toward the end, coming up empty except for picturesque Mexican vistas (photographed by **Gabriel Figueroa**) and the superstar sparks created by Bisset and Finney.

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

EQUITY WARS: American star **Lee Remick** has been signed to star in a new $1.5 million Australian film, *Emma's War.* Miss Remick has been successfully selective about her recent roles (at least since *The Omen*). The story concerns a mother trying to cope with the task of raising two daughters by herself during World War II. To ease the burden, she succumbs to booze and the attentions of an American sailor. Producers have done well to get around the Equity objections which kept **Vanessa Redgrave** out of *Annie's Coming Out*.

•

MOVING RIGHT ALONG: Denny Lawrence, who gets director's credits on *Sons And Daughters* and the recent TV mini-series *Bodyline*, graduates to feature film directorial status in the new Australian comedy feature, *Emoh Ruo*. The producer is **David Elfick** who also masterminded *Newsfront, Chain Reaction* and *Starstruck*.

•

MONEY MAKERS: Little River Band manager **Glenn Wheatley** has followed rock promoter **Paul Dainty** into the screen world as executive producer of *Girl*, a $3 million project scheduled for production late this year. The plot line is based on an old man and his dog who conspire to bring the career of a successful television show host undone. Saving grace is likely to be **Spike Milligan's** appearance as the old man.

•

AUSSIES ON PARADE: Sophie Turkiewicz, director and co-author of the feature *Silver City* which was well received at Cannes this year, has a fine line-up of Australian screen talent to play with in her new telemovie project, *Time's Raging*. This one is based on **Frank Moorhouse's** book, *Futility And Other Animals*, and has been adapted for the screen by Turkiewicz and Moorhouse. **Judy Morris** and **Michael Aitken** head the cast which also includes **Penne Hackforth-Jones, Lewis Fitz-Gerald, David Downer** and **Lynn Murphy**.

•

FOREIGN DOLLARS: Australian producer **Andrew Gaty** didn't waste the time he spent living in LA. Interviewed by the showbiz bible, *Variety*, over his successful Federal Court appeal for tax benefit eligibility for his *The Return Of Captain Invincible*, Gaty had just the words to warm the hearts of his American audience. "We fought City Hall and won," said Gaty. His successful appeal is a major breakthrough in the acceptance of foreign involvement in Australian movies.

•

FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN: A couple of suburban folk meet while Christmas shopping and carry on a bit at Grand Central Station and on the commuter train home. Doesn't sound so hot so far, but team up **Meryl Streep** and **Robert de Niro** for the first time since *The Deerhunter*, and add a screenplay by Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright **Michael** *(The Shadow Box)* **Cristofer** and we could be in for some sparks.

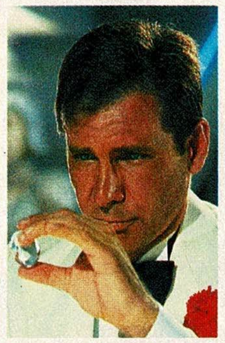
Directed by **Ulu** *(True Confessions)* **Grosbard**, it's billed as a comedy-drama-love story, and should be lighter than anything either Streep or de Niro has done before.

MERYL STREEP

•

IDOL GOSSIP: Fresh from his stint in *Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom,* **Harrison Ford** will team up with *Reuben, Reuben* leading lady **Kelly McGillis** in *Witness*. Directed by Australian **Peter Weir**, the flick is a contemporary action romance involving a relationship between an old-fashioned girl and a tough Philadelphia cop forced to hide out at her farm during a murder investigation . . . one of Weir's cohorts in *The Year Of Living Dangerously*, the elegant **Sigourney Weaver**, turns into a demon-possessed dog and a she-devil during *Ghostbusters*, one of the cheekiest comedies of late. **Harold Ramis** and **Dan Aykroyd** wrote the screenplay as if to send up every occult suspense drama from *The Exorcist* to *Poltergeist*. It's all about ancient Sumerian gods who threaten to take over the west side of Manhattan and lord knows what else unless they can be stopped by Ramis, Aykroyd and **Bill Murray** as an inept trio of parapsychologists. Plenty of special effects in this one, but don't take any of it seriously.

MURRAY



FORD

•

BODY REHEAT: *Crimes Of Passion* marks the directorial return of the inimitable **Ken Russell,** who hasn't made a film since 1981's *Altered States*. Starring **Kathleen** *(Romancing The Stone)* **Turner, Anthony Perkins, Bruce** *(Willard)* **Davison, Annie** *(Heartaches)* **Potts** and relative newcomer **John Laughlin,** *Crimes Of Passion* is mainly about sexual power games and the violence that they can lead to. Laughlin plays an ex-high school football coach stuck in a stale marriage to his school sweetheart (Potts). In need of money he does some part-time detective work which ultimately leads him to a bewitching and beautiful fashion designer named China Blue (Turner). Erotic sexual passion erupts as the two are irresistibly drawn to each other. Meantime, Anthony Perkins as a sexually tormented martial arts expert also has the hots for the leading lady, and naturally all hell breaks loose. While it sounds a bit like *Body Heat* on the surface, Ken Russell could easily dash any such comparisons.

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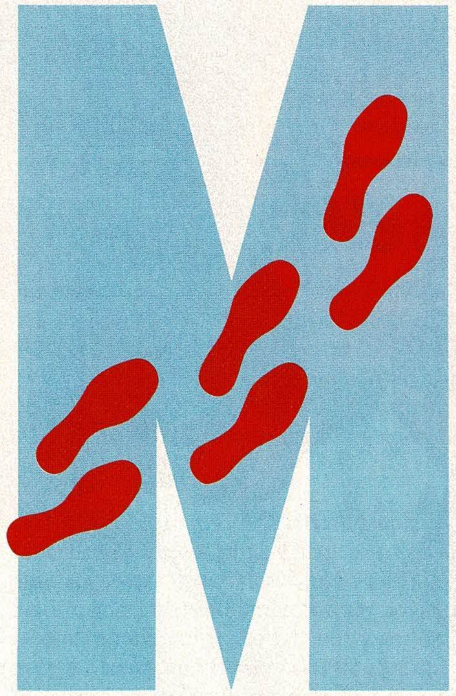


Marathon mania runs riot around the world.

Ten thousand essentially ordinary people will set out to do something once considered quite extraordinary in sport this month. They will start from the Victorian city of Frankston and aim to run all the way to Melbourne in the seventh annual Big M Marathon race.

The marathon used to be regarded as a killer event which only the supremely fit and capable (or else the foolhardy) would ever tackle. That was less than 20 years ago, before the great modern running boom began in the late '60s. In the past the 42.195 kilometres marathon distance has maimed many and even killed a few of the world's finest long-distance runners. It will certainly injure a few (if only temporarily) and could even kill one of those ordinary people trying to do this extraordinary thing in Melbourne on Sunday, October 14th.

Whatever happens, there seems little doubt that even more people will become infected with the spirit that seems to already move so many to run such a long distance. And next year a few thousand more will no doubt be seeking that special glow of the accomplished marathoner.

As the running boom continues unabated, marathon mania seems to be the ultimate Everest which a significant number of people who take up jogging and running for fun and fitness seem intent on climbing. Reasonably reliable estimates suggest that possibly 20,000 or more Australians either have, are capable of, or else are about to run a marathon. In England, where barely five years ago no more than 10,000 people were marathon runners, the number is now well over 100,000 and still growing at a startling rate. The 1984 London Marathon saw more than 18,000 runners taking part with more than 90 percent completing the full distance. There were more than 80,000 requests for entry, which is by ballot apart from the top few hundred who are all competitive runners of national or world class. The trend is similar in America, with the New York Marathon now attracting 16,500 entrants. When this event was run for the first time in 1970, the field comprised only 126 runners.

There are similar trends all around the world, with marathons springing up and booming in cities such as Tokyo, Manila, Port Moresby, Perth, Rome, Paris, Chicago, Amsterdam, Berlin and Honolulu.

If you're not a runner or even just an occasional jogger, this amazing marathon-running phenomenon might need some explanation. And even if you are, it's possible that you're not fully aware of how it all began and developed to its present status.

An American physician named Kenneth Cooper can be credited with having more to do with the modern running boom than anyone else. As a US Air Force doctor, Ken Cooper found himself to be typically unfit and slightly obese in his late twenties and early thirties. Having been a moderate miler while at university in his native Oklahoma, Cooper resumed running to reduce his excess weight and regain fitness.

He found his own responses so impressive and personally beneficial that he decided to try using the same system on members of the US Air Force. Cooper's scientific studies and results formed the basis of a book he wrote called simply *Aerobics* which was published in 1967. America was then in the grip of a near panic due to the severe increase in deaths from coronary heart disease, and was ready for a workable solution. Cooper's system of mathematically quantifying exercise systems with numerical values showed that jogging and running could be a partial panacea for heart disease for many people. The book sold millions of copies, and tens and then hundreds of thousands of Americans took up jogging and running primarily for health and fitness rather than merely as sport and recreation.

By 1972 when the Olympic Games were held in Munich, America was already something of an embryonic running culture. So when Frank Shorter won the Olympic marathon watched by millions of his countrymen live on television, that was all the running boom needed to take off.

The '70s saw this fad become almost a fervent religion with Cooper as the prophet, Shorter the messianic figure, and a magazine started by a teenage running fanatic, called *Runner's World*, as the bible. In typical American fashion the fad became an industry and spread its images all around the world, to be followed and copied by people virtually everywhere.

Today 20 million or more Americans run regularly and the fad that grew into an industry with religious undertones looks like remaining so despite doomsdayers who thought it wouldn't last.

However the marathon-running business is a bit of a worry because of the ratio of risks to potential benefits. Recent research shows that running more than a total of 30 kilometres per week, or a maximum of six kilometres five times weekly, provides no added benefits (unless you're training to challenge de Castella), and may even be harmful. The rate of overstress injuries and breakdowns rises significantly above the 34km weekly mark.

To run a marathon, however, requires running between 50 and 60 kilometres a week for several months to be assured of success. Not that this will stop those people seeking to reach the runner's Mecca which is what the marathon has come to represent for many runners.

The irony is that many of those aspiring marathoners believe they are creating mystical links with the ancient Greek Olympics when they run their marathons. Nothing could be further from the truth. The ancient Greeks didn't run marathons at all, even if the modern event does indeed commemorate such a run by a messenger named Pheidippides who brought news of the victory of 10,000 Greek soldiers against the invading Persian armies of more then 100,000 led by their king, Darius.

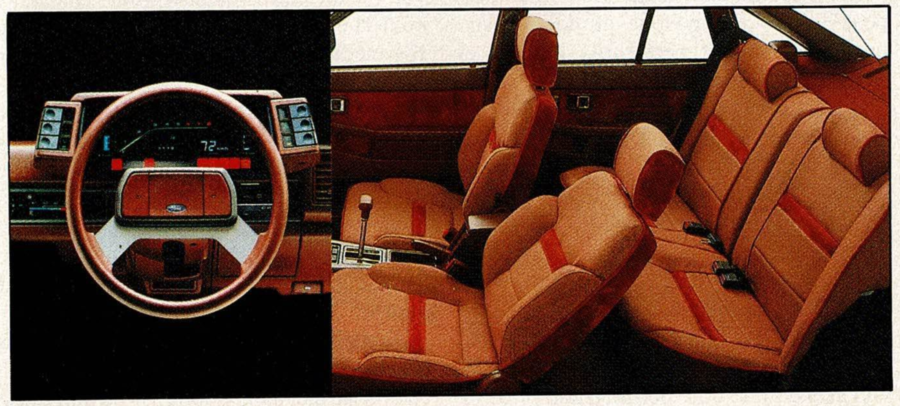
Pheidippides ran the approximate 40 kilometres from the plains of Marathon to Athens to deliver his message (the reason for the standard marathon distance being 42.195km is another story).

It may be wise to note that Pheidippides actually dropped dead after delivering his message.

A French historian and scholar named Michel Breal, friend of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the founder of the modern Olympics, suggested the creation of an event to commemorate this epic run and the Baron agreed. It was included in the first Olympics in 1896. When a Greek named Spyridon Louis won this final event of the Games and his nation's first gold medal in Athens, the Games were made and the modern mystique of the marathon had begun.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

There's a difference in the curves.



Even the most enthusiastic TX5 owners could forget to mention it.

They will probably talk at length about the hatchback styling, the 5-person roominess and even point out how much versatile luggage space the split-folding rear seat backrests can provide. They may go on about TX5's extensive list of luxuries.

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In fact there is so much to say about their car, that TX5 owners just might forget to mention the sophisticated suspension control system. And the difference it can make in the curves, on the open road and in city traffic… the touch of a button which allows adjustment of the TX5's ride comfort and handling characteristics.

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HEALTH

I am a hypochondriac. And a happy one at that. In fact I'm quite proud of being an overtly practising hypo.

Heart attacks are something I live with daily. I know the symptoms backwards: nausea, burning pain in the chest or upper abdomen, sweaty palms, pressure, feelings of impending doom, sometimes pain in the jaw or running down one arm, usually the left. But I've also become quite adept at saving my life; occasionally I almost enjoy the imminence of sudden death from an acute coronary episode.

Cancer is also something I've lived with for many years. Just about every organ in my body has been suspect at one time or another. My brain has been addled with recurrent tumor; my balls have felt swollen with incipient carcinoma of the testicles, or possibly of the lower intestines causing pressure. Lungs, liver and kidneys, not to mention such esoteric organs as the pituitary gland, the adrenals, the thymus and many of the endocrine glands hidden deep in bodily crevices, have all been supposed victims of the dreaded Big C.

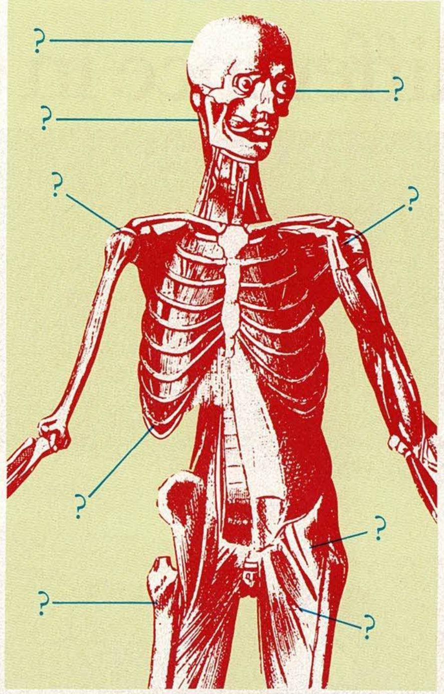
Syphilis used to be another of my ailments until I recently gave it up in favor of more modern and exotic things like herpes and AIDS. Being a hypochondriac, as you can see, can be great fun and quite fascinating just as long as you don't let it get you down.

Everyone should try becoming more of an active hypochondriac. It could even save your life. Remember, your doctor is not responsible for your health and well-being — *you* are. And that's really the subject of this month's column. Not about becoming a quivering hypochondriac, afraid of every little symptom your body may throw up, but about being more aware of your own body, its parts, how it works and how to make it more efficient and long-lasting.

Doctors generally do not deal in health or well-being. They are trained to deal with disease and, eventually, death. Only a few doctors today are really concerned with making people more healthy and efficient while possibly helping them live more effectively for longer periods of time, regardless of actual lifespan.

The medical profession still retains too much of its ancient mystique emanating from the days when many healers were magicians and often charlatans. Their selection, particularly in Australia, from among only the most minute portion of the population — those able to score in the top three percent in the Higher School Certificate — immediately imbues them with the belief that they are an elite group with knowledge and skills unable to be understood by, much less shared with, ordinary individuals.

The old school of medicine dictated that you simply told your doctor your symptoms and then took the prescribed medicine and did what he told you if you wanted to get better. Modern knowledge shows that most people get well in spite of doctors and medicine and not necessarily because of them.



Hypochondria can be a healthy practice.

A study some years ago showed that initial medical diagnoses are seldom more than about 42 percent correct. A computer, properly programmed and then fed with similar information, proved to be close to 50 percent correct in its diagnosing. There's a moral in there somewhere.

But I digress. If you can allow yourself to become just a little more interested and involved in your own health and well-being, and at the same time not be afraid of being labelled a hypochondriac (which is often meant in a derogatory sense), then you might be able to make your life more productive and exciting. Energy and vitality can be your constant companions in every sphere of activity.

Even if you are feeling abundantly fit and healthy, it's still wise to listen more carefully and regularly to your own body. I've known too many instances of fit, seemingly healthy people who have had coronary heart disease or even cancer, and some have succumbed prematurely to those ailments.

To become a practising and happy hypochondriac, you have to have information, knowledge and equipment. So let me tell you how to get started along this track so that you too can join Hypochondriacs Anonymous and proudly let it be known that you are not afraid to be afraid of illness or death.

At school and university little is taught about anatomy; we don't know much about our bodies unless we are medical students or practitioners of some kind. However, you don't need a copy of Gray's *Anatomy* to obtain the basic knowledge. A copy of Volume I of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* will suffice. There, under the heading Anatomy, you will find an excellent series of colored diagrams of the human body and all its parts. Study it like you would your car manual and you'll soon learn where and what everything is. And next time you need to discuss a medical or health problem with your physician, you might just be able to ask sensible questions about your own body. The trouble is that he or she may not like you knowing so much.

The next text you should employ is one most doctors keep handy — it's the *Merck Manual.* Published by the giant US drug company, Merck, Sharp and Dome, this big book lists every conceivable disease, symptom and treatment. It will give you inside information to rival your doctor in knowledge, if not experience.

Finally, you'll need a copy of a book titled *The A-Z Of Australian Family Medicine,* published by Butterworths. This will tell you all the things neither your doctor nor your chemist ever sees fit to tell you about the medicines and drugs they give you to take.

Iatrogenic disease is the name given to illnesses which are caused by treatments, usually drugs and medicines, given for the alleviation of symptoms of other diseases. Some studies suggest that one out of every three hospital patients is suffering from iatrogenic diseases, and a significant number die as a result.

Armed with these three texts, you too can become a proficient practising hypochondriac like me. As long as you don't take it all too seriously and you're careful to keep a sense of balance and good humor, then you will find yourself more capable of looking after not only your fitness but your health and well-being.

You will also be able to detect potentially risky disease or other problems in good time.

Your health, well-being and fitness is a matter firstly of your own concern and secondly of your doctor's, but the onus lies primarily with you. The more you know the better; you'll get the best service and results.

After all, this is *your* life.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

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PLAYBOY ADVISER

I'm going bald and nothing I've tried has arrested the hair loss. Are there any new scientific developments I could try?

— K.S., NSW.

An Australian discovery which has just been developed involves the use of a cold beam laser to generate hair regrowth. A fine beam of red light is applied to the acupuncture points of the scalp and, by stimulating both the hair follicles and the circulation of the scalp, nutrients are brought up to the hair roots. Results are said to be almost immediate with regrowth appearing after just four treatments. Some of the patients treated, who had previously undergone hair transplants, found that regrowth even occurred in the scar tissue caused by their transplants.

Other features of the treatment include the reduction of dandruff, the improvement of damaged, weak and badly treated hair and the regulation of oil balance and scalp circulation, ensuring that the remaining hair and the regrowth is strong and supple.

The safety of the program has been approved by the US Bureau Of Radiological Health, the US Food And Drug Administration, British Health And Safety Executive, University Of London's Institute Of Ophthalmology and the World Health Organisation. As well as these backers, the program has been issued with a Certificate Of Suitability by the Energy Authority Of NSW and it has met the laser safety requirements of the Standards Association Of Australia.

All the Lasercare Clinics are staffed by qualified nursing sisters. The cost of each treatment is $50-$60. A minimum of six treatments is required. To find out more contact the Lasercare Clinic, 5th floor, Edgecliff Centre, Edgecliff, NSW 2027. Tel: (02) 328 7997.

●

I know a lot of people feel a bit nervous when they have to fly, but I get absolutely neurotic. I recently had planned to fly to Queensland with my girlfriend for a holiday but when I got to the airport I was too scared to board the plane. I travelled up by train the next day which meant I missed two days of my holiday. It's the last straw. I have to do something about it before it ruins both my social and business life.

What is the best thing I can do to overcome my fear of flying?

— M.N., NSW

You are suffering from aerophobia. You haven't explained the reasons for your fear but perhaps you really don't know as the cause is often intangible. It is important for you to realise that it is not strange for you to have this fear as flying goes against basic, deeply rooted human instincts, one of which is the fear of falling.

The Australian Women Pilots' Association, in conjunction with Qantas, conducts a Fear Of Flying Clinic in NSW. A non-profit public service program, the course is designed to make you feel comfortable about air travel. The course runs over eight weeks and consists of nine three-hour lectures and discussions, as well as films and reading. Pilots, safety instructors, air traffic controllers, flight attendants and maintenance specialists all volunteer to help you overcome your fear. A behavioral counsellor oversees the course and the cost is $250 which includes a return trip to Melbourne upon graduation. For more information, contact Fear Of Flying Clinic, 25 Hanover Avenue, Epping, NSW 2121. The contact telephone numbers are (02) 868 3314, 642 1783 or 522 8709.

Fear of flying, balding blues and herpes hype.

●

I have always been fascinated by hang-gliding but the possibility of injuries has been a strong deterrent. Enthusiasts are now claiming that improved training techniques and glider designs are making the sport as safe as other aviational sports. Just how does hang-gliding compare with, say, horse riding or scuba diving in terms of risk?

If I were careful, flew no higher than I was prepared to fall and avoided strong wind conditions, could I expect a reasonable degree of safety?

— B.S., Qld

Those enthusiasts who claim that hang-gliding is just as safe as other aviational sports are quite right. As for the risk comparisons between hang-gliding and scuba diving, that's rather pointless as you are trying to compare two sports which are totally different.

The safety factor depends on several things, the most important one being that you have been properly instructed on how to hang-glide. Lessons cost on average around $40 each or $100 for three. These lessons last for around six hours so they really are not expensive, especially as your safety is involved. You'll be taught, for instance, the correct way to land, which will eliminate to a great degree the risk of broken arms (the most common injury). A light feel is needed to hang-glide and one must let go upon impact. Girls not taught to do this usually end up with dislocated elbows, the guys with spiral fractures of the upper arm. The majority of accidents that do occur could have been eliminated with correct tuition. Three lessons usually suffice to get you airborne.

As for flying no higher than you are prepared to fall, one can't really "fall" when hang-gliding. You can't just drop down out of the sky. The accidents happen upon landing and, once again, if you attend lessons the risks of crash landing are greatly reduced. While you are inexperienced it would be wise to avoid strong wind conditions: hang-gliding ideally is a low speed sport. So discard your fears and give it a go. We hear there's great camaraderie among fellow hang-gliders so you may cement some close friendships, too. For more information contact The Hang-gliding Federation Of Australia on (03) 583 2315.

●

I repeatedly get cold sores at the corners of my mouth. What can I do to get rid of them? The preparations available on the market only make them disappear for short periods.

— W.P., WA

Once you contract herpes simplex, it remains permanently in the nerves around the lips. These herpes simplex lesions, or cold sores, are the result of catching the virus through direct contact (as in the case of kissing), or indirect contact (such as drinking from the same glass as someone infected with the virus).

Sun exposure, stress or a lip injury will often provoke the virus and cause it to surface in the form of a blister. A week to 10 days will often see the cold sores disappear but they may heal at a quicker pace if you dab them with surgical alcohol or take L-lysine tablets which are available from health stores. Medical preparations available from pharmacies are also useful in speeding up recovery.

●

The PLAYBOY Adviser will answer all reasonable questions about your life-style, pub arguments, hang-ups or fantasies. Send them to PLAYBOY Adviser, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We regret that personal replies cannot be given.

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Out here at 7am the day is already a blast furnace and a man isn't a drunk because he needs a beer.

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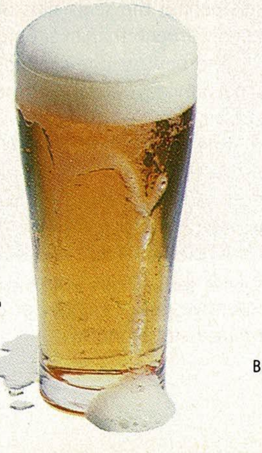

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SHIRLEY MACLAINE

A candid conversation with the actress superstar about Hollywood, the stars, Terms Of Endearment, her amazing love life and, yes, reincarnation.

If it's true, as is suggested, that your entire life flashes before you when you die, then when Shirley Maclaine's time comes, she'll have to sit through a triple feature.

And that's only for this *lifetime: she will readily admit there have been others.*

However, her present incarnations as a successful actress, dancer, writer, world traveller, political activist, advocate of world peace and spiritual believer have managed to keep her pretty well occupied for 50 years. Besides, Maclaine relishes the rush of doing four or five things at once. As she is fond of saying, "I do a better job at each than if I concentrated on just one."

The past two years are a good indication. In 1983 she wrote her third book, Out On A Limb. *Filled with tales of clandestine love and metaphysical realisation, it quickly rose on the best-seller list. It is now the publisher's second-largest selling hardcover, non-fiction tome and has hit the number one spot on the paperback list.*

That was the year she starred with Debra Winger and Jack Nicholson in Terms Of Endearment, *for which she then won the Oscar for best actress at the Academy Awards earlier this year.*

On the heels of that, she starred on Broadway in a song-dance-and-talk show that packed them in. And somewhere in between all that, she managed to travel to the American Mid-East to research her next book, and to her Mount Rainier, Washington, retreat where she does her writing.

Apparently, Maclaine has been on the go since soon after the day she was born, April 24, 1934, to Ira O. and Kathleen Beaty, in Richmond, Virginia. Her father was a real-estate agent, her mother a sometime actress and teacher.

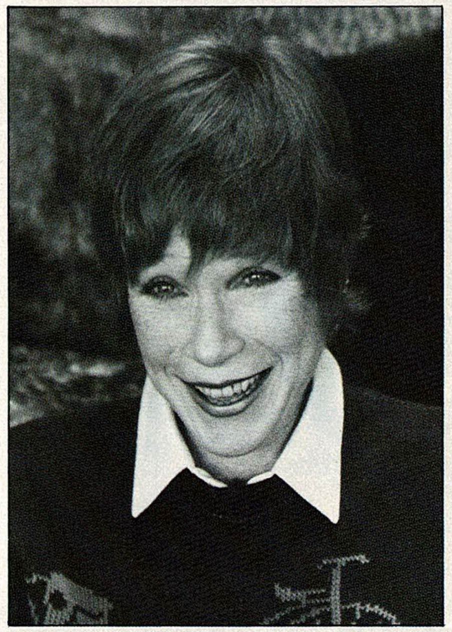
Maclaine started ballet lessons at three as therapy for her weak ankles. Dancing became her life. When the family moved to Arlington, Virginia, she attended the area's finest dancing academy. After graduating from high school, she headed for the chorus lines of Broadway. There, during an audition, she dropped her last name and adopted a variation of her middle name, Maclean. That left her younger brother Warren to carry the family name, though he soon added an extra "t" to aid pronunciation.

In New York, in 1952, Maclaine met Steve Parker, a part-time actor, director and aspiring producer. Two years later, they married and remain good friends to this day, although divorced.

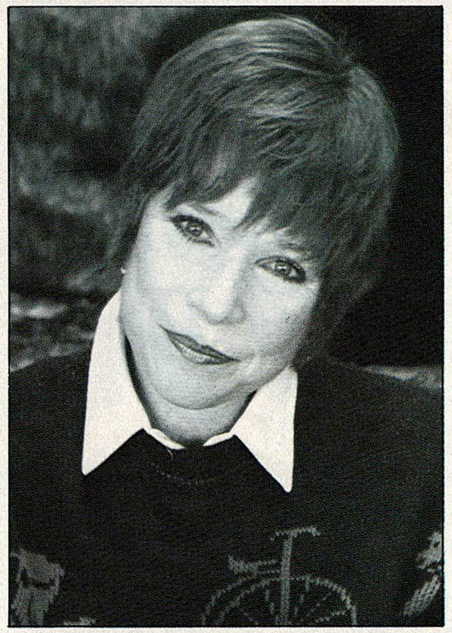
Maclaine got the first of many fortuitous breaks in 1954 when, while understudying Carol Haney in The Pajama Game, *she was asked to step in when the star broke an ankle. Before the night was over, a new star had begun to shine. The next evening, producer Hal Wallis caught the show and quickly signed Maclaine to a Hollywood contract. He loaned her to Alfred Hitchcock a year later for her first film* The Trouble With Harry.

Since then Maclaine has compiled an impressive body of work, including Around The World In Eighty Days, Some Came Running, Can Can, The Apartment, The Loudest Whisper, My Geisha, Two For The Seesaw, Irma La Douce, Sweet Charity, The Turning Point, Being There *and* Terms Of Endearment.

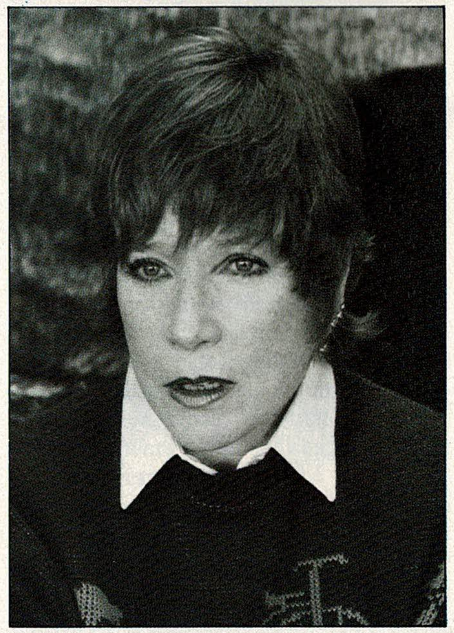
Here are a few other things she has managed to do: have a daughter, Stephanie Sachiko Parker, in 1956; become a world traveller; produce an Oscar-nominated documentary, The Other Half Of The Sky; *write three books; support women's rights and a variety of social issues; date Andrew Peacock, among others; cultivate relationships with people as diverse as Mrs Chou En-lai and Indira Gandhi; and publicly announce her spiritual beliefs,*



I didn't know what a limo was, so I'd show up for a movie premiere in my car, having changed clothes in the back seat.



On my 49th birthday, I climbed a mountain, meditated and projected forward to 1984. I projected what would happen with my book.



You do not die; you just change form. That's one reason we're so attracted to extra-terrestrials.

2
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which include reincarnation, spirit guides and out-of-body experiences. In the middle of all this activity that passes for a normal life, we decided to see if Maclaine could squeeze in Contributing Editor ***David Rensin*** *for a Playboy Interview. She could and did.*

Rensin reports: "To say that God made Shirley Maclaine and then broke the mould is, for once, not a cliche. This woman is complex, shrewd, brusque, spontaneous, sometimes curiously off-putting, often humorous, instinctively honest, intense, constantly questioning, genuinely caring and . . . very busy.*"*

PLAYBOY: It's been quite a year for Shirley Maclaine — on stage, on screen, on the best-seller list. Did you plan it this way?

MACLAINE: Well, on my 49th birthday — first, let me explain what a birthday is to me. Everyone's birthday is what is called the solar return: the sun and planetary alignments are in pretty much the same position as when you were born. So birthdays are important because whatever you put out there on the day has a real chance of working. It's even good to have the exact time you were born because the energy goes from five hours prior to five hours after. So, anyway, for about a solid 10-hour period on my 49th birthday, I went to New Mexico and climbed a mountain and meditated and projected forward to 1984. I projected what happened with *Terms Of Endearment,* I projected that it would help mother/daughter relationships. I projected the reaction to my book, *Out On A Limb.* I didn't know for sure if this stuff would come to pass, if the human individual really has that kind of power and capacity. But it happened. This year has come to pass for me *exactly* how I projected it.

PLAYBOY: Did you project winning the Oscar?

MACLAINE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Was it important that you win the Oscar? Do you think you deserved it?

MACLAINE: It's not about deserving to win — because no one deserves to *lose.* It's just a recognition that comes in a little brass package. But yes, I care about being recognised for a body of work over 30 years — some good, some bad, some in-between and some really great. I'm a communicator and being recognised for it is a good feeling.

PLAYBOY: Weren't the five Oscar nominations you got before this last one enough recognition to overcome any insecurities?

MACLAINE: *(deadpan)* Yes, that was nice.

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed in previous years?

MACLAINE: No. I never thought I would win before. I didn't think I was very good in *Irma La Douce.* I thought I *might* win for *The Apartment* until Elizabeth (Taylor) had her tracheotomy.

PLAYBOY: What about films you *should* have been nominated for?

MACLAINE: *The Loudest Whisper* and

Desperate Characters, but no one saw that one. I should have been nominated for *Being There.* If I had been smart I would have reduced my billing to supporting category and then won. But, you know, those are all career moves and politicking and manipulation; I don't think about that stuff. Or I think about it a year too late.

PLAYBOY: *Terms Of Endearment* won it all — and much has been written about it — but what was its appeal to you?

MACLAINE: The story, of course. The fact that it dealt with people beginning to examine their relationships with their children, and vice versa, in a way that allowed them to celebrate the defects in each. *Terms* makes it all right to yell at your mother. It makes it all right to want to make your daughter over in your own image. I adored my character, Aurora. It never occurred to me that she was a viper, though the reviews sometimes described her as cobra-like. I might have been . . . a little bit. But I loved Aurora's honesty, her directness, her lack of censorship. I think the public picks up on the fact that the people in the movie — except maybe for the husband — liked who they were. And yet they were having this tearing examination of their relationship over 30 years. It's not just mothers and daughters who liked this film, it was everyone who's had a mother or father or a child. That's about everybody.

PLAYBOY: Was your role as Aurora Greenway your best work?

MACLAINE: It was the most committed work I've done so far, committed to spanning 35 years, committed to the challenge of being on the edge of caricature and still knowing I would have to make the transition into very subtle drama on the death of my daughter. There was a total commitment to emphasise my worst assets so that you could believe in the disintegration of the mother: roots showing in my hair that were *my* real roots. But it was a total commitment to a character that I loved; I threw the usual screen concerns to the wind.

PLAYBOY: There's a bit of gossip we'd like to clear up before we get deeper into the metaphysical. There were reports that you and your onscreen daughter, actress Debra Winger, didn't get along at all during filming. It became a hot topic in the press. What really happened?

MACLAINE: Was it a hot topic? *[pause]* It was difficult but we got along. *[pause]* Look, Debra is 25 years younger than I am. She has very different interests and different ways of looking at life. Just because you work intimately with someone for three or four months on a film doesn't mean there's any breeding ground for friendship. I don't think there was much of one. It's just one of those things. It was the same thing when I worked with Bo Derek on *A Change Of Seasons.* They wanted to know if she and I were friends. Well, no. I like her perfectly fine, but on what basis would a friendship like that flourish? I agree with Jim Brooks who said that people seem to want to pit women against one another because of male chauvinistic attitudes. I don't know if he was right or wrong, but I do remember the same sort of talk bubbling about Anne Bancroft and me during *The Turning Point,* and about Audrey Hepburn and me on *The Loudest Whisper.* There's an idea out there that women should fight like cats for screen time and attention. But that is just not true.

PLAYBOY: Did you try and interest Debra in your well-known spiritual pursuits?

MACLAINE: No. We had that in common. Jack Nicholson, too. Debra is a student of Gurdjieff. But she didn't talk much about it. She read my latest book and was interested in it. *[pauses]* But other than that, I mean, she loved to sit in her trailer in her combat boots and mini-skirt listening to real loud rock'n'roll. Right there, I mean, what am I going to do that for?

PLAYBOY: Enough said. Aurora Greenway wasn't the first risky role you've taken in terms of your image. In the '60s you played a string of prostitutes. And then there was your role in *Being There,* in which you did a memorable masturbation scene . . .

> *I'm certain I was a prostitute in some other life and I just have empathy for them. It's all I can figure out.*

MACLAINE: Oh, yes. Larry Olivier called me about that because they wanted him to do the part Melvyn Douglas eventually played. He called and said, "My dear girl, are you doing *this?* You mustn't *do* this. This scene is immoral. Think of your stature as an artist and an actress! You should not be a part of this picture because of that scene."

PLAYBOY: And you said?

MACLAINE: "Well, *you* don't have to do it. I *do.* And, as a matter of fact, that's why I'm taking the movie. I like that scene." I wanted to see if I could pull that off with good taste and humor. I also like to go to the edge of unpredictability. He said, "Well, that scene is why I'm *not* doing the movie."

PLAYBOY: Didn't it feel odd to do that scene on a set in front of all those people?

MACLAINE: Hmm. We did it 17 times until my make-up man finally said, at the end, "Mmm, mmm, good to the last drop." Seventeen times and Peter Sellers just sat there changing channels on a TV set. *[laughs]* Totally in character, always.

PLAYBOY: He didn't peek?

MACLAINE: *[long pause]* He was so incredibly brilliant in that. Just to be a part of that picture with him was important to me because I was working with a genius who had the role of his life . . . Who won the Academy Award that year?

PLAYBOY: Not Sellers.

MACLAINE: *[sadly]* No.

PLAYBOY: Anyway, why so many prostitutes and women of that ilk?

MACLAINE: God, I don't know. I'm certain I was a prostitute in some other life and I just have empathy for them.

PLAYBOY: That's a familiar refrain with you.

MACLAINE: It's all I can figure out.

PLAYBOY: You were never concerned about being typecast?

MACLAINE: No. I wasn't thinking then, nor do I think now, about career risks in terms of jeopardising myself. I think about career risks in terms of a challenge. If I was worried about career moves I wouldn't have done *Cannonball II,* for God's sake, right after *Terms Of Endearment.*

PLAYBOY: Why did you? Because that film reunited the Rat Pack — Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr and you — for the first time in years?

MACLAINE: Well, we all had a wonderful time. None of us read the script, at least no one I talked to. I mean, I tried, but I couldn't get through it. I just wanted to work with all of them again.

PLAYBOY: What acting risks are left for you to take?

MACLAINE: I think I'd like to try some really wild, histrionic dramatic part bordering on insanity. I *don't* want to do Shakespeare or the classics.

PLAYBOY: You want to move further toward the edge?

MACLAINE: Probably. Though in the past month I've gotten three scripts: one on a woman who goes crazy because she's being murdered; another is a murderess; the third is someone else involved in a murder. But I won't do any of them. The reason is sociological. I don't want to contribute to the violence out there, especially since I'm on a spiritual path. I never believed violence on film could incite violence in an audience until recently.

PLAYBOY: What movie was that?

MACLAINE: *Scarface.* It wasn't about drugs; it was about violence and the exploitation of it. The abuse of that kind of artistic freedom made *me* violent; it activated a violence in me that I thought I had worked out. I didn't want to go out and kill anyone like the characters did, but I really wanted to have a talk with the people who had made the film and ask them what they thought they were doing! I didn't notice an examination of the cultural build-up to that violence; I didn't even *see* the first half hour — with the chopped-off arm in the shower. I was late to the screening and got locked out. Something must have been telling me not to go in. The violence in that movie was *not* put into perspective. The violence in *Midnight Express* I understood. In the *Godfathers* I understood.

PLAYBOY: And in your brother's movie, *Bonnie And Clyde?*

MACLAINE: I understood.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been violent yourself?

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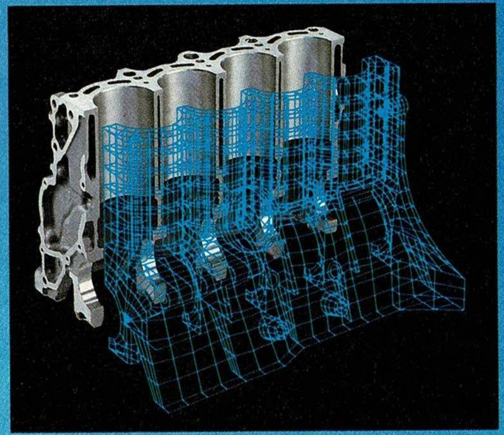

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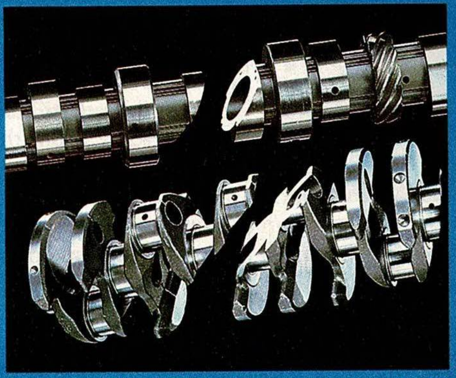

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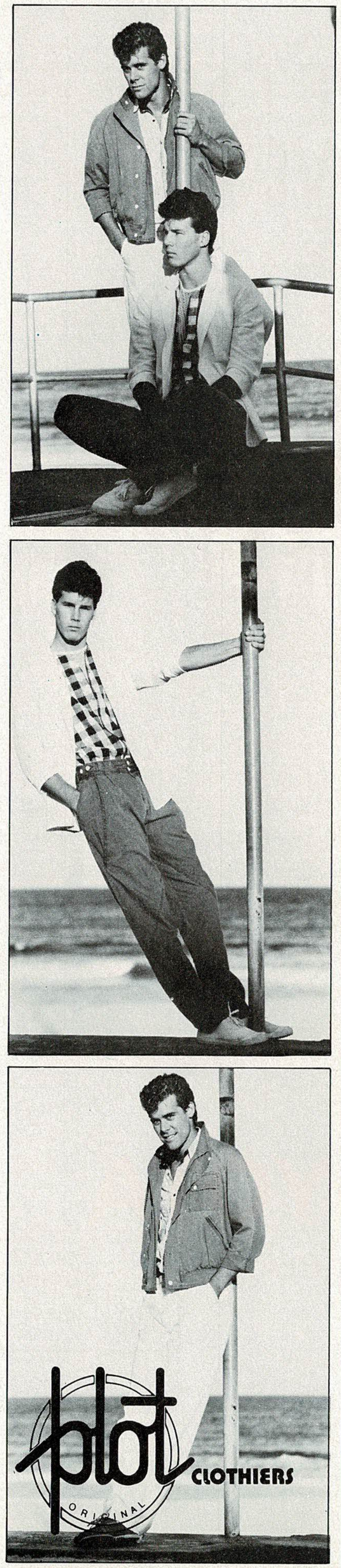

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MACLAINE: Oh, sure. I've had arguments with a couple of the men I've been with. There was one who weighed 220 pounds and I got so upset with him that I picked him up by the shoulders and threw him in the hallway. Never thought I'd do that. It's been infrequent, but I realised that what upset me most about the person who provoked me to violence were those little aspects of myself that I recognised in myself from childhood on.

PLAYBOY: What kind of childhood ambitions did you have? Did you grow up saying, "I want to be an actress, a dancer, a writer, a traveller and a spiritual seeker"?

MACLAINE: Basically I wanted to be an astronomer and a physicist. I was always looking through my telescope and reading about people who discovered things. My favorite book was called *Heroes Of Civilization.* I still read it over and over. I was reading about the theory of relativity and chemistry and what bodies are made up of as opposed to plants — all while I was going to dancing classes. So I was walking down both those paths.

PLAYBOY: You took ballet lessons to remedy a physical problem, right?

MACLAINE: Yeah, but I loved dancing because it allowed me to express myself. Otherwise I probably would have internalised too much of my intelligence. So I got it out physically. And I loved the music, especially Russian, though I don't understand what that was about: when I visited Russia I absolutely hated it. It was the most depressing period of all my travels.

PLAYBOY: Your first book, *Don't Fall Off The Mountain,* gives the impression that from early on you had a sense of not quite belonging where you were.

MACLAINE: That's right. Yeah. There was a feeling of another home somewhere. *[pause]* I think the feeling of home that I was longing for was myself, and wherever *I* might have been. Meaning I could have been many places, many cultures and maybe even other planets, I don't know. It was not enough to say that your home is Richmond, Virginia, and you live with Ira and Kathlyn Beaty, and that is your identity. I knew that that wasn't all there was to me. I was longing to fill in the total picture of my identity. The memory of the many places I had been were sort of knocking on my brain. I know that now. But all I can remember as a child were very subtle kinds of memories trying to break through.

PLAYBOY: When you first came to Hollywood, you didn't really belong. The press labelled you a "kook". Did you feel like an outsider?

MACLAINE: I never felt on the outside, though when I finished working on a film I'd usually take off and go somewhere. I had my colorful fill of those dinner parties with all those flaming desserts and all the Bel Air circuit sociology, but I guess I never really was a part of it . . . It was fun. Nice people. But my head was listening to a different drummer. Actually, it's sort of interesting that they labelled me a kook for silly, little things. Like I didn't know what a limo was, so I would drive up to a movie premiere in my car, having just changed clothes in the back seat because I'd come from dancing class. I wasn't aware of any effect I was creating, or that I was doing unusual things. When I started reading about myself, I felt I was usually described with good humor, with sort of a slant of a rebel about it. But that was okay with me. I knew who I was.

PLAYBOY: Didn't that give you a certain protection? You certainly didn't have to face the old Hollywood syndrome of the new girl in town being propositioned by powerful producers.

MACLAINE: Yes. Every now and then I wondered why nobody propositioned me and nobody ever did. I've *never* had that experience in all my life in this business. But . . . you know, this is so boring to me. Sorry. I can't go back into the past like this. I can't even relate to that part of my life, my early Hollywood days. It's like another lifetime ago for me. I can't remember any of it, any of my reactions.

PLAYBOY: Why? You haven't had any trouble remembering other parts of your past when you've written about it.

MACLAINE: My family, childhood, that's really important stuff. But not my early days in Hollywood. *[pause]* It's not that I'm like Marlon Brando, where interviewers want to know about his approach to acting, and all he wants to talk about is the Indians. It's not that I feel that way. When I say that this is hard for me it's because I really *don't* remember the early stuff. It's just gone. Boring, finished. It's no longer interesting.

PLAYBOY: Then let's go a bit further back. In your first book, you judge your parents pretty harshly for their attitudes: your mother for giving up her career, your father for not encouraging you to dare more.

MACLAINE: I don't think I judged them harshly. I was just telling my feelings. They didn't react negatively. Mother said, "Did I really give the impression I was sacrificing everything for my children?" I said, "Yeah." And she said, "I guess I did."

PLAYBOY: What about your father?

MACLAINE: Dad loved it. He thought he was the star of my book, which he was. He loves being the star of my books. They didn't feel judged. They are somehow secure and liberal and democratic about how Warren and I have decided to express ourselves, and if it includes them in the process, they don't take it personally.

PLAYBOY: Do you now see them in a more positive light?

MACLAINE: Um-hmm. In many ways they're getting more difficult with *each other.* They're a vaudeville act. Neither one of them has ever melded into the woodwork. I've told them often they ought to do a TV series. That's one I might watch.

PLAYBOY: People often find it odd that you and Warren Beatty are brother and sister as you seem very different.

MACLAINE: I was once asked, "Do you think you and Warren chose your parents?" Yes, I do. My parents have no problem with us as *their* children. They don't look at us and ask, "How did we produce these children?" They say, "Of *course.*" Sure we're different. I think his approach is much more intellectual than mine. And by that I mean left-brain. He really needs to have things proven to him to believe them. But I'm a woman and he's a man. I'm operating with much more intuitive intelligence and trusting it. That's the great gift women have to give the world, except that men always ask us to *prove* we have the gift.

PLAYBOY: Do you get a kick out of the press's fascination with him?

MACLAINE: I think everybody is fascinated with him.

PLAYBOY: Do you resent being asked questions about him?

MACLAINE: No. Except that people have this idea that we're not friendly.

PLAYBOY: Are you?

MACLAINE: People know that Warren and I know each other very well and we're very close. We don't travel the same paths in life, but we love each other. Everybody who knows us knows that.

PLAYBOY: What qualities do you share?

MACLAINE: The agreement that both of us see our childhood completely differently. Since we understand how really different we are, I think that's what's led people to think we are not close. But because we both happen to be famous and talented I really hesitate to invade his privacy. About anything. And he'd do the same for me. I will never really discuss Warren. It's up to him to discuss him.

PLAYBOY: Then why have you made such provocative remarks as "I'd like to do a kissing scene with him"? Or "I'd lock my daughter away from him"? Or "I haven't seen him nude since he was six years old, so I'd like to find out what he's like now!"?

MACLAINE: Well, I have a humorous and open relationship with the public and the press that people recognise. I'm more outgoing, so I make jokes about Warren and me.

PLAYBOY: What was behind the resistance to doing this interview?

MACLAINE: I know that you've felt this resistance of mine. I sensed that this is no accident that you wanted to talk to me, because you sensed . . . that this would be as therapeutic for you as it is for me. I felt I knew what would happen. I knew you were at the point in your life when you really needed to move on and were looking for some guideposts; some communication, some kind of interchange of understanding between the two of us that would help you progress more, above and beyond doing a great in-depth interview

PLAYBOY: Hmm. Since we had never met before, isn't it more likely that this interview is taking place because this is the most recent peak in a very rich career?

MACLAINE: *[laughs]* Most recent peak! I've had more comebacks than Roberto Duran. Oh, I know you're here because the movie was hot, because it's time. But I know that's not what you are here *for.* It's not merely an accident. But perhaps I am being presumptuous. I'm one of those people who is a missionary, right? I always do this. Always. If I can help, let me be there.

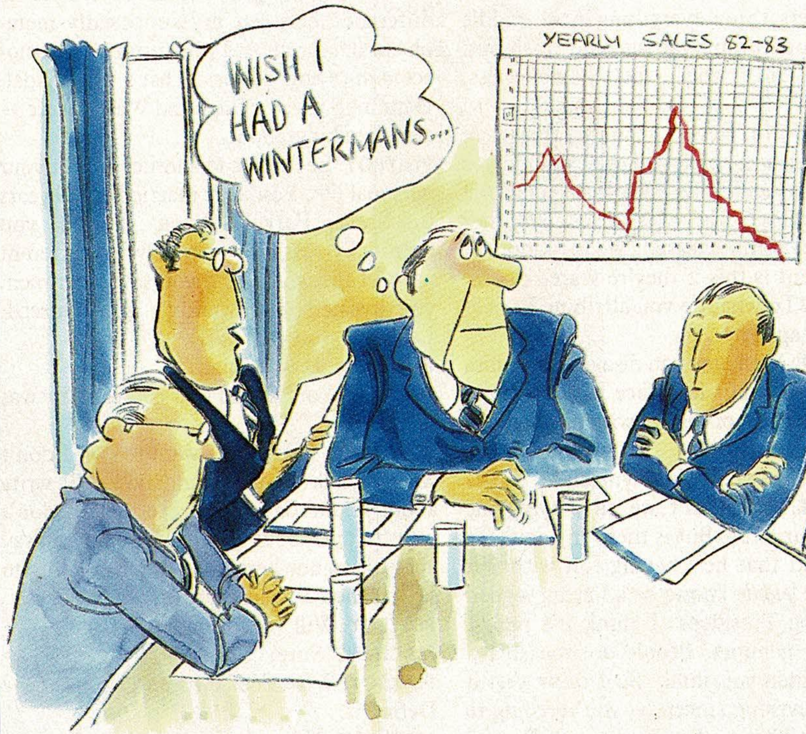
PLAYBOY: Frankly, there was no reason other than the professional one to approach you. The idea to interview you just came to us.

MACLAINE: *[long laugh]* Sorry for laughing, but there's no such thing as an idea that just came to you. That's what I've been doing for the past 10 years — getting past the notion that any idea just came to me. I want to know *why* Mozart could write that symphony at age six, seven or eight; *why* Einstein came up with the Theory Of Relativity, or that God was a giant thought. That's the nature of my curiosity. I don't think of it this way, but maybe it is a rigorous compulsion to give form to intuition.

What happens is that the necessity for you and me to be talking comes in the form of an idea. But it's there for another reason. And I like to get to what that reason is about.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that this interview has a connection to some other dimension?

MACLAINE: Okay, that's what it is. It's a connection to something else that needed to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happen. And the something else is whatever comes out of this. I'm sure the whole thing is for you and me to figure it out. It's something special that comes out of this exploration of my head. Maybe I just needed you to do it with.

PLAYBOY: Then let's continue exploring. Where does your stamina come from?

MACLAINE: Maybe it's just that I don't *sit* on a lot of my feelings. That takes more energy than anything, so you've got none left over. I pretty well say what's on my mind. My idea of the Chinese torture is not to be able to express myself to someone about what I feel about them, or feel about them in relation to me. I believe that when you're afraid to tell someone something, it's really those things that you don't want to hear yourself. You're afraid they'll hurt you.

PLAYBOY: Among the many activities we haven't yet mentioned is your involvement in politics . . .

MACLAINE: Ah. The real entertainment.

PLAYBOY: In 1969 you said politics were no longer relevant to you. Then you dived head first into George McGovern's 1972 presidential campaign. Why?

MACLAINE: Nixon was relevant. A major, basic reason I committed myself to the extent I did was that I didn't want Nixon to appoint three new justices to the Supreme Court that might reflect *his* values; it wasn't so much about politics.

PLAYBOY: Which Nixon did anyway.

MACLAINE: Yup. But now my point of view is that you do what you feel you have to do and then let nature take its course.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

MACLAINE: Meaning we got rid of Nixon once and for all. I think the American people elected him just to get rid of him. It couldn't have happened unless George had lost that election. But you know, I stuck with George; it wasn't just a passing thing. I continued to work for McGovern every day after the convention, even after it was clear that he'd blown it. My principles would not let me walk away. I stuck through to the end. People began to wonder about my judgement. I think it was very hard for some people in my world, my community, to watch me do that in public because most people jumped ship after the convention.

Also, whenever I explained why I was working so hard for McGovern, I said it had to do with the character and value system of Richard Nixon. I approached it all on a personal basis. The Hollywood hierarchy, the money people, weren't pleased with my personal evaluation of Nixon. So, when what I said about Nixon turned out to be true a year later during Watergate, some of those people had a hard time looking me in the eye because they expected me to say, "I told you so." But I never did.

PLAYBOY: That period in the early '70s was concurrent with a five-year period when you weren't very hot in Hollywood.

MACLAINE: I don't think politics was the only problem. It was a double whammy: I had done two pictures in a row that didn't make any money: *The Possession Of Joel Delaney* and *Desperate Characters.* Along with that, I had supported the wrong person politically in the money people's eyes and then turned out to be right.

PLAYBOY: Did you suspect a blacklist?

MACLAINE: No. Might be a little grey, but not black. The bottom line in Hollywood is profit and talent. If I had made a couple of great pictures it wouldn't have mattered who I'd supported.

PLAYBOY: Since you were so very outspoken about Nixon's character during that period, did you experience any fear for yourself when he won?

MACLAINE: No. I was so used to having my phone tapped by that time that I figured what were they going to do. Tap it some more? A lot of dirty tricks were played — throwing garbage into my hall, all sorts of things.

PLAYBOY: Are these the ransackings you claim were done by the CIA?

MACLAINE: They would just come in and ransack the place, not steal anything. Just harassment. Just turn everything over, do the drawers, throw everything in the middle of the room, dump garbage and trash out.

> *I believe that when you're afraid to tell someone something, it's really those things that you don't want to hear yourself.*

PLAYBOY: Did you feel defenceless, helpless?

MACLAINE: No. Never. I thought they were defenceless and helpless if they would have to stoop to such things with some poor little movie actress who was just being her idealistic self. Please, what kind of government is this if they're scared of *me?*

PLAYBOY: To what do you attribute Ronald Reagan's appeal?

MACLAINE: Well, you can disagree with him all you want, but let's face it, the man is playing the role of his life with his ideology as his screenplay.

PLAYBOY: Are you being cynical?

MACLAINE: No. Aren't we all playing the roles of our lives? But is there any doubt in your mind that he's having fun with this role? The *public* knows he's having a good time being President. I think it's real. I think it's genuine. People are too smart. Smarter than you think. So I think that if you do anything sincerely, you're going to succeed. That's the secret of Ronald Reagan. I really think that Ronald Reagan is an enlightened human being. Coming from me, a liberal, democratic socialist, that's something to say. But I believe it. He is coming from where *I'm* coming from these days: he believes in himself; he believes peace is possible; he was seemingly forgiving of the boy who tried to assassinate him — he cares for the family; he cares for the boy's mental health; he cares for the souls of the unborn. He speaks to the higher values in life.

PLAYBOY: Quite a campaign speech. So could a liberal, democratic socialist actually vote for Reagan?

MACLAINE: I doubt that seriously. I disagree with his corporate materialism, which is to balance the budget at the expense of human poverty. I disagree with his calling the Soviet Union the focus of evil in the world while at the same time he says he wants peace. How can you call the opposition Satan? How can you then sit down with Satan to negotiate peace? What would he do? Sell his soul to the devil? So there is a conflict in his enlightenment. But the reason he's a popular individual is because he, of all the candidates, is speaking from his heart. I don't think he's acting. This is genuine.

PLAYBOY: So what is the most important issue today?

MACLAINE: It's ironic, but it's God. We are involved in a planet-wide holy war. We are either all pissed off at Satan or at each other. The Second World War was about the religion of fascism versus those who wanted to live in freedom. Our anti-communism is because they don't believe in God the way we do. The whole Islamic rise is about people who disagree with their interpretation of the Koran. The same with the Jews and the Old Testament. And the only way we can stop it is to realise that we are all gods. We are all part of that force. I see no difference between my supposedly metaphysical search and the future of socio-economics and politics. That's what Sadat, Gandhi, King, the Pope and Walesa were — are — talking about.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to another part of your personal life. You were married for 29 years to Steve Parker. Even though you eventually settled, separately, in different parts of the world, and you saw other men, you insisted you wouldn't get divorced. Last year you did. Why?

MACLAINE: It was time.

PLAYBOY: You've said that before. Why was it time?

MACLAINE: That's all I want to say. I don't want to talk about it right now. I'll write about it one day. But I can't, can't, don't want to talk about that. I'll have a lot to say about it somewhere else. But I'm going to say it when I want to, in my own pages.

PLAYBOY: Will you discuss marriage?

MACLAINE: Sure.

PLAYBOY: What does it mean to you today? Define it.

MACLAINE: Never having really been conventionally married, I don't know. I've lived with people, but I guess it makes a difference if you don't have a piece of paper. The whole idea of marriage and swearing

(continued on page 132)

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THE BIG CHILL

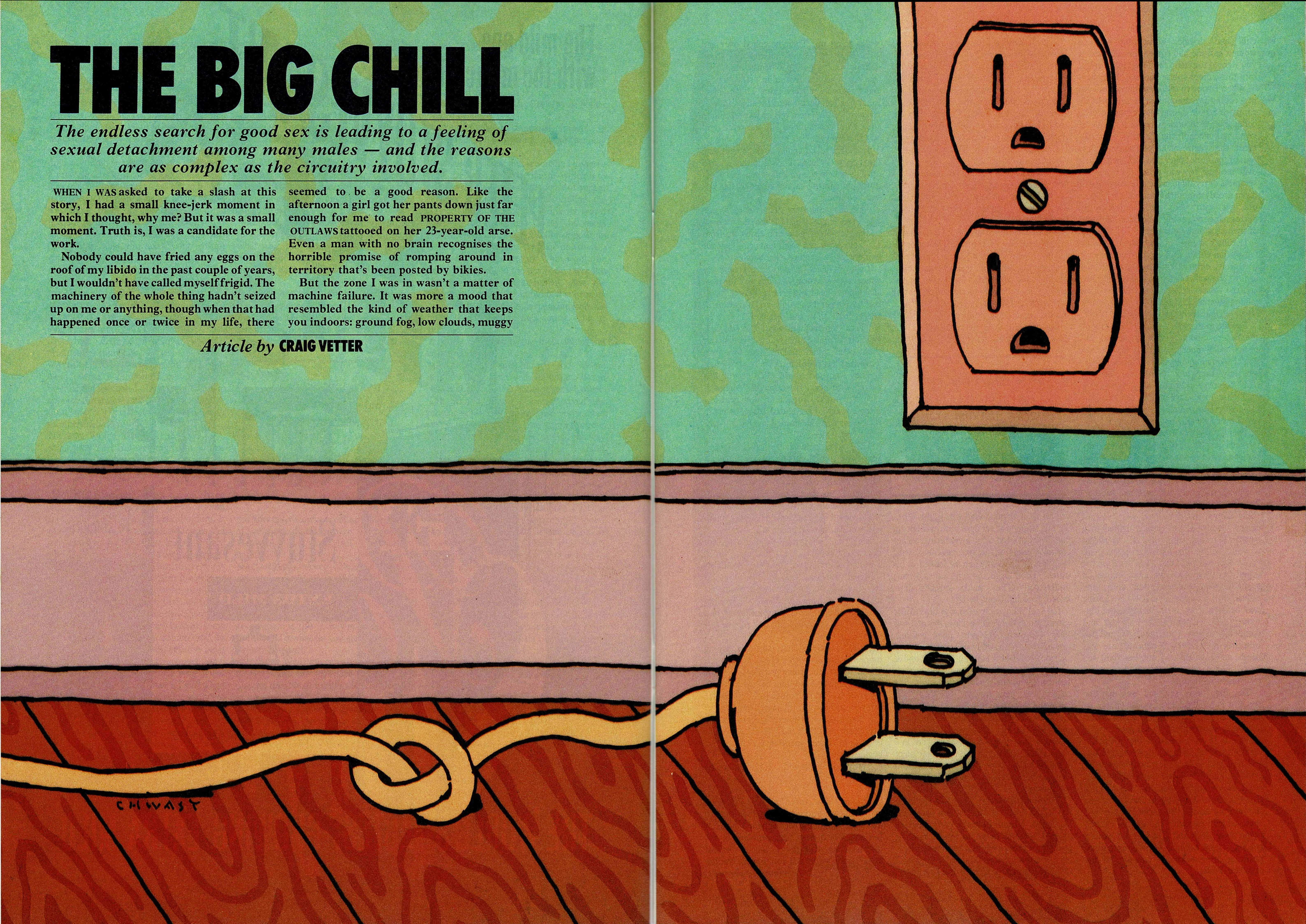
The endless search for good sex is leading to a feeling of sexual detachment among many males — and the reasons are as complex as the circuitry involved.

WHEN I WAS asked to take a slash at this story, I had a small knee-jerk moment in which I thought, why me? But it was a small moment. Truth is, I was a candidate for the work.

Nobody could have fried any eggs on the roof of my libido in the past couple of years, but I wouldn't have called myself frigid. The machinery of the whole thing hadn't seized up on me or anything, though when that had happened once or twice in my life, there seemed to be a good reason. Like the afternoon a girl got her pants down just far enough for me to read PROPERTY OF THE OUTLAWS tattooed on her 23-year-old arse. Even a man with no brain recognises the horrible promise of romping around in territory that's been posted by bikies.

But the zone I was in wasn't a matter of machine failure. It was more a mood that resembled the kind of weather that keeps you indoors: ground fog, low clouds, muggy

Article by **CRAIG VETTER**



chill and drizzle. Something between women and me had cooled sexually, and if you wanted to extend the definition of frigid into those more subtle corners, then okay.

When I tried to round up the reasons for my cool, they amounted to a hopelessly confused rabble of maybes: my age, 41; the collapse of a second marriage a couple of years ago; alcohol; the threat of entanglement; the spectre of herpes; the merciless rain of feminine anger that had been falling over the past 10 years or so; the relentless scramble of trying to make a decent living in these greedy times; the notion that when I did get into bed with someone my performance was going to be rated like those of gymnasts and ice skaters.

I didn't seem to be alone in my frustration either. Out on the dance floor it was pretty empty, with the men collected against one wall, talking business and sport, and the women collected against the other talking business and whatever else they talk about. Frigid men, for one thing.

For the most part, men don't talk among themselves about particular sexual experiences. Women think they do, but they don't. Women *do* talk about their sex lives. Oh, how they talk. Grisly play-by-play stuff. "Honey," a 29-year-old secretary told me, "you make love to me tonight, and tomorrow I guarantee my girlfriends will know every wrinkle on your thing."

That pretty much says it, and it got a nervous laugh out of me, which the lady noticed. For the next few minutes over our lunch I could see her trying to decide whether or not to let me in on what she knew. Women may talk with one another, but they almost never talk to men about these things, and they have their reasons. Every woman I interviewed dallied in a shadow of mistrust and small talk for at least a while before the real dirt got dished.

Jan DeLeon and I had a few drinks in the grand lobby bar of a swish hotel. She had on a medium-long pleated skirt and shiny blouse with a floppy bow at the neck. She was coming from work, a fast-lane, big-money job in which she worked and competed mostly with men. Around 30, beautiful green eyes, a delicate face that needs no make-up and careless light-red hair. There was a practised sort of girlishness to all of it.

The first thing she said was that she thought PLAYBOY had missed a chance to teach this generation of men how to be romantic, which seemed to her pretty much a lost art. It came down to the difference between fucking and making love, she said, and any man who understood how to be romantic could do with a small skeleton key what others smash windows and splinter doors trying to accomplish. David, the guy she wanted to tell me about, understood that, which was why she got so excited about their affair and also why she missed the signs such as his Don Juan reputation, pointing them toward a calamity of the antarctic kind.

They had met at a business cocktail party. He was 37, never married, and the owner of a rich little operation that kept him on the road to Asia a lot of the time. That night, they threw a few low sparks at each other, and a week later Jan made the move, in the guise of business entertainment. Dinner, and he had tickets to a concert, it turned out. A great evening, perfect chemistry she said. He picked up the tab, then they had the two-taxis-or-one discussion. They shared one to the kerb in front of her place. Shook hands. All business. But then he kissed her. "A highly personal kiss," she said. Then, after he'd watched the doorman let her in, he left.

"I was flying," she said. "He said he'd call the next day, and he did." He was on his way to Japan for three weeks, but he asked if she'd go out with him when he got home. Very romantic to ask that far in advance, she told me. He called her to confirm on his way back, from the airport in Hawaii. "Flying," she said again.

Business didn't come up at dinner this time. They talked and flirted as if something was in their drinks. And this night, when the taxi stopped at her door both of them got out. They started their lovemaking on her couch, clothes on, tender, no-hurry stuff with lots of kissing. Then he looked at his watch. Tired from the trip, he said. She understood. They made another date, kissed goodnight and he left.

> *A secretary told me: "You make love to me tonight, and tomorrow I guarantee my girlfriends will know every wrinkle on your thing."*

Jan said the anticipation was beautifully excruciating. Everything about this guy was right. He was intelligent, good looking, romantic, he had money and charm, a ton of charm. In fact he was straight out of one of those news-stand romance novels which, Jan confessed, she read by the dozens. She called them "class trash".

On the third date they wandered the city just holding hands, laughing at their own good luck. Finally, a taxi to his place, to his couch. Soon enough his clothes were in a heap on the living room rug, then one piece at a time he put hers in the same place and then led her into his bedroom. Cold sheets, warm flesh.

Then . . . "Disaster," she told me. "He lost it just like that. I'm still not sure what happened. I think he came early, because when I reached down to fondle him, he pushed my hand away as if he were tender. I tried to talk with him about it. No big deal, I said. He blamed the alcohol, but I could feel walls going up. Then he rolled over and went to sleep. I lay there thinking, Okay, Jan, how are we going to handle this one? I was annoyed that he wouldn't talk about it, but I told myself to be calm. This guy was otherwise wonderful, and I really wanted it to work for us. There was no lovemaking in the morning, though. He showered and threw me a robe."

David travelled again, so their next date was two weeks later. This night they started on the couch again, and when Jan went down on him he came exactly as her lips touched him.

At that moment she delivered on a male fear so ancient and terrible that it isn't hard to imagine the same sound rising up from Delilah's tent, and from tents and lean-tos going back before fire. She laughed.

I winced when she told me that, and she winced, too. "I know . . . I know," she said, shaking her head and gritting her teeth. "It had been a nervous laugh, a combination of shock, frustration and disbelief."

"That's a hell of a response," he had said.

"You surprised me," she had replied, but she'd been thinking, Don Juan my arse. This man has problems.

They went to bed after that and he had played with her. "It was awful," she said. "He was not slow or attentive or gentle. I mean just zero. I pretended to be satisfied to get it done with. He immediately rolled over and went to sleep."

The next morning Jan called her doctor. Was there something she was doing or not doing, something she could do differently? She wanted this one. "It's not your problem," the doctor told her. "It's his."

They had one more date, but the evening was doomed from the start. He was petulant and critical, and when he launched into a small sermon about how shabby it was for her to sometimes date married men, which she had admitted to him, her thoughts snapped: What the fuck do I care what this guy thinks. Later, at his place, he asked her if she wanted to get undressed. She said no. "He was up like a flash, got some money and his keys, ran me downstairs and put me in a taxi."

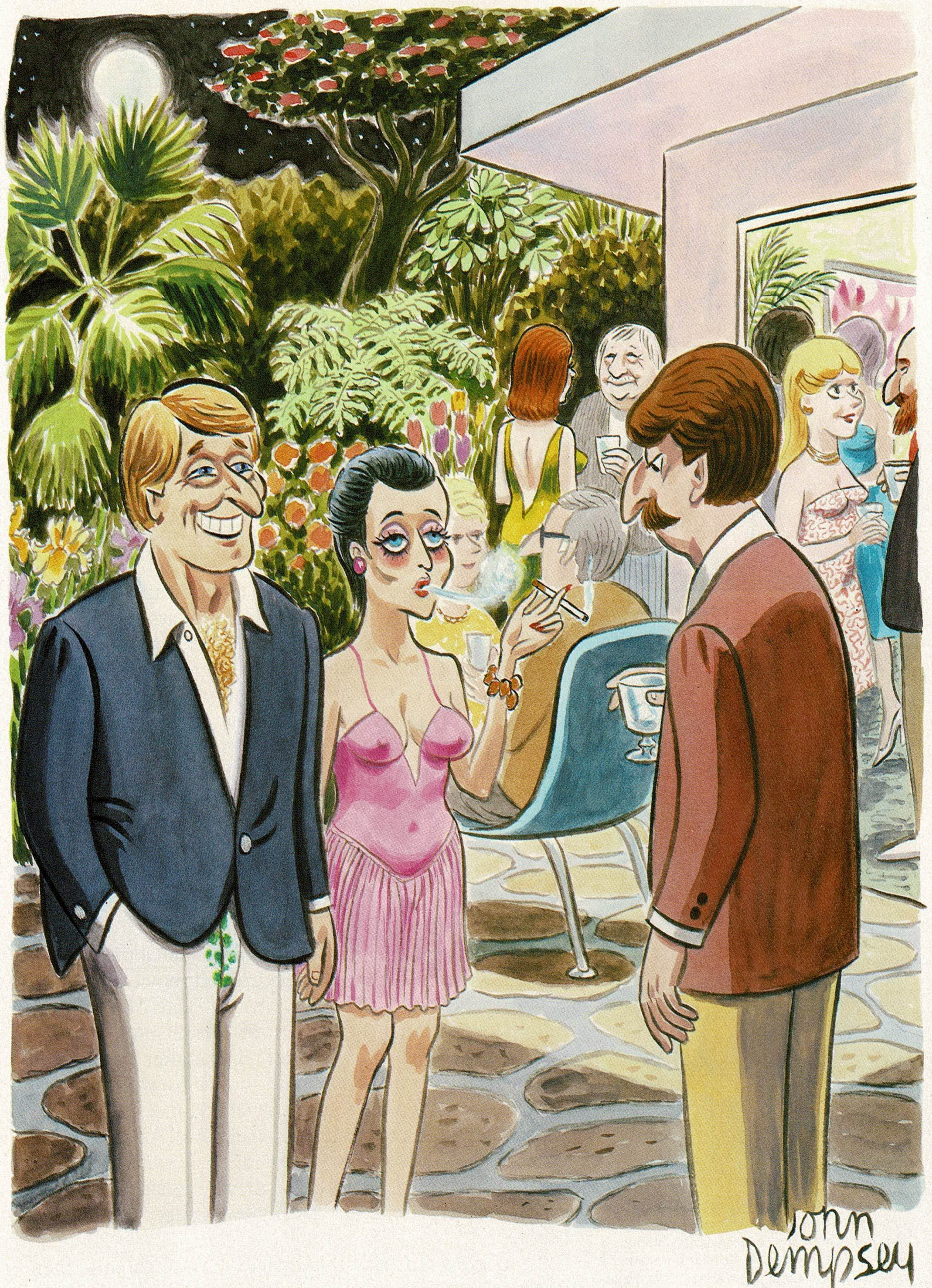
About a month later, she was having dinner at Ernie's with a client and spotted David across the room with a cover-girl beauty. When he saw Jan, he sent a brandy to her table. "I didn't touch it," she said. He stopped on his way out, sowed out some of the charm that had so attracted her in the first place and then said he hadn't called because he'd been spending all his time on business.

"Why not?" she said. "It's what you're best at."

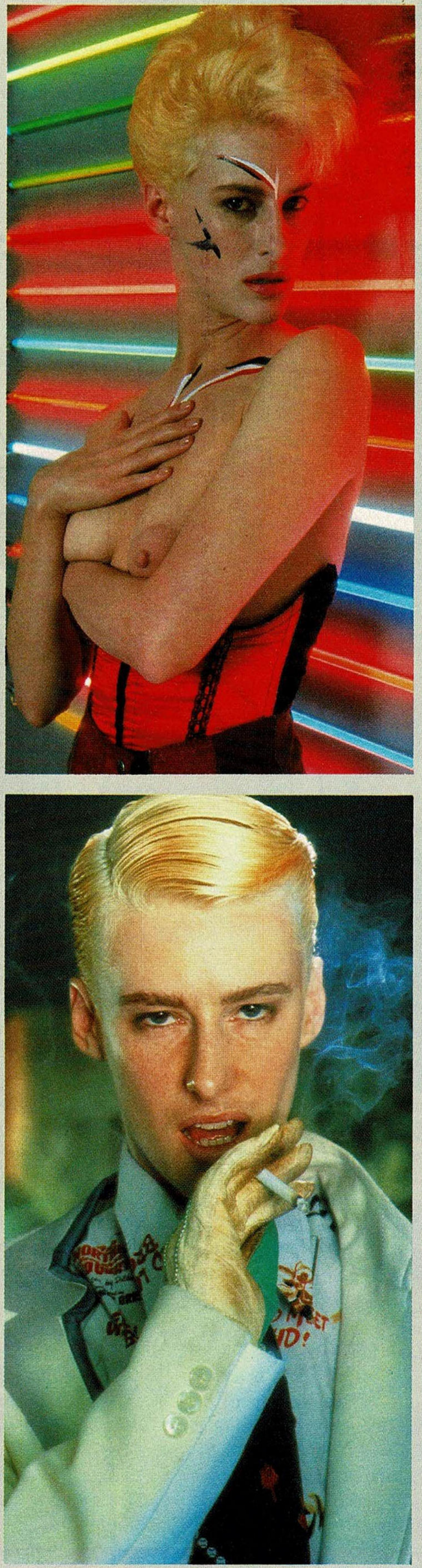
●

Thinking that story through I find only one character who was wrong for sure and that's the doctor. What happened between Jan and David wasn't his problem, it was theirs. And though a lot of sexual behaviorists would tell you that the trouble

(continued on page 131)



"Jeanette has been showing me her garden, Bert. She certainly has a green thumb, doesn't she!"



For the PLAYBOY pictorial, Anne re-created her role from Liquid Sky which begins with her as Margaret and the androgynous Jimmy, a heroin addict making his fashion statement as a David Bowie clone. Said Anne: "The make-up is better than it was in the film, more colorful, jewel-like."

HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY MARCEL FIEVE
NEON FROM LIGHT AND SPACE DESIGN. CHICAGO
MOVIE STILLS BY YURI NEYMAN

The "Liquid Sky" girl comes to earth with a bang.

LIQUID LUST

Text by Bruce Williamson

Meet Anne Carlisle in the flesh and you'd swear she isn't *that* kind of girl. Not the kind of girl to star in a sci-fi sex epic full of bizarre love scenes including lesbian romps. Not the kind of girl to become an underground movie star in the cult flick *Liquid Sky* — a movie about a spaced-out androgyne who takes a series of lovers and zaps them into the cosmos at their moment of orgasm.

And you'd be quite right. Much to the disappointment of the movie's punk clientele, Anne Carlisle says she isn't at all like Margaret and/or Jimmy, the characters she plays in *Liquid Sky.* Anne is thoroughbred American upper middle class. *Liquid Sky* was an acting assignment to her. The movie's international cult status has come as a surprise, albeit a pleasant one. She says she's even more surprised by her own status as a punk heroine. At home in New York she says: "People are disappointed sometimes, especially kids in the street. They've seen *Liquid Sky,* then they see me and can't believe I'm not Margaret, even though I look very different from that."

Indeed she does. Pass Anne on the street and you'd wonder about the swish, long-legged beauty with the tawny, well groomed hair and immaculate clothes — but you'd never peg her as an underground movie star.

One newspaper critic described *Liquid Sky* as "the funniest, craziest, dirtiest, most perversely beautiful science-fiction movie ever made." A year after its release in Australia, the movie is still pulling crowds of young people, many seeing it for the sixth or seventh time.

Despite the gritty sex scenes in the movie, Anne's parents have a copy on cassette and occasionally show it to friends at home. Which came as a surprise to Anne as she had always thought of her parents as typically staid, upper middle class people.

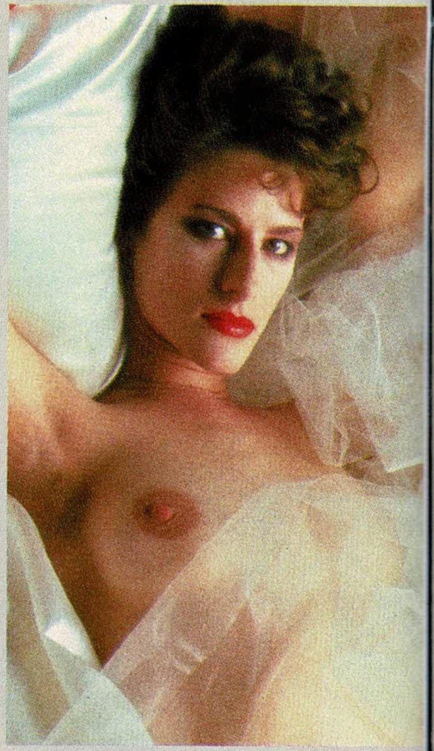
"You grow up with this image of your parents, then discover how wrong you were. I expected to be an outcast, but I wasn't," she says. "Despite a lot of stuff in it she

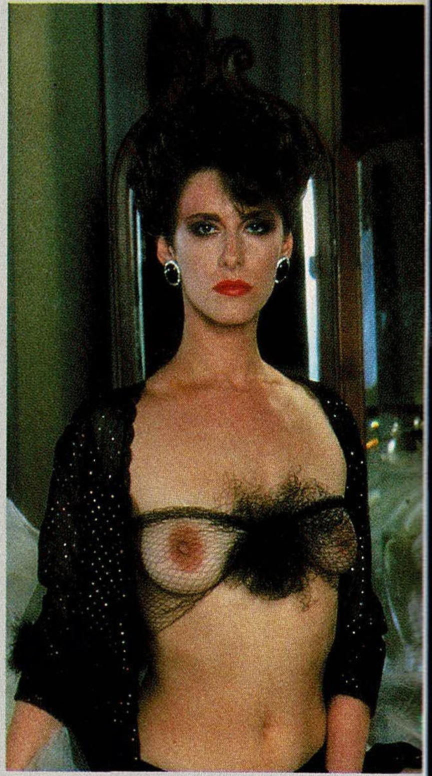
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

In the movie, making love to Margaret spells oblivion for her many amorous friends. However, there is no shortage of volunteers. Exclusively for our pictorial, Anne let her imagination take off from Liquid Sky and she played a mysterious lady in and out of black with a decidedly Margaret-like interest in the surroundings. Will the real Anne Carlisle ever stand up?

didn't like, my mother's reaction was that it was a very artistic movie, teaching people something and that everyone should see it."

All parents should be as understanding. But artistic tolerance must run in the Carlisle family. As well as acting and participating in some eerie sex scenes, Anne helped write *Liquid Sky's* screenplay. We can count on seeing more from Anne Carlisle.





Playing a variety of characters is the essence of acting for Anne. Photographed in an ornate mansion, she personifies "a wealthy, bored woman, a little decadent and in a rather randy mood."

Liquid Sky's bright young star finds a vintage doll; a piece of exotica amid the historic charm of the mansion. "I visualise it changing into a person," she says, "like the characters you give birth to who then take you over."

Laurence Gonzales sticks his nose into a billion-dollar business and reveals why coke means life.

COCAINE

THE DANGERS. THE FACTS.

IN 1982, A MAN, call him Tom, was hospitalised for bone-marrow cancer. Tom underwent surgery twice. He was 22 years old and psychologically normal, according to his doctors. One complication of his illness involved sores in the mouth. Part of his treatment was for pain. He was given the topical anaesthetic, cocaine — about a third of a gram every four hours for 16 days. It got into his bloodstream the same way cocaine gets into the bloodstream of people who snort it: through the membranes that line the nose and mouth. A report to an eminent medical journal explained what happened next:

Day 16 the patient's pulse rose — to 140 beats per minute, and he had nausea, vomiting, headaches, insomnia, chills and fever, in spite of other normal vital signs. During the next 18 *(continued on page 106)*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

GIRLS' NIGHT OUT

Janet Street-Porter reveals why Aussie women go mad for male strippers.

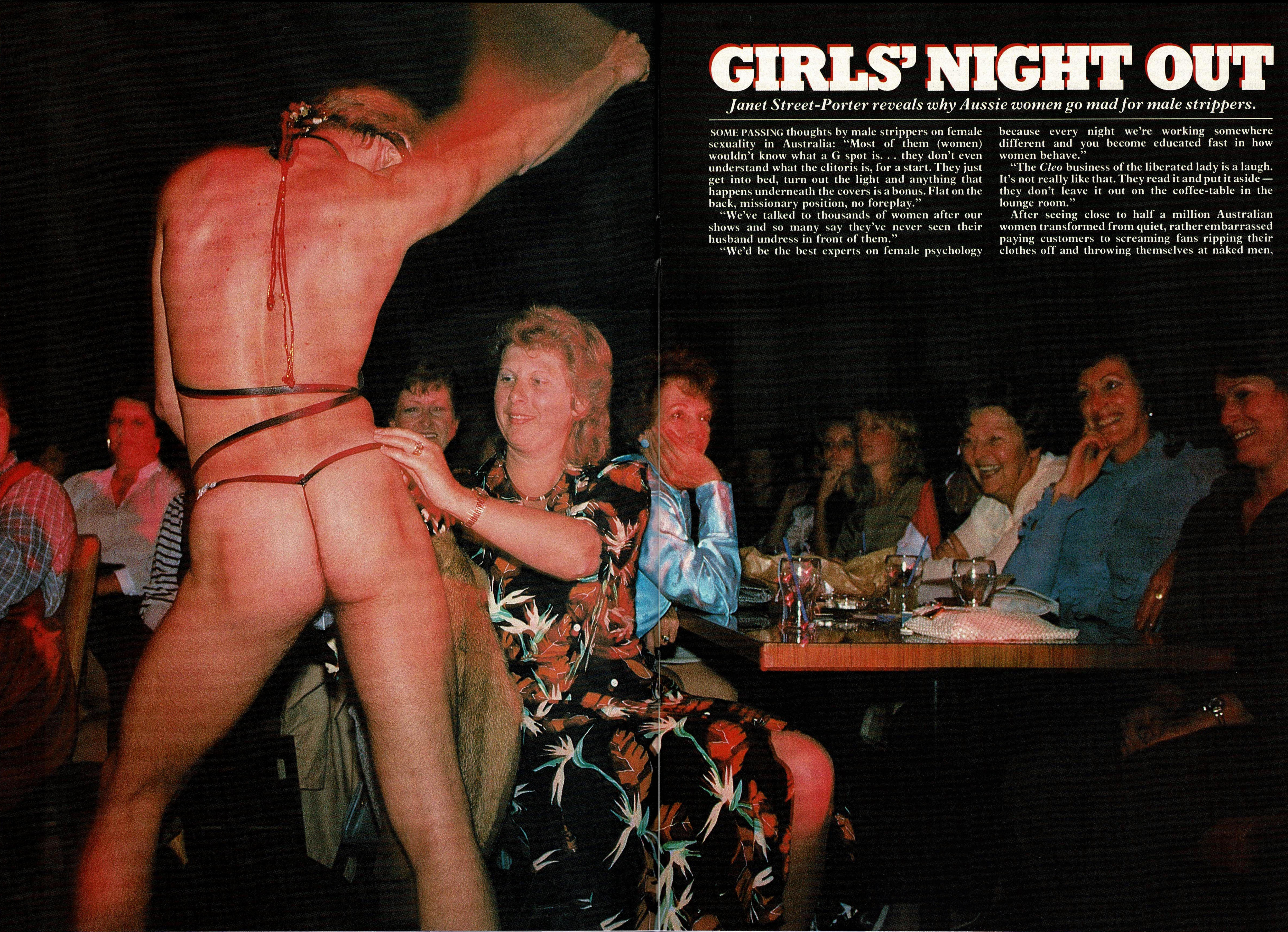
SOME PASSING thoughts by male strippers on female sexuality in Australia: "Most of them (women) wouldn't know what a G spot is. . . they don't even understand what the clitoris is, for a start. They just get into bed, turn out the light and anything that happens underneath the covers is a bonus. Flat on the back, missionary position, no foreplay."

"We've talked to thousands of women after our shows and so many say they've never seen their husband undress in front of them."

"We'd be the best experts on female psychology because every night we're working somewhere different and you become educated fast in how women behave."

"The *Cleo* business of the liberated lady is a laugh. It's not really like that. They read it and put it aside — they don't leave it out on the coffee-table in the lounge room."

After seeing close to half a million Australian women transformed from quiet, rather embarrassed paying customers to screaming fans ripping their clothes off and throwing themselves at naked men,



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TASSO TARABOULSI

it's not surprising The Cheeky Chaps have such an intimate knowledge of the average Aussie's sex life. The chaps in question are a group of male strippers who have spent the past three years touring Australia playing small towns and big city suburbs to women-only audiences.

I first encountered the phenomenon in Narrabri, a cattle town in NSW's deepest New England. I wasn't bowled over by Narrabri on first inspection. My motel's swimming pool turned out to be both midget sized and empty and the much-billed tennis court seemed to be the right size for dwarf Davis Cup competitors. The net reached my knees. The plague of mice in the room didn't help and lunch at a cake shop on the main street wasn't exactly a laugh a minute. The most interesting building in the town was the clock tower (also of diminished height) which nestled snugly between the ladies and gents comfort stations at the start of the main drag.

Already the town was buzzing with the impact of The Cheeky Chaps. Concerned local vicars voiced their fears and a pig farmer told me he thought the local RSL had gone sadly astray in promoting such disgusting entertainment. In one of the pubs the blokes were putting on a brave face. All their wives had tickets for that evening's show. When I asked one husband what his good lady might be seeing down at the RSL that she couldn't see at home he replied, "Eight inches," and only *just* managed to smile.

At the club, the restaurant was full of groups of women all with newly arranged hair, best frocks and an air of expectancy as they tucked into their dim sum. There was a definite feeling of nervousness, a lot of giggling and much discussion about what would constitute a good $12 worth of stripping. "The whole bloody lot off!" said one large, jolly lady.

The hall eventually filled up with 400 women clutching their drinks, the lights went down and The Cheeky Chaps made their debut in Narrabri. During the next two-and-a-half hours, madness prevailed. Spurred on by an incredibly crude and aggressive monologue from female impersonator and Shirley Bassey clone Stan Munroe, it wasn't long before the girls began screaming and shouting at the strippers and a brave one or two actually started to rip their own clothes off at the same time as the men. A lady at the back peered intently at male genitalia through some binoculars she'd thoughtfully brought. Others grabbed at any bit of male flesh that came within arm's length. They laughed themselves silly at Stan's routines and screamed for the guys to take off more and more.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Four hundred women, of all shapes and sizes, aged from 18 to 60, going berserk. I thought I'd led a pretty sophisticated life back home in good old dissolute England, the land where I've filmed hundreds of men going apeshit over David Bowie and where all the nine-year-olds of both sexes dress up as Boy George and think he's a new Father Christmas. I've been spat on by the Sex Pistols and survived a couple of TV series with wait-I've-got-a-pun-coming-on Clive James. But I've never seen such a transformation of human behavior in such a short time. What was there about Narrabri that made its women so desperate for the sight of a bit of male flesh?

Outside in the bar there were no obvious answers. It was wall-to-wall beer guts watching a giant TV screen and a few faded oldies playing poker machines like dodgem cars gone off the rails. The man at the bar refused to serve me (for the third time) and passed me on once again to his female helper. I left Narrabri with the riddle unanswered.

On the plane back to Sydney I thought about it. Sure, the guys were all good dancers and Stan had a good line in talking dirty plus some wonderful sequined frocks. But what is there about a fellow dressed up as a clown who flashes a G-string and 10 minutes later sends ordinary women screaming up the wall with hysteria? Why does the sight of a woolly willie warmer on a limp cock send 400 members of the opposite sex into a frenzy? All in the most, well, unerotic setting of that temple built to Australia's working class, the average RSL club.

When I asked one husband what his good lady might be seeing down at the RSL that she couldn't see at home, he replied, "Eight inches."

A couple of weeks later I visited Blacktown, an unremarkable spot in Sydney's Western suburbs which is the unlikely home of The Cheeky Chaps' manager and promoter, Guy Barton. A street of identical, recently built, modest homes contained Chateau Barton. Its exterior gave no hint that here was the nerve centre of an empire built from men dropping their pants. And inside, no giveaways unless you consider velvet drapes and peacock feathers a little bit, well, showbizzy, for Blacktown. Guy Barton served tea and chocolate cake in his fluffy koala bear slippers while Armand Sorelle, a dancer I recognised from the Narrabri show, sat gingerly in a chair and told me about his back injury sustained on the job. No stripping for Sorelle for a few weeks.

I told Guy of my amazement at the reaction to the fellows in Narrabri. He seemed pretty blase about it.

"I suppose at first it was quite unbelievable to us," he says. "Nobody we told would believe it. Hundreds of women yelling, standing on tables, banging their feet and taking their clothes off. Now we accept it as the norm; we've done 900 shows and it's kind of second nature to us."

Guy and Sorelle had an unlikely previous existence running a modelling and deportment school in Victoria. Sorelle was a dancer who started stripping in Melbourne in 1975 — the city's first chap to do it. Roberto, another of the lads, was working as a waiter in Melbourne when a group of women asked him to take his clothes off. He told them to throw some money on the table and an act that has delighted half a million Aussie sheilas was thus born. Originally the chaps were in a variety show in Melbourne with female strippers but for the past three-and-a-half years they have been on the road as The Cheeky Chaps, playing at women-only evenings.

Sorelle, Roberto and Stan are regulars; Rob and Paul fill in sometimes. Roberto is a Pennant tennis player who gets cross if touring interferes with his game. He's married, has long, dark, curly hair and a moustache which drives the audience mad. Like Armand, Paul is a professional dancer who has appeared on TV and hasn't told his mum what he does for a living now. He assures me he doesn't dance about when he takes his clothes off in front of his girlfriend.

Rob is the Australian Wool Corporation's choice as The Male Face Of The '80s, but somehow it's not Rob's *face* you notice when he starts his act in a skin-tight black leather outfit. Stan Munroe is Welsh and has a surprisingly strong accent, but then his mum was visiting Australia when I talked to him. Stan used to dance but ever since he was a small boy and saw Danny La Rue in panto he knew where his ambitions lay.

According to Guy, finding blokes who can take their clothes off in an interesting way isn't very easy. The last ads he placed only brought forward about four people worth considering. All The Cheeky Chaps thought dancing was important as well as a good sense of humor. In New South Wales and Queensland, legally they can't take off their G-strings so it's quite important that more is offered than just a quick glimpse of cock. Actually all the routines, from pirates to cat people to clowns, were gently amusing. They seem to have discovered that to make women relax, you have to make them laugh first, and Stan's monologues in drag are important in getting an apprehensive audience on side.

I asked them what it was like entering a small country town for the first time. According to Guy, "When we hit town the place is buzzing. You hear all the sales girls in the shops asking each other who's going."

Stan explains they've been banned recently in one Queensland country town after an emergency meeting of local councillors. Strangely enough a female councillor was not invited to the meeting. Another curious fact was that the same councillors saw nothing odd about thrilling to a troupe of transvestites called "Les Girls" a few months before. The ladies of the town had held their protest meetings but to no avail.

At another show The Cheeky Chaps played to 400 women who managed to drink $5000 worth of booze during the evening. The women of Queensland generally were thought to be the most demonstrative. As Sorelle puts it: "Absolutely insane, ripping at our clothes, and it's almost impossible to get on and off the stage."

Country areas apparently produce the biggest reaction but none of this seemed to answer my original question: Why do these women go apeshit?

The answer seems to lie, according to my band of amateur psychologists and professional strippers, with the relationship the average Aussie woman has with her husband. It seems men have got a lot to answer for.

To listen to The Cheeky Chaps you'd think they were providing some kind of therapy rather than an evening's entertainment. For many of the women it's the first time they've been out by themselves since they were married.

Then making the evening "women only" allows the audience to be thoroughly uninhibited. Some of the women I talked to said they'd been married 20 or 30 years and the only time they had special evenings out were birthdays, wedding anniversaries or Christmas.

For some it was the first time they'd had money in their purse and been able to buy themselves drinks without their husbands saying, "Yes, you can have another one." According to Sorelle, "The reason we're successful is that we provide somewhere for the girls to go in a group. It can't be the pub, because the guys there would think they were easy meat. We give them a chance to have a good scream. . . it's as if they've been locked away and getting out to have a good time is like forbidden fruit."

But what about all the groping and grabbing? How seriously did their audiences want to get involved? Most of the chaps called it "playground fun" although they did admit to a few groupies, especially if they return to a town where they have played before. For most women, when the show ends, it seems they go home to hubby and their previous existence. Although Telecom probably does good business the morning after when everyone has a good old gossip.

Creating this effect nightly has left the guys with strong views about Aussie men and women. Stan, for example, says his opinion of women has changed. "I think they can sometimes be much cruder than men," he comments.

Paul, too, thinks that women can behave in a much more outrageous way than men, but he really enjoys it. "Of course their husbands are going to feel threatened and intimidated when they find out what a good time their wives have had," he says. "It's a bit tragic really, because the girls can't show that same exhibitionism at home with their husbands. My married sisters all have husbands who are real ockers and their treatment of women is still really primitive."

And what about career women — do they come to the shows? Well, from the couple of evenings I spent watching The Cheeky Chaps, I'd say they cater to middle Australia, the great silent majority, where girls get married, have babies and spend years bringing up the family. Few go out to work.

According to Guy, most of their fans are locked into this existence from their teens: "Every girl has to be married by the time she's 21, otherwise she's an old maid. Then you start popping babies, washing dishes and caring for the house. If you don't have the kids you're not a real woman. The boys won't let them do anything different for fear of shattering their ocker image and yet they're in the pub every night with their mates, where women would be considered outcasts."

Sorelle offers: "The guys are too hung up about the size of their cocks. They don't even know how to have a good time. We put on a show with female strippers and all the guys did was just clap pathetically; they haven't got a clue."

It doesn't seem as if the strippers have much social contact with their fans either. Girls ask Paul about the size of his cock while he signs autographs, but in a giggly sort of way. He told me he hoped that some of the girls went home and tried to vary their sex lives a bit, but he wasn't that optimistic. Most of the women seemed impressed with his physique and asked whether he worked out in a gym. "They're probably inexperienced rather than naive about sex," was his opinion.

A couple of weeks later I caught up with The Cheeky Chaps again, this time in the unprepossessing environment of the Sports Club in North Richmond, a mind-blowingly boring drive through Sydney's Western suburbs. On the way out I

(continued on page 136)

BODY TALK

Body-builder Kirsten loves getting physical.

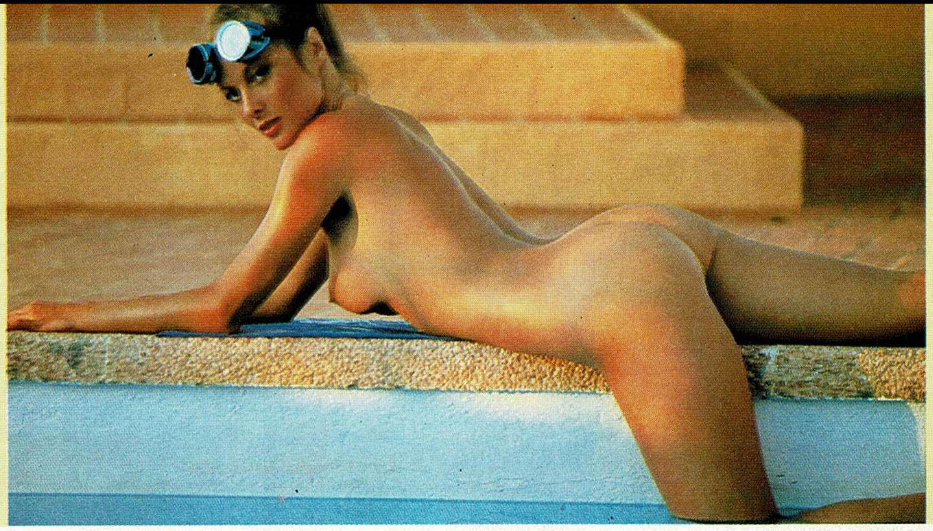
PHOTOGRAPHY BY TASSILO TROST

You can tell just by looking at Kirsten Ottlewski that this is a girl who feels good about her body. Indeed, Kirsten admits she's not the shy type. She works out in a gymnasium, hoists weights, she likes to sweat and the results show. She exercises enough to keep those curves firm and luscious without achieving that muscle definition some female body-builders pursue.

Apart from looking fantastic, Kirsten says her daily workouts make her feel fantastic. "I love the feeling I get after exercising," she says. "I feel as if I can cope with anything."

The blonde and beautiful 22-year-old knows what she wants from life — a career in computer technology. "I'm interested in becoming a systems analyst," she adds. "It might sound boring but it isn't, it's an involvement in the future. We're all going to have to work with computers, so the sooner I can start the better."

Until she can start training, Kirsten fills in time helping out at a friend's photographic studio. Perhaps that's where she first felt at ease in front of the camera. Or perhaps it's just a simple matter of self-confidence. She knows how terrific she looks with her clothes off. And now, so do we.



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Kirsten Ottlewski

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kirsten Ottlewski

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6 WEIGHT: 8½st SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: 10/12/60 BIRTHPLACE: Holland

AMBITIONS: To be a successful systems analyst

TURN-ONS: Laughing, spontaneity, humour, frivolity, flowers, exotic cars & nature

TURN-OFFS: Pessimistic men & arrogance

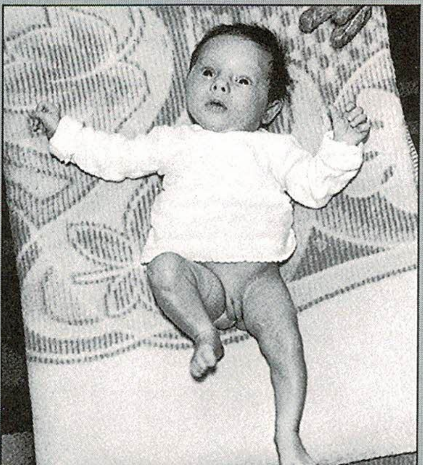
FAVORITE ACTOR: Jean Paul Belmondo

FAVORITE MUSIC: Black soul disco music

HOBBIES: Sport, photography & playing with my bull terrier

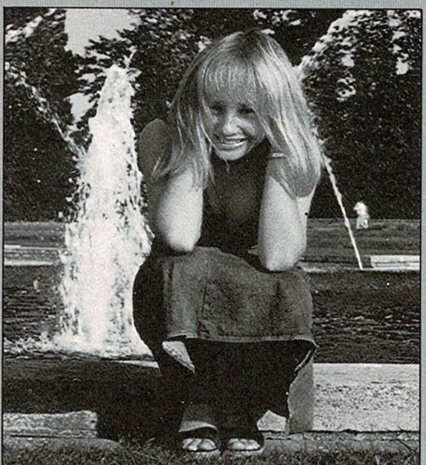
IDEAL MAN: Strong & independent but sensitive

WHY DID I BECOME A PLAYMATE: Because it was always my secret ambition (& my boyfriend's)



6 weeks old

3 years old in my grandmother's garden



16 years old in Dusseldorf

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two young girls set up a lemonade stand on a street corner offering drinks for 25 cents a cup. After two hours and no customers, they decide that business would improve if they were selling cocktails instead of lemonade. They race home, raid their parents' liquor cabinets and, armed with spirits, a shaker and a book of cocktail recipes, they change the sign on their stand to read: COCKTAILS FOR 25 CENTS A CUP.

Within minutes a middle-aged man strolls past and notices the stand.

"Do you young ladies really know how to make cocktails?" he inquires.

"Yes, sir," they reply.

"Okay," he says, "make me a gin sling."

The man is amazed to discover that the girls can mix a perfect gin sling. He orders a daiquiri and in return for his 25 cents he's presented with an excellent cocktail.

By now, he's feeling rather mellow and wonders what else the young girls are capable of. At his request they follow him behind some bushes.

He pulls out his penis and says, "Do you two know what a head job is?" The little girls look sheepishly at each other and then reply: "Gee we're sorry, mister, but we're not *really* barmaids."

The guy I dated last night turned out to be a sadist," the girl complained to her workmate.

"You mean literally — whips and all that?" asked her wide-eyed friend.

"Worse than that! The creep screwed me with a four-inch penis and then French-kissed me goodbye with an eight-inch tongue!"

Said the surgeon, "I drink, Mrs Buck,
So we're both of us really in luck.
Since your sexual cavern
Is as big as a tavern,
What I plan is to nip . . . and then tuck."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *exhausted philanderer* as one who sleeps in snatches.

In a bold new remake of *Snow White*, we've been told, the queen will chant, "Mirror, mirror, on the ceiling . . ."

You know how you can tell when a coke dealer is driving along the street?" one street-wise young man asked another.

"I dunno," came the reply.

"The white lines down the middle of the road disappear behind him!" laughed his friend.

When he's phoning obscenely, old Potts
Gives a spinster who'll listen the hots
By describing how whangs
Shoot a wad during bangs!
He's a kink who likes calling the shots.

Seeking a cure for a permanent erection, a man approached the local pharmacy, summoned up his courage and walked up to the counter.

He was terrified to find that the sales assistant was female but after she had assured him that he could speak freely, he explained his problem.

"Really?" she replied. "You mean to tell me you've had an erection for *three weeks?*"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "What can you give me for it?"

She looked at him for a few moments and then went out to the rear of the store. Bustling back, she told the man: "I've discussed it with my sister who's my partner here and the best we can offer is the store and 500 bucks."

Then there was the lovely young thing at the singles bar who purred into the debonair man's ear that she didn't really go for cocaine. She just liked the smell.

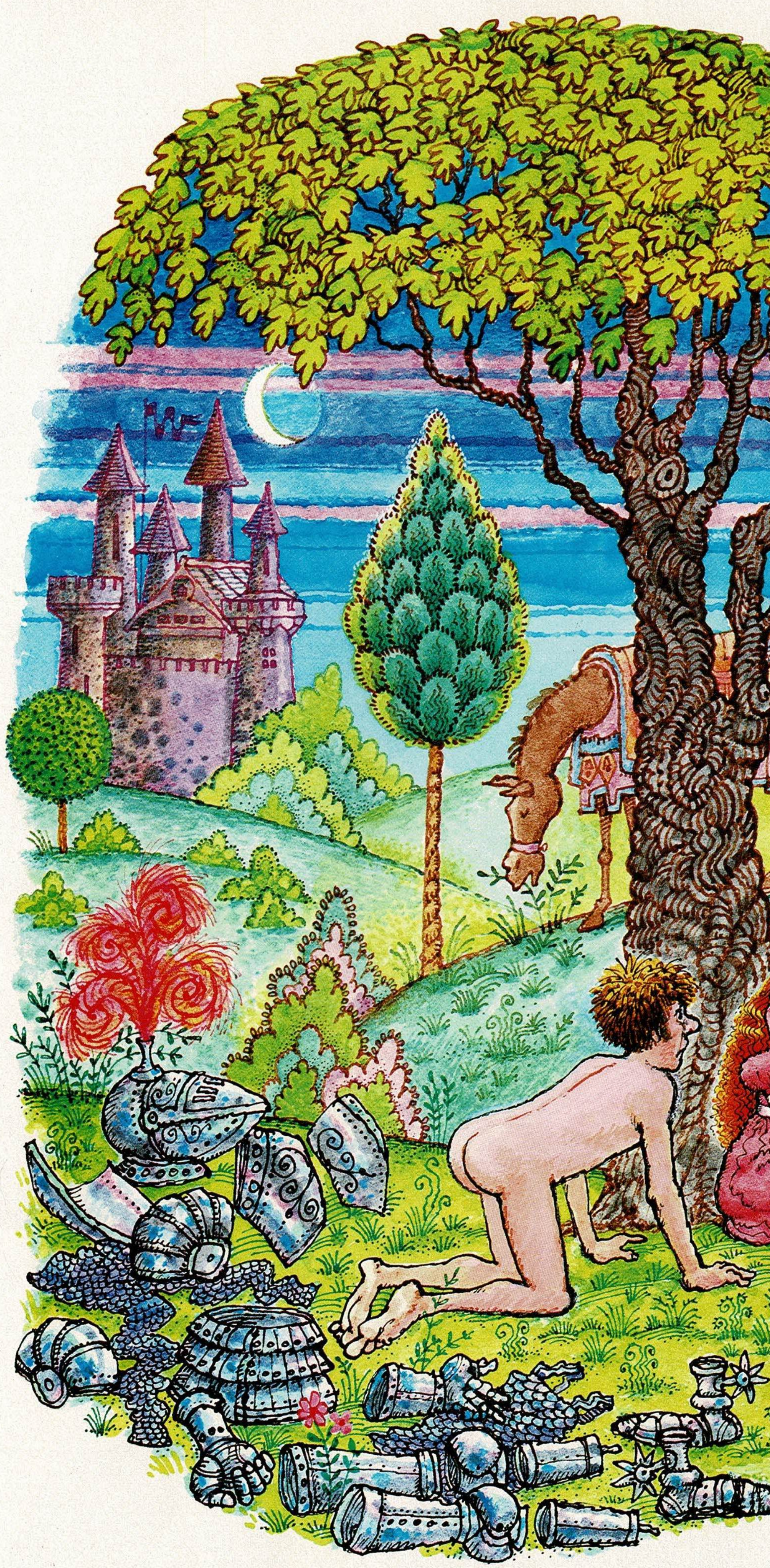
Fads certainly breed fads. The hottest selling item in sex shops today is the new inflatable Cabbage Snatch doll.

A new groom called into an all-night chemist on his honeymoon night and asked for a packet of condoms.

"That'll be $3 plus $1 for tax. Total of $4 thanks, sir," said the chemist.

"Forget the tacks, mate. Reckon I'll just wire 'em on," replied the innocent groom.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*



"I don't feel like it anymore."

HOW TO GET THE BODY YOU WANT

Take your pick, then take their advice.

WOULDN'T IT be great to go shopping for the body you want? No, we don't mean shopping around your local red-light district for *that* kind of body. We mean *your* body, the body you'd like to be seen wearing, the body you'd like people to admire and women to lust after. Well, we've done the next best thing. We've made up a shopping list of bodies you might like to own. The only real catch is you have to do all the work. Well, what did you expect?

But we've made it easy for you. We accept that all

Fitness by **TIM GRIGGS**

BENOTTO
BENOTTO
BENOTTO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

men are not created equal. If you have the build of a giraffe, it is unlikely you will want to take up canoeing and, if you're built like a mud crab, you probably should think twice about going in for the pole vault.

What we have done is to invite five Australian men, all with different builds, weights, heights and sporting skills, to tell us why they look the way they do. How they get fit and stay fit. In fact, how they got their bodies. You can pick the body you want by studying the man whose build most closely resembles your own. If you want to look like that, all you have to do is do what he does. Simple! Oh yes, they *are* top men in their chosen sports and that probably makes it all a little bit harder. Don't be discouraged. Just think, if you borrow a little of one man's fitness routine and adapt it to your own lifestyle, you'll already be on the way to looking like a champion. And remember, to be fit is to be sexy.

Name:	Vincenzo Forzisi
Sport:	cycling
Age:	33
Weight:	67kg/10½ stone
Height:	174cm/5'8"

FORZISI is one of the fastest men on two wheels in Australia: he consistently ranks among NSW's top 10 cyclists.

In 10 years of amateur cycling in Europe, he chalked up an astonishing record of wins against riders who are now among the world's top professionals. He never finished lower than fifth.

Sicilian-born Forzisi is lithe and dark, carries himself very erect and looks taller than his 174cm. He's so lean that his muscles and joints are prominently visible —testimony to the two or three hours' training he puts in every day.

Forzisi manages this despite the pressures of family and full-time business. Although he is a professional cyclist, Forzisi could not make a living from his sport and so runs his own business — a Sydney hairstyling salon.

Forzisi varies his training to fit in with the type of races he has coming up. Normally he will cover between 40 and 60km on a two-hour circuit he has mapped out on suburban roads near his home to avoid major intersections. Once a week he will double this distance, taking a longer route through the suburbs. He always trains early to avoid traffic and fumes, leaving at around six and getting back in time to cycle to work.

Forzisi is at his best in races which involve a lot of hill-climbs. He would have made more of a mark in Australian cycling if the routes of the races here were not so flat. His low pulse rate helps during the exertions necessary for hill climbs. At rest it is between 40 and 44 or about half that of most people. If Forzisi's heart beat any slower, it might be in danger of stopping from sheer boredom.

When another aspect of his performance, such as his sprint, needs to be built up in anticipation of a particular race, Forzisi will adjust his training speed or distance accordingly. During the day he will fit in an hour of isometrics, with particular emphasis on building up shoulders and chest. "My legs are always strong," he says, "I don't have to work on them."

This routine is continuous. He races almost every weekend, usually in club events, and will miss a day's training very occasionally, such as on the day before a big open event. Club races tend to be from 40-70km while the bigger championships can be 200km or even more.

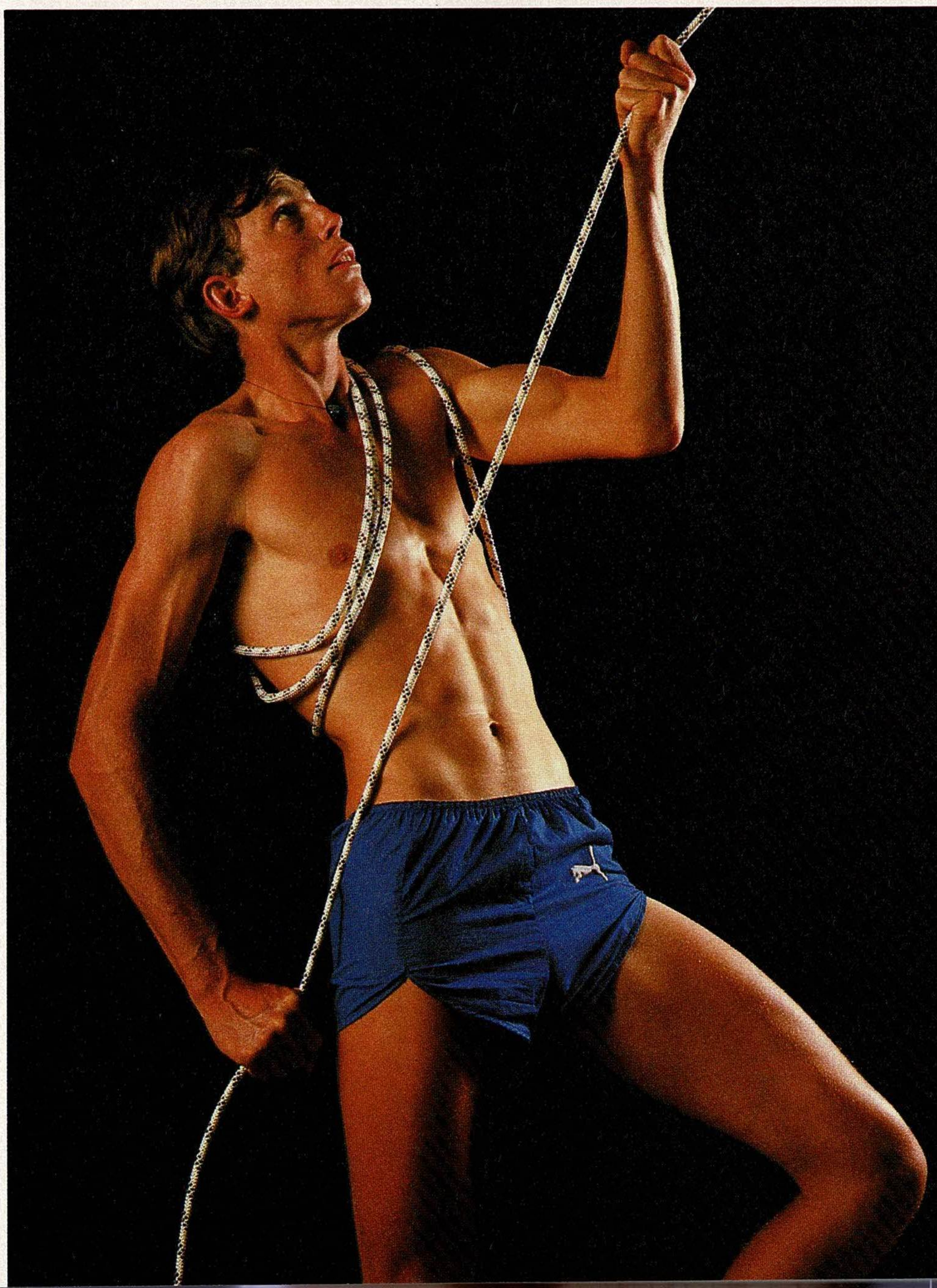
Forzisi is virtually a vegetarian, avoiding most meat and eating a lot of pasta, rice, bread, raw fruit and vegetables. He always trains and races with something in his stomach. He will take with him on the bike a special drink he has concocted of weak tea, honey, glucose and a dash of lemon juice. He never smokes and drinks no alcohol.

Although he is quite old for a top cyclist, Forzisi sees no reason to stop while his performance remains consistently high. He thinks this may be because he was away from cycling for seven years after coming to Australia 10 years ago. During those seven years he ran a karate club — he was Italian Junior Champion in karate at the age of 16.

"Maybe if I had been racing all the way through, I would have been blown out by now, but I still feel I have plenty left. I think I have another five good years at the highest level — and I hope I'll still be cycling when I'm 70," he says.

Wife Sandra might have something to say about that. Forzisi confesses that the amount of time he puts into training is hard on family life. Not all the competition he gets is on the track.

"I don't know how much more she will let me do!" he muses.



Name:	Tim Macartney-Snape
Sport:	mountaineering
Age:	28
Weight:	75kg/11½ stone
Height:	190cm/6'3"

MACARTNEY-SNAPE is a world-ranking mountain climber. He spends much of his time in the Himalayas and has conquered a daunting list of the world's most awesome peaks. Big-time mountaineering demands a unique combination of physical endurance and psychological commitment.

A single man, he is quiet and unassuming with mild blue eyes and a disarming manner. At first sight he is not imposing, despite his height. It takes a moment or two to notice the breadth of his shoulders, the well-developed muscles of his wrists and arms. His fresh complexion and something in the loose way he carries his lanky frame speak of a life spent in the open air.

Macartney-Snape will train for a couple of months before a big climb but his routine is far short of fanatical.

"I find it abhorrent to have a set program of training," he says.

During this build-up period he will run every weekday morning for 3km around Sydney's North Head or on tracks and beaches close to the Manly house he shares with other climbers. He tries to make the run as difficult as possible, taking in as many hills and soft surfaces as he can find over the course. This is followed by 20 minutes of swimming and body-surfing in the biggest surf he can find.

That completes his daily exercise during the week although he says he will normally jog rather than walk if he has to go anywhere on foot during the day. At weekends he will go rock-climbing, usually in the Blue Mountains. Toward the end of the build-up period, he will intersperse all this with long cross-country skiing routes in the Snowy Mountains as the seasons permit.

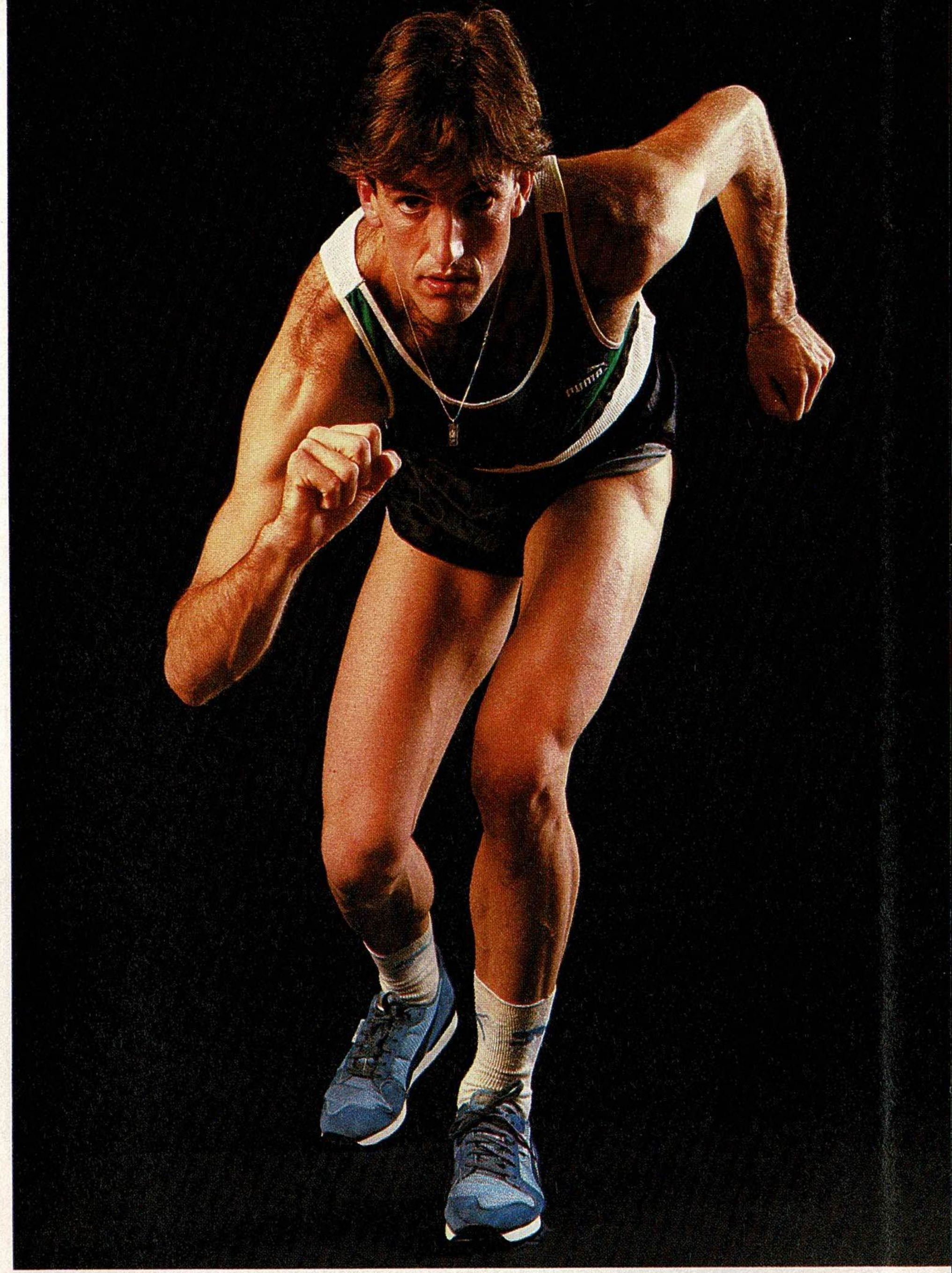
Macartney-Snape has a naturally efficient oxygen uptake level. This, he says, means that he tends not to have to work as hard for fitness as many people. But that's debatable. His ordinary lifestyle is so energetic that no formal training is needed to keep him in top condition.

He spends much of the year leading treks in the Himalayas, covering long distances on foot in rugged terrain, camping out in harsh conditions and climbing for days on mountain trails. In between, he might spend time working on the family farm in Greta, Victoria, with more climbing or skiing for recreation.

A vegetarian for two years, he claims he takes in enormous quantities of potatoes, particularly in a large evening meal. Bread, rice, and as many raw fruits and vegetables as possible make up the rest of his diet, together with salads and pasta.

He does not disagree with red meat in small quantities but prefers not to eat it, partly because he dislikes the killing. "If you can live without it, why not?" he questions. He does not smoke or drink.

In spite of his natural fitness, Macartney-Snape thinks psychology is what takes climbers to the top. "You do have to psych yourself into these things. It's not like a marathon. That only takes a couple of hours. On a big climb you might have to spend days on the lower slopes in bitter cold, carrying up heavy loads," he explains.



To prepare for that kind of sustained effort, he says that you have to enjoy exercise and get a sense of well-being from working your body hard.

Name:	Rob McVicar
Sport:	track — 800m
Age:	23
Weight:	67kg/10½ stone
Height:	180cm/5'11"

McVICAR has come from nowhere in 12 months to run the 800m in a shade over 1 minute 47 seconds (the Olympic qualifying time) and to be the fourth fastest runner in Australia over that distance.

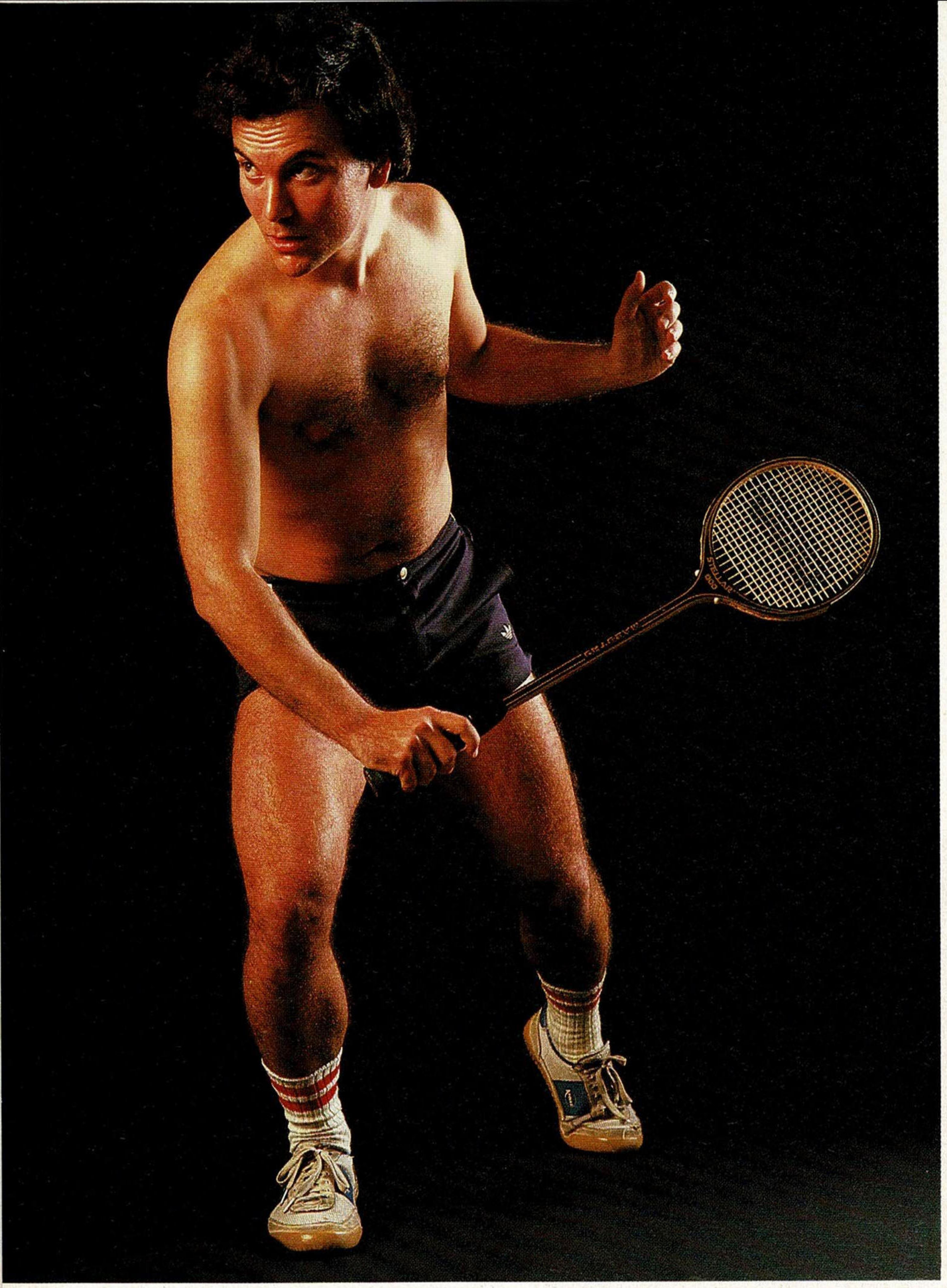
A hopeful for next year's World Cup competition to be held in Canberra, and for the 1986 Commonwealth Games, McVicar is a consultant for Vigor fitness centres. He is a slender, quietly spoken man with a modest air of surprise at his own success. He only began running seriously at the age of 19 and over the past 12 months he has improved a full four seconds over the distance.

McVicar lives near Sydney's Centennial Park because of the running tracks nearby. He trains for five hours or more daily on the track and in the gym, tries to get nine hours sleep a night, a short nap in the afternoon, does not smoke and almost never drinks.

He claims he has a tendency to overtrain and allows himself the option of skipping a day if he really feels like it. He's done that twice since August 1983. His day starts a little after 6am with a training run from eight to 16km around Centennial Park. This takes him between 30 minutes and an hour. He will vary the route he takes as much as possible between half a dozen alternatives, partly on the paths and partly on grass. He says he decides which route to follow as he runs out the front door.

On his return he will drink orange juice, do 15 minutes of stretching exercises, and then have breakfast of rolled oats, wholemeal bread and Vegemite.

McVicar normally works from 9am to midday, and then works out for an hour at whichever gym he happens to be working in. He will do a lot of repetition work,



including chin-ups and sit-ups, concentrating on exercises which work against his own body weight. He will use weights to build up various sets of running muscles, including quads and hamstrings.

This is followed by lunch of, say, a couple of slices of vegetable pie, fruit salad and yoghurt and low-sugar fruit juice. After a nap, he returns to work and when he gets home, he will train again for another two hours or so.

This is his hardest training session. He will vary it between runs of up to 16km and sprint work at the track after a 3km warm-up run. Or he will work for speed and endurance by running and sprinting alternately for 300m at a time, including as many hills in the route as possible.

At 7.30 he will have an evening meal of spaghetti, fish and vegetables, with orange juice or herbal tea to follow. "It is embarrassing how much I do eat, especially bread, pasta, rice, fruit and vegetables," he says. "After a hard work-out, I can feel my body sponging for food for hours afterwards."

He has been a vegetarian for two years, though he will eat animal by-products such as eggs, milk and cheese. He drinks herbal tea, never drinks coffee and his only alcohol is an occasional beer on Saturday night.

On Sundays he will run from 16 to 24km. This route will take him round Centennial Park, or he will drive to one of the national parks and run through the rainforests.

"After that I collapse," McVicar says. But he recovers enough to run another 8km later in the day.

As part of his training program he will compete in a number of fun runs and smaller events throughout the year. He also plans to enter 1500m races next year when he has developed a little more strength.

Name: Herc Defterios
Sport: squash
Age: 27
Weight: 63kg/10 stone
Height: 168cm/5'6"

DEFTERIOS is a professional squash coach who manages a Sydney suburban squash and fitness centre. He plays A1 grade squash and competes in three tournaments each week. A successful competition player in previous years, his work has kept him out of top-level matches for two years. Now he is building up to peak fitness again to make a bid for state ranking.

Defterios is a short, wiry man whose life is dominated by his sport. He estimates he spends between 20 and 30 hours in coaching, training and competition on the squash court every week. Matches often keep him on court until the small hours of the morning.

Training runs and a weekly workout at a local hydragym take up the rest of his time. He lives with his parents at their Hurstville home and says that if he had been the marrying kind, he would already have had three divorces behind him, thanks to his obsession with his sport.

Defterios tries to get eight hours' sleep every night, but finds this isn't always possible. On Friday nights, when he may compete until 2am and then has to get up early the next morning to coach juniors, he frequently has no more than five hours' sleep.

His training runs are comparatively short—usually a three kilometre road run before breakfast from Kingsgrove to Beverly Hills three times weekly. He considers his Monday hydragym workouts vital to his game. Hydragym work involves rapid repetitions of a series of different exercises on a circuit which has to be repeated three times per workout. The whole session takes him about 45 minutes, after which he claims he is stuffed. He will then have a spa, relax for 15 minutes and go to work.

The circuit does not involve heavy work with weights, which Defterios says he has tried but which slowed him down. Hydragym, he says, improves his allround strength and oxygen intake and that's important because there is limited oxygen available in the confined space of a squash court.

"It's one of my assets that generally I am fitter than my opponents," he says. "Even after a hard five-setter with a lot of long rallies, I always feel I could play another match."

He enjoys working for fitness and is plainly puzzled that many of the juniors he coaches appear to find it a chore.

He considers his diet comparatively high in protein and low in carbohydrates. He will start with a breakfast of cereal and orange juice with Vitamin E and C supplements and black coffee without sugar. He limits himself to three coffees a day and, while at work, drinks Staminade before, during and after playing. He neither smokes nor drinks.

In the early part of the week, when his court schedule is not quite so heavy, he will have a fairly large meal at lunchtime of roast pork or lamb, with vegetables, apple juice and supplements of vitamins A and D. He occasionally eats steak. After one of those meals, he will not play for two or three hours and always goes on court with an almost empty stomach.

For an evening snack he will eat salad with three slices of ham, and will consume this bit by bit, even between matches.

Defterios's commitment to the game is total. "I look upon it as a way of life. It is something I want to keep up as long as possible," he concludes.

He wants to be fit enough to increase his court-time to at least 40 hours a week in his bid for state ranking.

Name: Kevin Charman
Sport: triathlon
Age: 25
Weight: 63kg/10 stone
Height: 180cm/5'11"

CHARMAN was South Africa's 1500m cross-country champion at 19 and came to Australia five years ago to get into the Australian Olympic team. When an untimely leg injury kept him out of the Olympics, he directed his talent into triathlon competition. Now he is among the best in the country, and hopes to finish in the top 10 at the world championships in Hawaii.

The triathlon must seem like a sport for masochists. A normal course involves a 1-2km ocean swim, a 60km bike race and a 20km run. The world championship course is about twice those distances at every stage. Charman competes in four or five triathlons a year, cycles competitively at A-grade level and runs in cross-country events several times a year.

Whippet-slender and fair-haired, he exudes fitness. His life revolves around training, which takes at least five hours every weekday (despite the pressures of a full-time job as a computer programmer) and six or seven hours each Saturday and Sunday. He admits his marriage has suffered because of this involvement.

Charman starts the day with a 50-60km cycle ride, usually around Sydney's Palm Beach area, on a route worked out with traffic and traffic lights in mind. He starts before 6am when it's still dark and gets back around 8am.

Weekend rides vary in route but are always about 160km in length. Sometimes he cycles to Wiseman's Ferry, Galston Gorge or up to Gosford and back.

He will work out in the gym three or four times a week, concentrating on repetition work with light weights to build up shoulder and arm strength. He deliberately avoids bulking up his upper body muscles. Twice weekly he will combine weight training with a session of aerobics.

Twice a week he runs for a minimum of 45 minutes through Sydney's Botanical Gardens but most of his running is done in the evenings usually on bushtracks near his home. He avoids running on the beach, where the camber is an injury hazard, or on the roads, where the hard surfaces are dangerous to feet and knees.

Charman combines the run with his swimming, usually running three to four kilometres on his way to the pool or beach, and eight to 12 kilometres immediately afterwards. The exact route will vary, depending on where he decides to swim. He usually swims three to four kilometres every night, either at Manly public pool or in one of the harborside salt-water pools. He prefers salt water and swims at least one night a week, winter and summer, in the surf. He admits the threat of sharks bothers him.

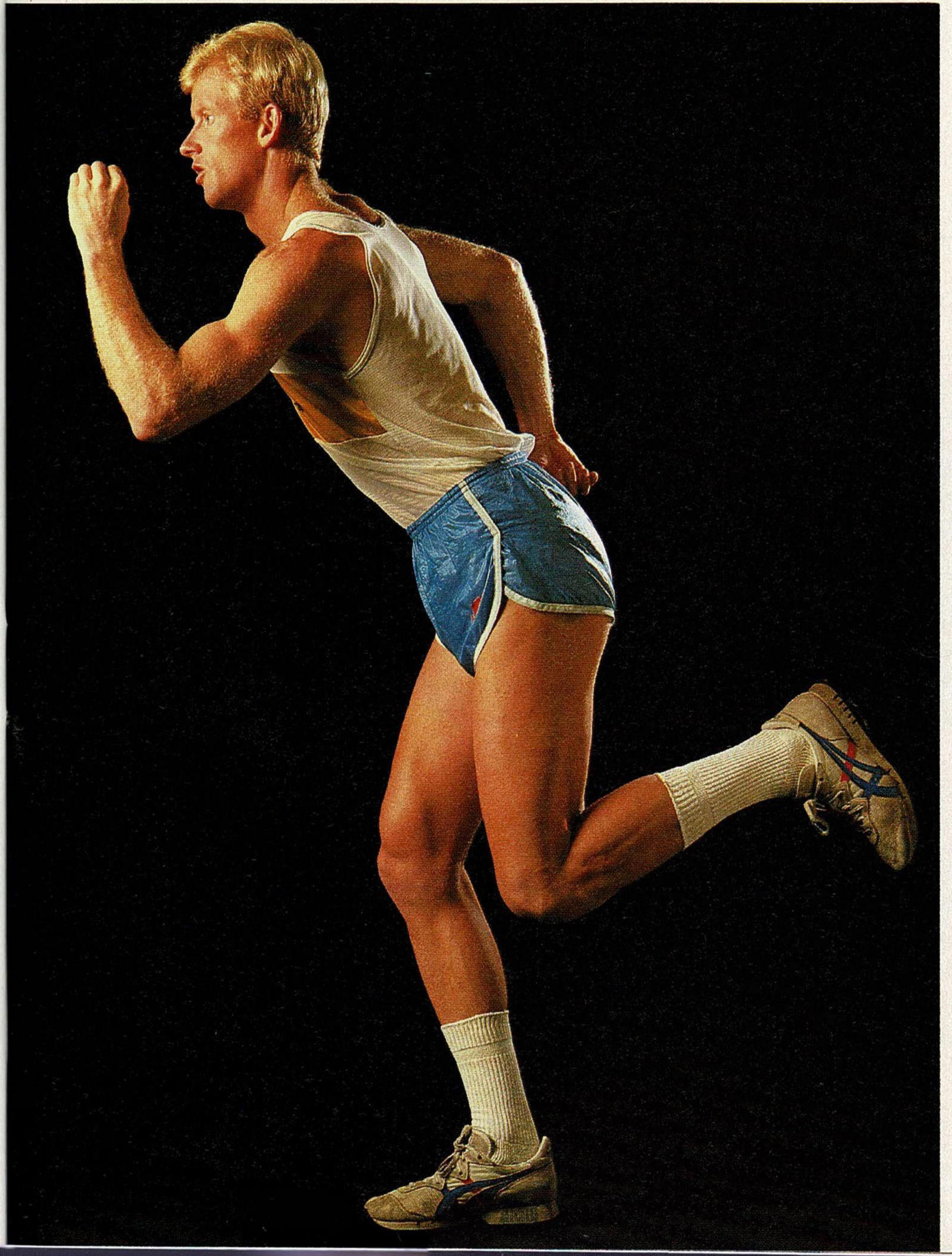
The swim is his weakest triathlon leg and during pool training he will wear hand-paddles which increase water resistance and build up arm and shoulder power. He also fits in a daily half-hour of stretching exercises, often in front of the TV.

The only respite Charman allows himself from this punishing routine is that he will miss the swim on one day a week and the cycle training on another. He has so far managed to avoid serious injury in his training but is beginning to get Achilles tendon problems.

He rarely goes to bed later than 10pm, gets at least nine hours sleep and is trying to increase his sleeping time. A vegetarian, he has a phenomenal intake of food, concentrating heavily on carbohydrates, especially rice, bread, fruit and vegetables. He doesn't smoke, drink alcohol or coffee, and the only vitamin he takes is vitamin C. For breakfast, before bike training, he might have two bananas, a calorie supplement drink, two slices of toast, muesli, baked beans, sweet corn and pasta. Mid-morning he will stoke up with three or four croissants or cakes.

A salad and sandwich lunch will be followed by more cakes mid-afternoon. After work he will down another calorie drink and another snack. After the evening training session, he will have a dinner of pasta, chicken and dessert.

Charman estimates he drinks more than four litres a day, mostly water, and some Milo and tea. He takes a half-litre drink with him on the bike and downs the lot. All this adds up to about 10,000 calories per day or five times as much as the calorie intake of a normally active man.



ARE YOU TOO MATERIALISTIC?

If you're in danger of being possessed by your possessions, you'd better take our quiz.

DAVE IS COMPULSIVELY acquisitive. A successful businessman of 39, he spends almost all of his disposable income on material goods. His expensive, beautifully landscaped home is furnished lavishly, and costly paintings hang on the walls. In the family room is all of the latest electronic gadgetry — a two metre television screen, a video cassette recorder, videotape equipment, an assortment of electronic games; the console for his quadrophonic sound system sits next to his new personal computer. In the kitchen are a

Article by **DR ROBERT MEIER**

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS AND OTTO

top-of-the-line ice-dispensing refrigerator, the newest-style food processor, the best microwave. In the garage are a Mercedes, a Porsche, and the trailer for his 10-metre sailboat. It looks like Dave's doing pretty well, you say? Guess again.

Dave rarely watches his television, plays his video games, uses his computer or makes video recordings of his family. Only occasionally does he relax to music in his den or read his high-priced magazines in the comfortable living room. His wife seldom uses all the elaborate kitchen equipment because she never really wanted it. His artworks go unappreciated, his wife's Porsche undriven and the family manages a sailing trip perhaps once a year.

Since Dave hardly enjoys his possessions, why did he buy them? To impress others? No, he bought them because he *had* to have them (or so he thought). Acquiring new (and often expensive) possessions is an internal need of his. Leafing through the ads in his upmarket magazines or window-shopping downtown, he's not satisfied unless he's picked out something new to own. And, impressed as he might be by his current inventory of acquisitions, buying is an ingrained habit he'll never give up.

There's a little of Dave in all of us. Most people enjoy acquiring things, especially those that save labor or simplify life, entertain, or have aesthetic appeal; this has been a human characteristic for a long time. And technological progress magnifies these tendencies, for it provides an ever-increasing array of goods.

In our achievement-oriented society, however, with its high degree of social mobility, one's material possessions can take on additional *psychological* meaning, wholly apart from their value in providing comfort and pleasure. They become symbols of achievement, emblems of personal worth, tokens of security. It is these powerful emotional connotations that explain compulsive behavior like Dave's.

Are you compulsively acquisitive? Are there needs besides physical comfort, pleasure and enjoyment that you satisfy through materialistic strivings? What do your personal belongings mean to you?

To find the answers to these questions, take this quiz.

WHAT DO POSSESSIONS MEAN TO YOU?

Instructions: *Score 0 for "Not true" 1 for "Somewhat true" and 2 for "Very true".*

1. Ads with copy like this tend to make me buy: "When you're ready for a timepiece of indisputable elegance, your choice will be. . ."
2. It gives (or would give) me a feeling of belonging or "having arrived" to be driving an expensive car and living in an exclusive neighborhood.
3. It's important to me that my home furnishings, car and clothes reflect my affluence.
4. I'll invariably buy something if I do too much window shopping.
5. Somehow, when I see something I really like, I have to get it.
6. I tend to shower loved ones with gifts.
7. My favorite way of showing someone that I care is to give him or her a present.
8. What I hope to have to show for my life when I'm elderly are extensive property, possessions and wealth.
9. I can't consider myself really worthwhile unless I have more than the average person.
10. I often feel that I *must* get rich.
11. I'm ashamed if my house, car and other possessions don't stack up against other people's.
12. If I didn't own the things I do (for example, a fine car and a nice house), I'd have a little less respect for myself.
13. Probably my biggest dread is being broke.
14. I can't bring myself to think what it would be like if I lost my house or car. I'd be devastated.
15. It's very difficult for me to lend things to people.
16. I sometimes feel that I can never really have enough (money, possessions).
17. I overinsure many of my belongings.
18. When I'm shopping, "I don't really need that" almost always wins out over "I'd like to have that."
19. I only shop when things are on sale.
20. I hardly ever buy something I don't think I really need.

INTERPRETATION

The 20 statements in the quiz cover six different types of materialistic compulsiveness — or lack of it. Let's examine each type.

1. Status and style (statements 1-3). This category of motivation may simply reflect the wish to impress one's friends and associates. It may feel like socially required behavior, but it also might denote a need to identify oneself as a member of a certain class or *in* group or to see oneself as a style setter. Clearly, this kind of motivation is shared by many. In fact, it's been said that flaunting one's wealth has become fashionable again in recent years. If social standards revert to the "less is more" philosophy of a while back, the status/style materialist can be expected to change his habits accordingly.

Scoring: A total of 0 for the three statements = not compulsive about status/style; 1-3 = somewhat compulsive; 4-6 = strongly compulsive.

2. Impulse/reflex (statements 4-5). An entrepreneur whose company went public, making him an instant multi-millionaire, tells why he bought a $500,000 yacht: "I had no desire for one, but when I saw it, I said, 'I can afford that.' "

Buying something "just because it's there" is the motivation that many advertisers and salespeople make a living on. Psychologists call this being "under the control of the stimulus", as in certain kinds of overeating and smoking. At best, it's a kind of spontaneity; at worst, it's out-of-control behavior.

Scoring: A total of 0 for both statements = not compulsive; 1-2 = somewhat compulsive; 3-4 = strongly compulsive.

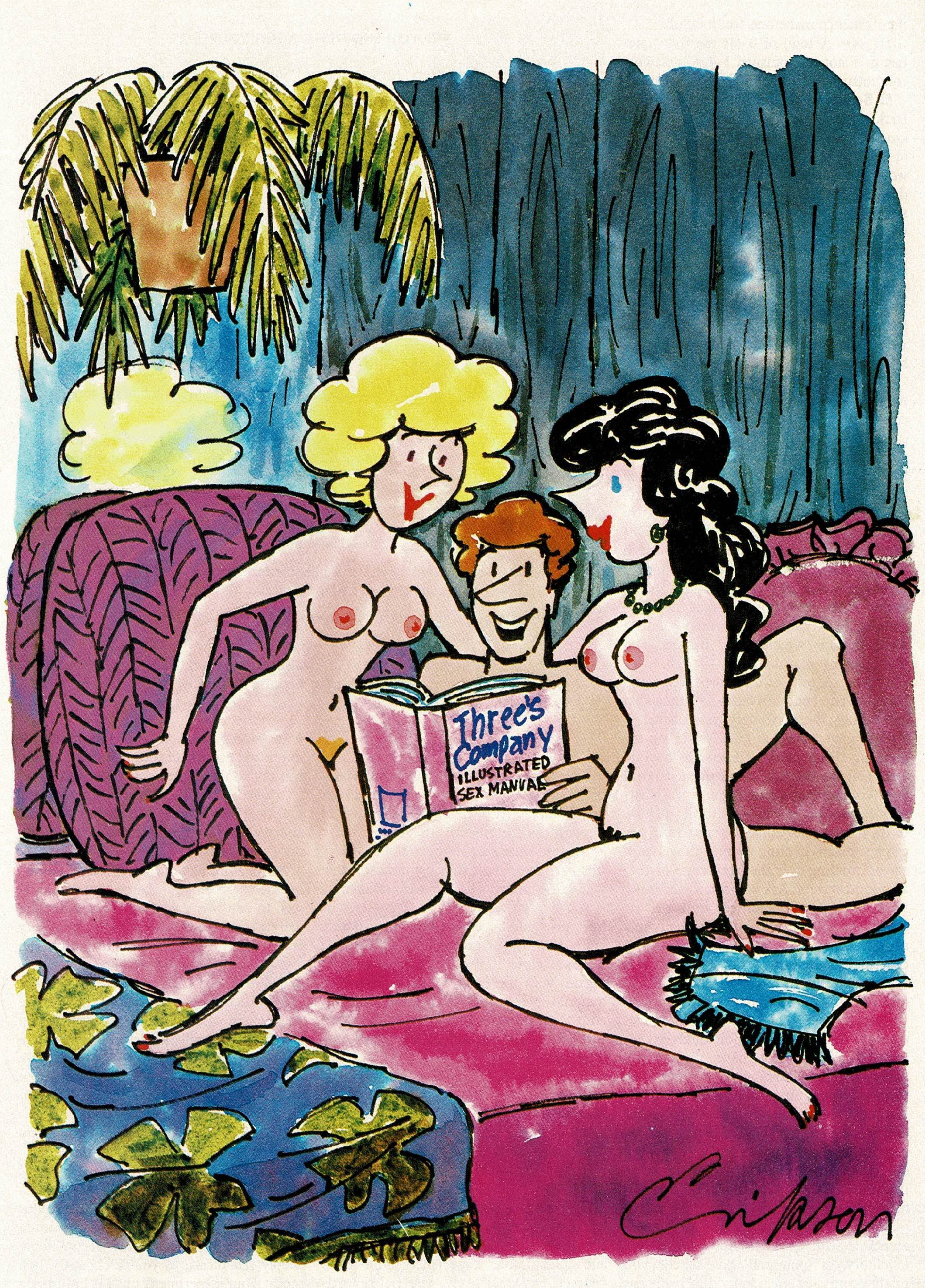
3. Love substitute (statements 6-7). "You know she's worth her weight in gold. Start showing her in diamonds," say the ads. It's natural to give gifts to express love, affection, and caring, but gift giving can sometimes take the place of more important relationship offerings, such as sharing, empathy, understanding and compromise.

Scoring: A total of 0 for both statements = not compulsive; 1-2 = somewhat compulsive; 3-4 = strongly compulsive.

4. Self-respect (statements 8-12). A client's eyes light up as he tells me, "I want to own a great big house and a yacht; I want to *be* somebody!"

Using one's possessions as a yardstick for personal worth is quite common in our society. Some people are unable to value or respect themselves unless they have visible signs of having "made it".

Psychologically, this is a fallacious definition of self-worth. Such people have not learned very well to respect themselves as individual human beings, with their own strengths and failings, their unique personalities, interests, abilities and aptitudes. If one has true self-respect, the addition of material goods to one's life does not make one feel one iota a "better person"; nor does



"Hey, this one looks interesting and it says 'easy to assemble'!"

their absence make one feel a failure.

Scoring: A total of 0 for the five statements = not compulsive; 1-4 = somewhat compulsive; 5-10 = strongly compulsive.

5. Security (statements 13-17). In the back of his mind, the individual with this kind of motivation may be fleeing the ghost of poverty, which has come to represent the worst imaginable fate for him. The fear may derive from a poor childhood or from a sense of powerlessness in the face of today's unpredictable economic forces. (It doesn't matter that he may be doing very well now.) Possessions become a kind of insurance policy, a hedge against the unthinkable. But this person can never really acquire enough; since life offers no guarantees, there's no way to be *certain* he'll never be penniless. So he keeps on acquiring.

Scoring: A total of 0 for the five statements = not compulsive; 1-4 = somewhat compulsive; 5-10 = strongly compulsive.

6. Anti-materialism (statements 18-20). This may simply indicate thrift, or a lifestyle born of the previously mentioned "less is more" generation. It might also characterise someone with a compulsive need of his own: *non*-acquisitiveness. This need could represent a kind of stoic pride in doing without, or it could derive from guilt in experiencing any kind of pleasure. It might even reflect a different need — namely, to acquire as much money as one possibly can (which often has its own psychological explanation).

Scoring: A total of 0 for the three statements = not compulsive; 1-3 = somewhat compulsive; 4-6 = strongly compulsive.

You may now be more aware of the meaning that material possessions have to you. You can use this knowledge to control your compulsive acquisitiveness, to whatever degree you have this trait. All you have to do is stop and think the next time you catch yourself coveting your neighbor's new car or drooling over the latest state-of-the-art sound system. Ask yourself if you *really* want it. Will it genuinely improve the quality of your life? Or are you really just acting on one of the emotional needs described in the quiz? This very awareness of irrational motives can give you a good deal of control over your behavior.

Even if you are not addicted to acquisitiveness the way some individuals are — even if you simply have the normal materialistic inclinations that the vast majority of people in our society share — the quality of your life could be suffering for it. For example, are there pleasures and rewarding experiences you might be missing out on? Might you be giving up some measure of personal fulfillment? Take the following quiz and find out.

Keep in mind, however, that the 11 statements in the quiz do not exhaust the inventory of potential experiences you might be missing: each individual really has his own unique list. So use this quiz simply as a springboard to further self-examination.

ARE YOU SHORTCHANGING YOURSELF?

Instructions: *Score 0 for "Not true" 1 for "Somewhat true" and 2 for "Very true".*

1. Giving my children all of the "goodies" they want — toys, a stereo, a car — takes the place of my giving them some of my time, sharing experiences with them, and finding out what's going on in their lives.
2. The fanciness of the restaurant that I take loved ones to, or the status of the resort we holiday at, feels more important to me than just having a good time with them.
3. At social gatherings, I spend so much time and energy noticing what other people are wearing — or worrying about my own attire — that I don't meet all the people I'd like to, or talk as freely as I can.
4. In my family, we spend more time watching television and keeping the house and car looking perfect than we do conversing with each other.
5. My recreational reading goes by the board because I spend too much time in front of the television.
6. I can't take the holiday trips I'd really like to because too much of my money is tied up in my house, cars, boat or other possessions.
7. I miss out on experiences such as going to art museums, sporting events, concerts, and shows; I spend a lot more time with my home-entertainment system.
8. I used to be more comfortable in my former house (or apartment) with the furniture I used to have. Now I worry so much about keeping everything looking nice that I just can't relax at home.
9. Rather than exercise as much as I'd like, or take up a hobby, I tend to follow the path of least resistance — watching television.
10. Seldom do I get to thoroughly enjoy the possessions I have, since I keep getting new ones so often.
11. It might be fun to make a piece of furniture or an article of clothing, or paint a picture as a hobby, but I don't do it because I can buy much better articles.

INTERPRETATION

This quiz covered two major considerations: the quality of your relationships with people (statements 1-4) and your range of pleasures in life (statements 5-11).

Statements 1-4. If your total score for this part was 6-8, it strongly indicates that you're not enjoying your friends and family as much as you could. Material possessions have probably become a barrier to sharing yourself and your experiences with people who are close to you. You may need to regain your perspective with regard to material possessions and their value in enhancing relationships and adding variety and excitement to them, rather than taking their place.

A total score of 2-5: Your materialistic inclinations may well detract from your relationships to some degree, though not as much as in the description above.

A score of 0-1: Your relationships seem relatively untainted by materialistic strivings.

Statements 5-11. If your total score for this part was 8-14, you are probably shortchanging yourself on the range of rewarding and pleasurable experiences you avail yourself of. Most likely, material rewards have become a substitute for having a broadly fulfilling and gratifying lifestyle.

A total score of 2-7: Overinvolvement with your possessions probably limits the depth and breadth of your enjoyment of life, but not to the degree described above.

A score of 0-1: The range of pleasures and gratifications in your life doesn't seem to be affected by whatever materialistic inclinations you have.

Note: Although our interpretation of the quiz is based on *total* scores, you would do well to consider each *individual* statement you marked "Somewhat true" or "Very true." Even by itself, it might indicate an important area you would like to change in your life.

If you do decide that you want to make changes in the relative importance you attach to materialistic pleasures versus the other gratifications described above, here are some suggestions:

- List the things you've been missing out on.
- Set long-range goals. (How would you like your life to be a year from now?)
- Make immediate plans. Think of specific times within the next few days that you would normally spend with your material possessions. Plan to give them up in favor of one (or several) of the more deeply felt pleasures you've chosen. Then repeat your experiment until it becomes a habit.

If country girl Kim Evenson wants something, she usually gets it.

A SPORTING CHANCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS AND ARNY FREYTAG

Kim likes to flex her muscles and test her resilience. Each time she pushes the limit, she learns something. At first it was sport. "I've always been an athlete. I was always the fastest runner," she explains. "I'd play football with the boys and they'd never catch me. I'd always be put against the biggest, fattest, hugest monster on the field. I didn't care, I'd just go for it. They'd call me an animal. I like to win, even if it means getting hurt. But I almost never get hurt."

Our country girl's taste for adventure meant she escaped from high school and headed for the big smoke. "I love my freedom too much. I'm the kind of person who'll just get up and go somewhere, take a plane, and escape," she smiles.

Kim has found that a little time and a little travel can be very broadening. "I used to be really shy, and I've broken that barrier. When I was younger, forget it, I wouldn't say anything to anybody, but that's worn off."

"My tastes in men? Well as far as looks are concerned, I've always liked dark-haired, kind of rough-looking guys who wear blue jeans and can handle anything. And who love women!"

"I like a lot of attention, but I'm not really the jealous type. If there's another pretty girl around, that's fine with me. If I can learn something from her, that's even better."

"I've been thrown into so many new situations that I feel if I get thrown some more, I could adjust right away. I can take care of myself pretty well."

• UNWIND THIS PROTECTIVE WRAP AND DISCARD • UNWIND THIS PROTECTIVE WRAP AND DISCARD

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN MITCHELL AND SHERYL PHELPS

STAGE FRIGHT

How Ron E. Raygun will save the world by destroying it — with a song, a dance and a quip.

Satire by **MICHAEL COLMAN**

RON E. RAYGUN, former C Grade actor and star of such celluloid epics as *Bozo Au Go Go*, *Over The Top*, *Apache Love Song* and *Gone With The Wind II (The Sequel)*, looked out over the crowded auditorium and confidently gripped the lectern.

Since being chosen for the part of President of the United States of America, arguably the most powerful role in the world, Raygun's reviews had improved markedly. In fact, the critics had really only panned him once: the time he'd picked up the hotline on his desk by mistake and, instead of calling his wife Pansy to say he would be late home for supper, had sent a squadron of B-57s on a mission to destroy The Philippines.

Still, even the fiercest critics had recognised the fact that he had faced up to it like a man. "I'm only human," he humbly told the White House Press Corps, "and humans are apt to make mistakes. We in this country do not blame others for our slight indiscretions, we face them, man to man, the same way John Wane and Richard Skidmark faced up to the Mexicans at The Alamo."

It was a clear allusion to the other superpower which had cowardly shifted the blame to the forces of democracy after attacking a group of CIA agents and their families on a bus tour of Europe which had innocently strayed off course and crashed the gates of the Kremlin. World peace had been in the balance for a few days before the Russians had apologised and ordered a batch of Ron's old movies for their Baltic Fleet. Freedom lovers around the world had agreed that Ron had handled the situation with all the aplomb of a veteran and, at 92 years old, who could argue?

Still, as he stood looking out on his audience this fine July evening, those heady days of international diplomacy and crisis seemed eons away.

"Friends," he said, flashing a winning smile, "as I gaze into your faces in the knowledge we are all free, some of us are very rich and the majority are reasonably fit, I am reminded of a film in which I played alongside Jimmy Stuart. . . ." There was a buzz around the auditorium as the audience came back to life. Some nudged their sleeping partners while others strained to hear the President's words. For no matter what happened to the world, no matter what dastardly crimes the forces of Communism might try to perpetrate, no matter how boring Ron E. Raygun's speeches were, one thing remained constant and untouchable. Everybody loved Jimmy Stuart.

"'Cap'n,' I said, 'them injuns will be comin' over that wall at any second,' and Jim just looked at me right in the eyes with that look of his and said, 'Yup'. It is with those words I leave you tonight." The audience went wild, pounding their fists on the backs of the chairs in front, stomping their feet on the floor in delight.

Raygun strode from the stage purpose-fully, surrounded by his secret service men who, among other duties, pointed out obstacles in his path, such as steps, doorways and walls. For while presidential officials loved to boast that Raygun had retained the mind and body he'd had at 25, they kept very quiet about the fact he'd gone senile at 19. He walked out into the still of the evening as the servicemen cleared a path through eager reporters and photographers. Only one managed to slip through the cordon and reach the President's side.

"What is your policy on the Afghanistan crisis?" he shouted in Raygun's good ear. "I believe it should be up to the individual," the President said and, still smiling, got into his limousine and sped off. The reporter scribbled down the words and raced off to find a phone, in his eagerness to file his scoop nearly knocking over a strange-looking man in a full-length black leather coat with fur collar, fur hat and prescription reflector sunglasses. Even if it *hadn't* been 98 degrees he would have looked odd.

Vladimir Ulanof was a KGB operative on assignment in the US. A quiet family man with a wife and three children living in a shady suburb of Leningrad, Vladimir was hellbent on destroying the civilised world as we know it. He walked through the teeming, decadent streets of democracy to his hotel room, pausing only long enough to pop into a sex shop and buy a magazine entitled *Doggy Love* and a jar of Vaseline. The hotel was a dive. Cockroaches ran helter-skelter across the filthy wood floors, rats made love in the cupboards, the smell of garbage and vomit hung like a mobile from every ceiling. Vladimir liked it. It reminded him of home.

He stepped over a drunk and walked up the stairs past the night desk. "Hey Vlad," called out the night porter, an old toothless Negro, as he took a swig from a bottle of Jack Daniels. Vladimir stopped and turned.

"Da?"

"Fella called for ya. Left a message." He squinted as he looked down at a crumpled, fly-specked piece of paper. "Er... Rosie's massage fer a night you'll... na, dat ain't it." He turned the paper over. "Yeah, here it is... Colonel Potensky of the KGB Special Branch wants you to call him back at the Kremlin any time after nine. Number's Moscow 771 3294."

Vladimir took a note, nodded and walked into his room, picked up a large sack of nickels and walked to the pay phone in the hallway.

"Yuri," he shouted in the receiver, "what's goin' down, man?"

Potensky pulled the phone away from his ear and looked at it for a second. Perhaps Ulanof had been in the West for too long. "Save me the colloquialisms, Ulanof," he said, "just give me your report."

Vladimir pulled out his notebook and gazed through his notes. "Of course, Yuri. Vell, I have been to four speeches in the past two weeks. Every time it is da same. Ze people zey love him and ven he speaks about his movie career, zey go absolutely vild. I have never seen anysing like it. It seems in zis country once a star, alvays a star."

The operator cut in. "Your time is up, sir, if you wish to continue please place another 60 nickels in the slot."

Yuri spoke up. "No, no, I have enough. Stay for another week or so, Ulanof, see what you can find, then make your way home. You have done well." He rang off.

Vladimir smiled. Colonel Potensky was not one to give praise lightly. Who could say, this might lead to a promotion or better still his superiors might even release his parents from the salt mines.

At the same time, back in Moscow, Yuri Potensky rubbed his open hand across his chin. There was a message there somewhere, a hint, a clue. How could a nation of allegedly the most intelligent people in the world be so enamored with such a man? Didn't the rest of the Western world find it a little strange that the future of mankind was in the hands of a former actor, and a third rate actor at that? Jimmy Stuart yes, but Ron E. Raygun? Potensky smiled at the memory of long afternoons at the Murmansk Odeon. How he loved Jimmy Stuart.

> *Didn't the rest of the Western world find it a little strange that the future of mankind was in the hands of a former third rate actor?*

He shook his head to clear the image and got back to business. What was it Ulanof had said? Once a star always a star. Of course, that was it.

Potensky reached over his desk and picked up a red phone. The hotline.

"Da?" said the voice on the other end.

"Er, Comrade," Potensky started unsteadily, "I believe I have found the solution to our little problem."

"Da?"

"It is really quite simple. I do not believe we can undermine the Americans' faith in this leader as we have in the past. Their belief has been drummed into them through the cinema. They are so used to this man representing the forces of good that they are blind to his weaknesses."

"So then?"

"Comrade, our only hope is to find a leader who matches this Raygun and hope in the end our people's loyalty is superior."

The voice on the other end was silent for a few seconds, then spoke thoughtfully.

"Very interesting, Colonel, but unfortunately our motion picture industry is not used for such childish indulgences as westerns or musicals. Where do you expect to find a man whom the people will follow so blindly?"

Potensky smiled as he delivered his coup de grace. "There is only one man for the job, Comrade. Ivan Prezli!"

Once again there was silence before the voice spoke. "You have done well, Colonel. You will be rewarded."

"Thank you, sir."

"Goodbye. Oh, don't forget you are Chernenko at the annual dinner tonight."

"But I was Chernenko last week, Comrade. Naggingcof is rostered to be Chernenko tonight."

"Naggingcof has a cold. You are Chernenko. Goodbye."

Potensky rang off and testily started getting into his Chernenko suit. Why couldn't they just admit the Premier died ages ago? It wasn't as if they paid him for all this overtime.

●

US Special Services Agent Walter "Bing" Crosby knocked on the door of the Oval Room and burst in. The President was sitting at his desk autographing photographs of himself.

"Mr President," Crosby said holding out the newspaper, "I think you should see this."

Raygun reached up and took the paper, then turned it immediately to the sports section.

"Damn," he said reading the football results, "Y'know son, even after all these years away from the set, I hate to see the Redskins win."

Crosby smiled indulgently then reached over and turned the paper back to the front page. CHERNENKO SHOT DEAD AT PARTY DINNER — IVAN PREZLI NEW PREMIER. The headlines jumped out at them in 84-point bold type.

"Wow," Raygun said, "I didn't think they shot politicians over there. Who is this Ivan Prezli?"

Crosby looked grim. "That's what the whole world would like to know, Mr President."

●

In a small dinner club in Kiev, the packed audience of 18 smiled and clapped along to the music. On the stage stood one of the legends of Russian popular music. A man who for the past 40 years had been responsible for more hits than Joseph Stalin. Songs like Comrade Can You Spare A Rouble, My Kinda Town, St Petersburgh and in more recent years, We All Live In A Nuclear Submarine. The one, the only Ivan Prezli.

Prezli gripped the microphone in his gnarled hand and pounded out his last number for the night. "I see a black door and I want it painted red..."

The audience cheered wildly as he bowed and made his exit, only to bump into three leather-coated men with automatic pistols strapped to their chests.

"Do you know you have been made Premier of the USSR?" one asked.

Gahan Wilson

"I'm so glad you could meet my parents!"

"I don't play requests," Prezli said with a smile, "perhaps if you talk to my manager. . . ."

"We are your new managers," the man said as the other two grabbed Prezli under the armpits and carried him to an official car waiting outside with its engine running.

●

The ramifications of the appointment of Ivan Prezli to one of the two most powerful positions in the world were not lost on political analysts across the globe. Recognising a trend when they saw one, party numbers men from Amsterdam to Auckland started making quiet yet intense studies of local show business personalities with an eye to political grooming.

The London Times and *Washington Post* were replaced by *Variety* as the barometer of world affairs. Politicians, fearful for their jobs, no longer boasted past sporting or business triumphs, but rather how they had starred in the Glee Club production of *The Pirates Of Penzance* whilst at college.

In most instances it was a case of too little too late. The word went out: Casting Now — Leading Man Or Woman For Long Running Performance — Only Experienced Showbiz Performers Need Apply.

The halls of power reverberated to the sound of light opera, admirals and generals took lessons in juggling and fire-eating. The Vienna Boys Choir took over the Austrian Police Force while Sammy Davis Junior was elected Governor of Alabama. The changes came suddenly, and for the most part quietly. Many world leaders didn't even know they were on the way out until they saw a piano being wheeled in.

●

Outside Number 10 Downing Street, the London mist hung like a wet blanket on a clothes-line. Inside, Margaret Fatcher, leader of Great Britain, formerly the top-rating country in the world and now at 16 with a bullet, paced the room nervously.

"I can't understand it," she said, gulping a pink gin. "I did everything they asked. I followed party directives, I was haughty, overblown and unapproachable. I even wore this ridiculous hairstyle, and for what? To be replaced by a second rate ham. Bloody hell, I hate Rex Bygraves, I always have. Why should he be PM, he hasn't had a hit since 1960."

She turned to her husband, Den-Den, who stood quietly in a corner, straightening his apron and holding a feather duster. "Shall I start dusting now, my dear?" he asked meekly.

"Oh for crying out loud, Den-Den," she shrilled, "haven't you listened to a word I've said? There won't be any reception, not tonight, not any night. I'm out, do you hear me, out!"

Den-Den looked shocked for a second as the news sank in. "You mean you're not boss any more?"

She nodded and sniffed into a red handkerchief.

"You mean we're just like everyone else? I'm the husband, you're the wife?"

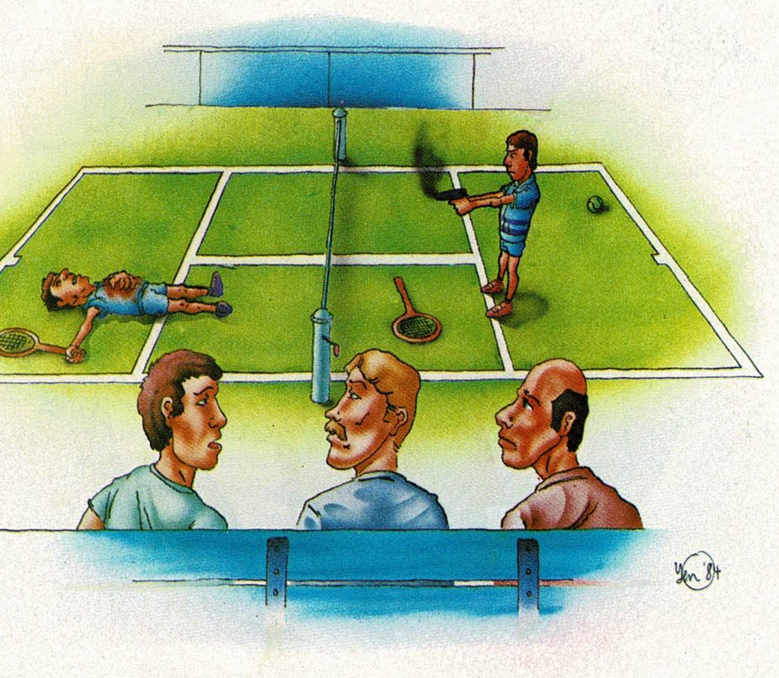
She nodded again.

Den-Den looked around the room as if for the first time, then tore off his apron and rose to his full height of five-one.

Maggie looked at him, shocked. "Den-Den, what are you doing?"

He strode past her to the hat rack and pulled a bowler hat over the checked scarf which had been tied in a big knot at the front, then turned to his wife. "I'm going to the pub," he said in an aggressive squeak. "I don't know what time I'll be back but you'd better have my bloody dinner on the table or there'll be hell to pay."

He slammed the door as he left, the force pushing his glasses down over his nose. Maggie looked at the closed door for a while then tearfully walked into the kitchen. It was only when she found where the pots and pans were kept that she remembered she didn't know how to cook.



"He makes McEnroe look a bit tame, doesn't he?"

●

Across the world in Australia, the land of missed opportunity, a lone light burned feverishly in an out-of-the-way, seemingly deserted factory. Inside, the head of ARSIS, Australia's world-famous secret intelligence organisation, waited impatiently. Finally the intercom on his desk broke the silence with a high-pitched scream. He looked furtively left and right then answered. "Tony Orange is here to see you, sir," whispered his secretary, a man dressed in hot pants, false breasts and a blonde wig.

"Send him in, and ask him to use security procedure three, will you, I'd rather no one knew he was here."

Agent Tony Orange nodded to the secretary and made a mental note to have a gander at her file, then walked up the corridor to the big man's office. He stopped short of the doorway and put security procedure three into action, pulling out his automatic pistol and blasting off the lock, kicking the door in and throwing a smoke bomb into the room. He then dived on to the floor, rolled head over heels three times and thrust a knife at his leader's throat.

The boss smiled. "Well done, Tony, just like in the manual," he said. "Have you carried out your work?"

Tony nodded and placed two manila folders on the desk. "We've looked at every star we've ever had, sir. It took us all afternoon but we've narrowed it down to two."

The leader raised his eyebrow in question.

"It's between Peter Fallen and Rolf Hairless."

The leader nodded, thought for a second, then shot a worried look.

"Peter Fallen?"

Agent Orange nodded.

The decision was made in a split second. The leader reached across his desk and pushed the intercom button.

"Harry," he said to his secretary, "get me Rolf Hairless."

●

And so it continued. The greats and not-so-greats of the world of entertainment were pulled off the stage and into an office and suddenly, the world was a more entertaining place to live. Detente took on a whole new meaning. Where once acts of aggression were answered with threats and counter attacks, now a written apology and a regular booking for a local act would suffice.

The Russians sank a Japanese luxury liner in the China Sea but all was forgotten when they booked the Mills Brothers for six months at the Moscow Hilton. The Americans accidentally invaded Havana but nobody seemed to care when the Tolstoi Ballet got to headline at Caesar's Palace.

Rolf Hairless brought the house down at Buckingham Palace by wearing his trick third leg when being presented to the Queen. She responded by shaking hands with a joy buzzer. It was good clean fun and through it all stumbled the man who had started it — Ron E. Raygun, with a song in his heart, and a hearing aid on his left ear. "Y'know," he'd say to audiences around the country, "when I look out on all your smilin' faces I'm reminded of a movie in which I starred opposite Oscar The Talking Mule. . ." The crowd would wake up and smile, confident that their President was still on top of the situation and secure in the knowledge that in their country, at least, it was still possible for absolutely anybody to reach the highest office in the land.

But things could not always run so smoothly and when they did indeed fall in a heap it was, as always, the baby-eating sons of Lenin who were responsible.

One Pershing missile, just one, was accidently discharged from a US secret base inside the Leaning Tower of Pisa, landing in the Ukraine and wiping out half a million civilians. Once again, a simple, human mistake for which Raygun accepted full responsibility but did the Russians accept the apology and the two-year booking for the Moscow Circus that went with it?

No way! They countered with a statement so powerful, so aggressive, that all clean-thinking Americans knew there was no option but war.

"Not only do we reject the US booking," Ivan Prezli had said during the interval in his sellout spectacular at the Talk Of The Town in Irkutsk, "but furthermore we believe that Raygun stank in *Airport 17.*"

There was an uproar throughout the United States. The bombing of Hawaii they could take; the downing of the Cathay Pacific jet packed with blind children on their way to London for corrective surgery was a mistake anyone could have made. But Ronald Raygun lousy in *Airport 17?* That was going too far.

All TV sets throughout the world were tuned to Raygun as he prepared to read his carefully-worded statement. He paused and smiled at the camera for a few seconds (after all it was his biggest audience since *Knute Rockne-All American*) and then he cleared his throat and read slowly.

"In reference to the recent statement by the Russian Premier, it is my belief, and that of my Joint Chief Of Staff and the Foreign Secretary, that in the album Ivan Prezli Live At The Yuri Gagarin Music Bowl, Mr Prezli is off key in the chorus of Raindrops Keep Falling On My Fur Hat."

He bowed slightly and left the studio. After that, the declaration of war was a mere formality. Perhaps the only happy person in the world was Bob Hopeless who started polishing up the gags that had gone over so well in WWII, the big one.

Mobilisation was quick and extensive and there were few surprises in the casting. Indonesia held out for a larger contract before joining the US, and Russia dropped its option on Uganda, but apart from that it was pretty much as expected. The first American boys to be sent overseas were the crack Blue Berets and Raygun was on hand at the airport to see them off.

"Men," he said, "I'm no stranger to war. I starred in 47 war movies, 17 of them with Peter Lorford, so believe me, more than anyone, I know the meaning of the words 'war is hell'. Now go out there and do this one for Warner Brothers."

Like all wars it was devastating, but unlike wars of the past, this nuclear holocaust was obscenely quick. First the Russians would destroy a country, then the Americans would. When Europe was gone, both countries concentrated on Asia, South America and Africa. The arms race turned into a race to see who could destroy countries faster.

Australia held out longer than most. A particularly large country, it took two bombs to blast it off the map. When the end did come, Prime Minister Rolf Hairless was about to start a rendition of Two Little Boys, so in that respect, many felt it was a blessing.

Finally, at the end of two weeks, the world was almost at an end. Countries which hadn't been destroyed by direct hits were now being destroyed by nuclear fallout. Even if somehow, somewhere, someone *did* survive the blast, there was no animal life to feed them, the water was contaminated, the air poisoned, civilisation was history.

Australia held out longer than most. A particularly large country, it took two bombs to blast it off the map.

In a fallout shelter below the rubble which had once been the White House, Ron E. Raygun listened sombrely as Special Agent Robert "Cary" Grant brought him up to date.

"From what I can make out, Mr President, you and I are the only ones left in the world. Russia is completely gone. Our satellite can detect no heartbeats anywhere. We've done it, Mr President. . . we've won!"

Raygun smiled and put out his hand happily but before Grant could shake it, a large machine in the corner of the room started hooting wildly. Grant turned quickly and went pale.

"Oh my God, there's another one coming in. It must be on delayed instructions and we haven't got anything left to stop it."

Raygun patted his shoulder paternally. "Now now, son, nothin' to worry about. This reminds me of a film I was in with Stewart Stranger. We were in a sheriff's office just like this and Lee Marlin was coming to get us and I just walked out and said, 'Now just hold it right there, hombre,' and he did. That's what you have to do with these bullies, son, face them man to man and they always back down. Let's face it, boy, if this is to be the home of the free, it also has to be the land of the brave."

He went over to a desk and picked up an army issue pistol and holster and strapped it to his waist, then took his white stetson from a locker and popped a red jelly bean into his mouth.

Grant tried to stop him as he walked through the door but Raygun took him by the arm and led him up the steps, whistling *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*. Grant broke down and cried as he saw what was left of the national capital, burned bodies, dead trees and everywhere the smell of death.

They saw the missile coming from the east, a small dot getting bigger and bigger until they could almost make out the markings on the side. Grant sank to his knees and grabbed Raygun around the legs, whimpering like a little dog. Raygun ignored him as he drew his pistol and pointed it at the enemy.

"Okay, hombre," he shouted to the sky, "hold it right there."

The missile kept coming, closer and closer, louder and louder. "Damn," Raygun said just before it blew him off the face of the earth, "hasn't he read the script?"

●

In the centre of the Caribbean, there is a tiny little island that many people don't even know exists. It's so far away from the rest of the world that the islanders don't even know how to play cricket. They just sit in the sun and laugh and eat coconuts all day.

Now these people didn't know about the war. All they knew about was the big boom they heard and then it all went dark and the buildings collapsed and then it was all quiet again. The small boy opened his eyes and realised he was still alive. He pushed the bricks away and stood up shakily, then brushed off the dust that covered his dark body. He walked through the rubble and saw all the people on the island doing the same thing.

There was an old paint can near his foot and he kicked it. It went ca-thump. He kicked it again. Ca-thump, again, ca-thump. He clicked his fingers. Ca-thump, click, ca-thump click, then he started to hum. The other people looked at him and started to walk over to watch until finally all the people on the island were crowded around watching the boy click his fingers, kick the can and sing, in his own language, "I got rhythm, I got rhythm. . ."

All the others hummed along, entranced with his act. He was a little off-key but at the time he was the best they had.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER SIMONS

20 QUESTIONS: TOM CARROLL

The best surfer in the world lines up on what it's like to be number one, the fame and the fears and why it's important to humble the big surf of Hawaii to prove you're world champ.

Tom Carroll spent a good part of last year on international jet flights and even longer in the water. For his time, talent and investment, he became world surfing champion and picked up about $96,000 in prizemoney. Twenty-two-year-old Carroll's win was notable because it formally ended Mark Richards's four-year reign as world champ, stalled the strongest American challenge in years and provided Sydney — considered to be the new capital of professional surfing — with its first world pro champ.

PLAYBOY contributing editor **Neil Jameson** *caught the champ preparing his strategy to defend the crown, and asked Tom about his title defence, the surfing and party circuit and his I'll-be-a-good-surfer-even-if-it-kills-me attitude.*

1.

PLAYBOY: Being world champ in any sport must be quite satisfying. What does it mean to be the world's number one surfer?

CARROLL: For me it means I've fulfilled a dream. It was something I'd wanted to achieve for a long time and in the past few years the desire began to increase in intensity.

2.

PLAYBOY: The obvious poser is, do you think you or any other surfer will eclipse Mark Richards's record of four successive world professional titles?

CARROLL: The way the international circuit is structured, it's going to be hard enough to defend it, let alone win it four or more times. There's a huge amount of travel involved, the competition and training are physically demanding and the pressure tends to tell, particularly if you are carrying any injuries. Mark had been having back problems for a few years and I think that's one reason why he may have wanted to reduce his competitive commitment.

3.

PLAYBOY: Has becoming world champ removed you from some of the more appealing social aspects of surfing?

CARROLL: I was a bit worried about losing the respect and close friendship of people I've known ever since I started surfing. I'm proud of what I've achieved but I don't wear that air-of-bullshit business. I've proved something to myself and that's important in a psychological way. But it's also important to remind myself that there were other people who contributed to my win and they are entitled to credit. When I was a junior I had a big head but I soon learned that it didn't go down too well with my friends. I'm pretty careful about that now because it tended to cut me off from the things I enjoyed most about surfing.

4.

PLAYBOY: What did it take to make that leap from just another hot pro surfer to becoming world number one?

CARROLL: The drive, the need, the want — whatever you like to call it. It wasn't a haphazard thing. I started off in the pro ranks with a number 24 ranking after my first year. The next year I was 17th, then ninth, then three and now one.

5.

PLAYBOY: In the season in which you won the world title, a political wrangle excluded the prestigious Hawaiian leg from the championship circuit. Do you feel that detracted from the glory of your win?

CARROLL: For sure, it was a huge bummer. To prove yourself as world champ, you must win in Hawaii. It's the real testing ground for courage, ability and finding out whether you've got the "right stuff". I won the World Cup contest at Sunset in 1982 in 10-foot waves, so I know I could have performed well in Hawaii last season.

Missing that leg of the circuit has made me determined to do well when the contests resume in Hawaii this year. It's given me something to prove.

6.

PLAYBOY: What makes surfing in Hawaii so different?

CARROLL: When you've succeeded in Hawaii, whether that success is in contests or just surfing the place well, there's a feeling of mutual respect among the surfers. It's not just a matter of ability — it's also a matter of beating the fear factor.

When you've done it in Hawaiian surf in the company of other good surfers, it's a great feeling to be able to reflect on the experience. A world circuit without Hawaii means that young surfers can come out of absolutely nowhere and do well in small surf without even having to prove themselves in anything with a bit of size. They just don't know what it's like to shit themselves in 15-foot surf.

7.

PLAYBOY: What is the casualty rate of talented surfers who allow themselves to get worked over by the dope and party circuit?

CARROLL: There are plenty of those guys. Often they are the types who have all the ability in the world but don't have the drive to match. It's like any top competitive sport: you have to strive for constant improvement, otherwise those guys who are hungrier will just pass you by. For some people, partying is in the blood. I've had my share and you can believe we celebrated in the right fashion after I won the title. But I don't do it as heavily now as I did when I was 17.

8.

PLAYBOY: It's claimed that injury, rather than social distractions, has been your greatest worry. Is that true?

CARROLL: Unfortunately, yes. I've had an ongoing knee problem since 1977 and in 1979 I was involved in a surfing acccident which punctured my stomach wall in two places and caused peritonitis which is the poisoning that sets in when the stomach's contents escape into your body.

I did the knee damage when an eight-foot wave crushed me on to my board. My body went one way and my leg the other. It dislocated the knee and tore the medial ligaments. I dislocated it again when playing touch football and eventually it became so weak that the turbulence of white water would put it out. In 1981, just before I was about to hit the international trail, I leapt over a fence and the knee went completely. I couldn't even walk, so when the doctor looked at it he prescribed reconstruction surgery. They repaired the cruciate and medial ligaments and removed the damaged cartilage. By that stage I was going through some weird trips, wondering if I'd ever be able to surf again.

9.

PLAYBOY: Was the knee injury worse than the stomach problem?

CARROLL: The stomach injury was more dramatic. I was hit by the nose of a surfboard. It didn't puncture the skin, let alone my wetsuit, and I just felt badly winded. When I got in, I was hit by nausea and cold sweating and I didn't know it but I was haemorrhaging internally. I went home to lie down but my stomach was burning. The pain was incredible so a friend took me to hospital where they wouldn't give me pain-killers until after the X-rays. Luckily, they contacted a surgeon who took one look at me and said: "Five minutes, I want him on the operating table". If they'd waited much longer I would have been gone. I was in hospital for about a month, lost three-quarters of a stone and couldn't eat for about two weeks.

10.

PLAYBOY: Has that made you more determined to make the most of your surfing ability?

CARROLL: It's not just the injuries — a surfer's best years are in his early twenties. That's when the experience, determination and youthful fitness coincide to permit you to produce your best.

11.

PLAYBOY: Surfing is supposed to be an escape from the disciplines of other sports. Do you have a training routine?

CARROLL: Purely surfing with a bit of aerobic exercise. I try to eat well because you need the carbohydrates to make up for burning so much energy. I feel it helps to have some sort of training program because it helps with the mental preparation. It makes it worth while when it pays off.

12.

PLAYBOY: Do you still enjoy surfing for leisure or have the pressures of being a competitor changed all that?

CARROLL: I can think of nothing I enjoy more than going surfing with my friends. That's how I came to appreciate it when I first started and it still applies today. I love attacking a big surf with my brother and a few close friends and then coming in and living on the memories the next few days.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's it like paddling out at a local break and hearing the guys in the water say, "Uh, oh — here comes the world champ"?

CARROLL: Sometimes there can be hassles from guys who feel they've got something to prove. Usually, it depends on their size or ability as to how I handle the problem. But there are rarely any real headaches.

14.

PLAYBOY: Is there life after pro surfing? What do you plan on doing when the contest days are all behind you?

CARROLL: I'm already associated with a number of surfing companies and I'd like to continue in that line of work. I'm obliged to represent them in various ways and at times it can mean fairly intensive work. I enjoy it though, because they seek my advice on things that relate directly to what I do well. Hopefully, when I'm no longer competing, that sort of work might extend to training future champions.

15.

PLAYBOY: You have a personal manager to look after your affairs. How many other pro surfers are managed and what duties do their managers perform?

CARROLL: There are a few others who are looked after in various ways and others have approached my manager seeking assistance. I think it's important to have someone taking care of business because it leaves you free to do the important job to the best of your ability. If you're going into something full on, it doesn't pay to have distractions. That's where a manager can be a tremendous help.

16.

PLAYBOY: Unlike such sports as tennis and golf, pro surfing will always be limited by whether or not the conditions decide to co-operate. Is that a great source of frustration for competitors and organisers?

CARROLL: It's terribly hard to accept. By international standards, Aussies are used to reasonable quality surfing conditions. It's very frustrating when you don't get them. These days there are no waiting periods to allow for conditions to improve, so you have to be prepared to surf almost anything. Those guys who have been professional enough to adjust are the ones who have done well on the circuit. Once upon a time, I was naive enough to think that competition surfing meant Hawaii and power. But I've since learned that's not so. It's taken a big adjustment on my part.

17.

PLAYBOY: Okay, we're prepared to believe pro surfing is a demanding sport but it's hard to see you packing your briefcase and heading off for a solid eight hours at the beach each day. What do you do the rest of the time?

CARROLL: I don't have to kid myself; I surf as much as possible because that's the best practice you can get. When you're putting in those hours in the water, rest and recreation start to assume new importance. When titles and acclaim start coming your way, it means you are in demand from sponsors, the media and competition organisers. I don't find that a burden because it gives me a chance to communicate about surfing and I enjoy that.

18.

PLAYBOY: You're already locked into another season of international surfing. How does the world title defence look?

CARROLL: I like to think that the progress I've made over the past five years hasn't peaked. I'm still on the improve, with the difference being that I now know what's required to get the results. The risk about climbing to the top is that once you're there, the incentive to do better suddenly disappears. I'm aware of that and I'm not going to let it affect me.

19.

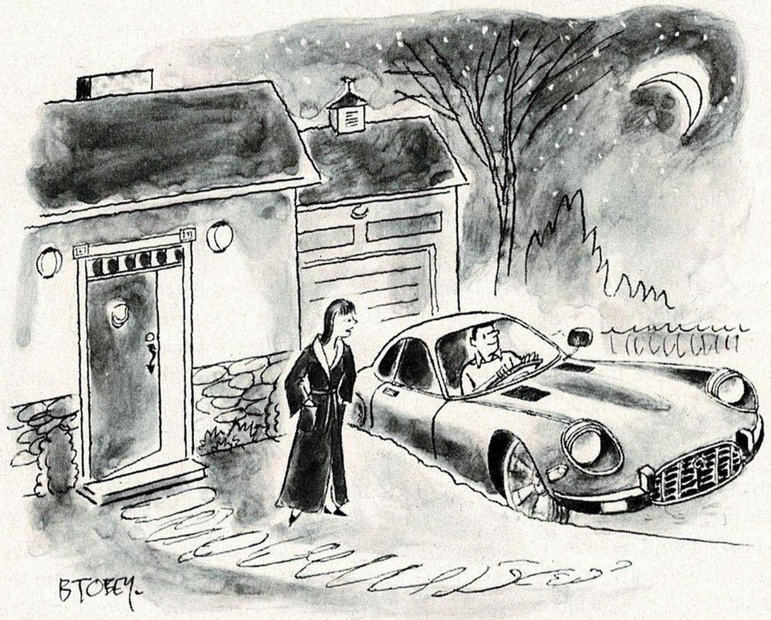
PLAYBOY: What is the one thing outside surfing you'd particularly like to do?

CARROLL: Improve my television presence. Surfing's at the stage where so many people want to know about it and to meet the performers that I'm constantly being asked to appear on TV. For the sake of the sport, I'd like to be able to come across well on the box. There are enough people out there who have surfed or grown up with the sport and I'd like to help keep them in touch with developments. Surfing is still youth-oriented, energetic and exciting and I think it's got a lot to offer.

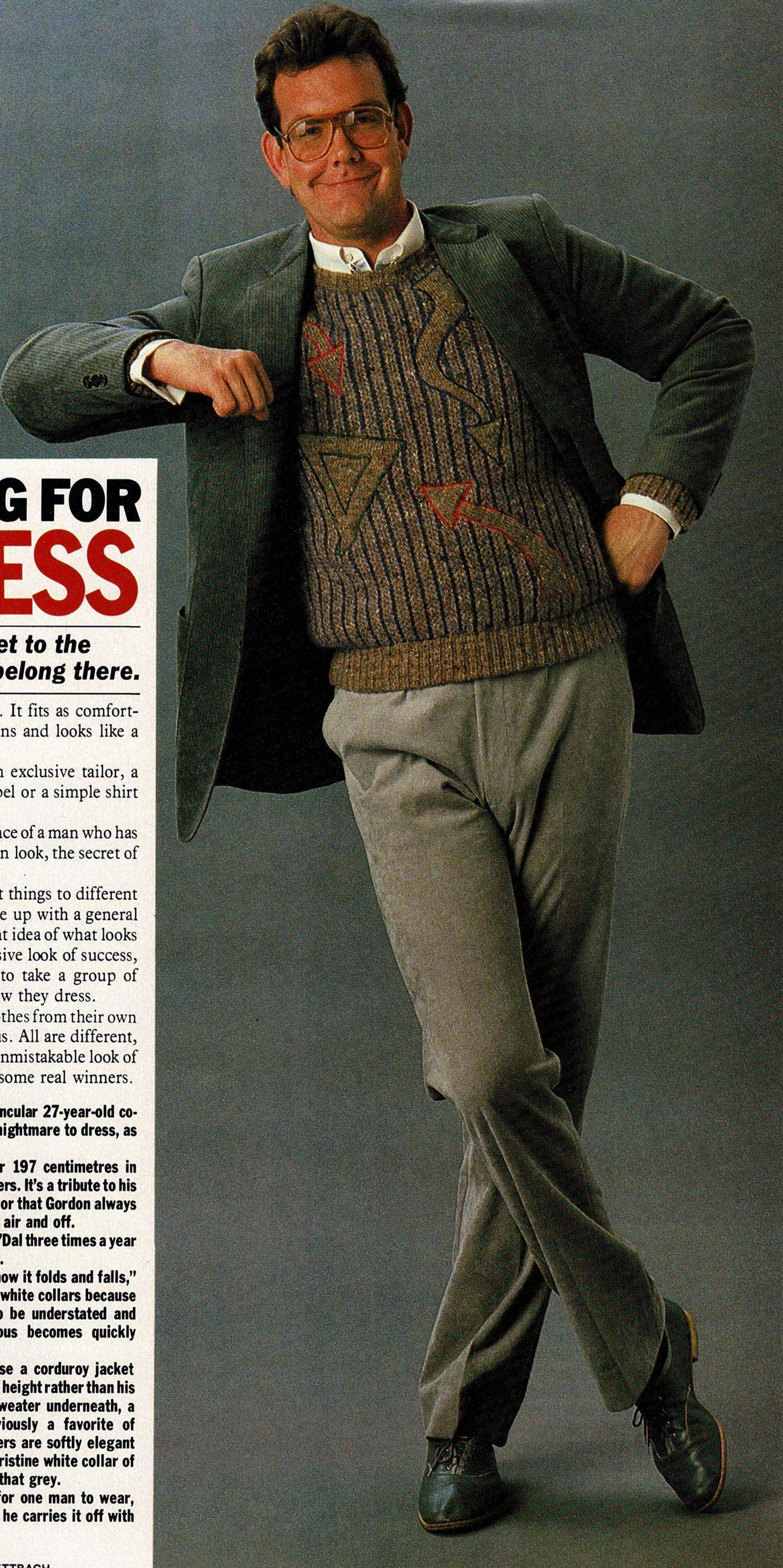
20.

PLAYBOY: Is surfing likely to make you rich?

CARROLL: If you're talking about golf or tennis rich, no. But when you get into surfing in the first place, cash is not exactly on your mind. Even without the competition, title and prize money, surfing has got an appeal that most other sports don't have. That's what sets it apart from the others, and that's part of the reason I'm still enjoying it as much as ever.



"Rodney, say goodnight to your new car and come to bed."



DRESSING FOR SUCCESS

If you want to get to the top — look like you belong there.

SUCCESS IS something you wear. It fits as comfortably as a favorite pair of old jeans and looks like a million dollars.

It can be a blue suit from an exclusive tailor, a leather jacket with a designer label or a simple shirt with unique styling.

Success is an aura, the confidence of a man who has made it in life. Success is a certain look, the secret of feeling at ease. . . anywhere.

The look of success is different things to different people, so it's impossible to come up with a general rule when everyone has a different idea of what looks good. Rather than define the elusive look of success, we thought it would be useful to take a group of successful men and show you how they dress.

We asked seven men to pick clothes from their own wardrobes and model them for us. All are different, but all of them have that certain unmistakable look of success. So look and learn from some real winners.

Gordon Elliot, the prematurely avuncular 27-year-old co-host of *Good Morning Australia*, is a nightmare to dress, as he will admit.

He's six feet seven inches tall (or 197 centimetres in metricspeak) and has lopsided shoulders. It's a tribute to his own good taste and the skill of his tailor that Gordon always looks smart and comfortable both on air and off.

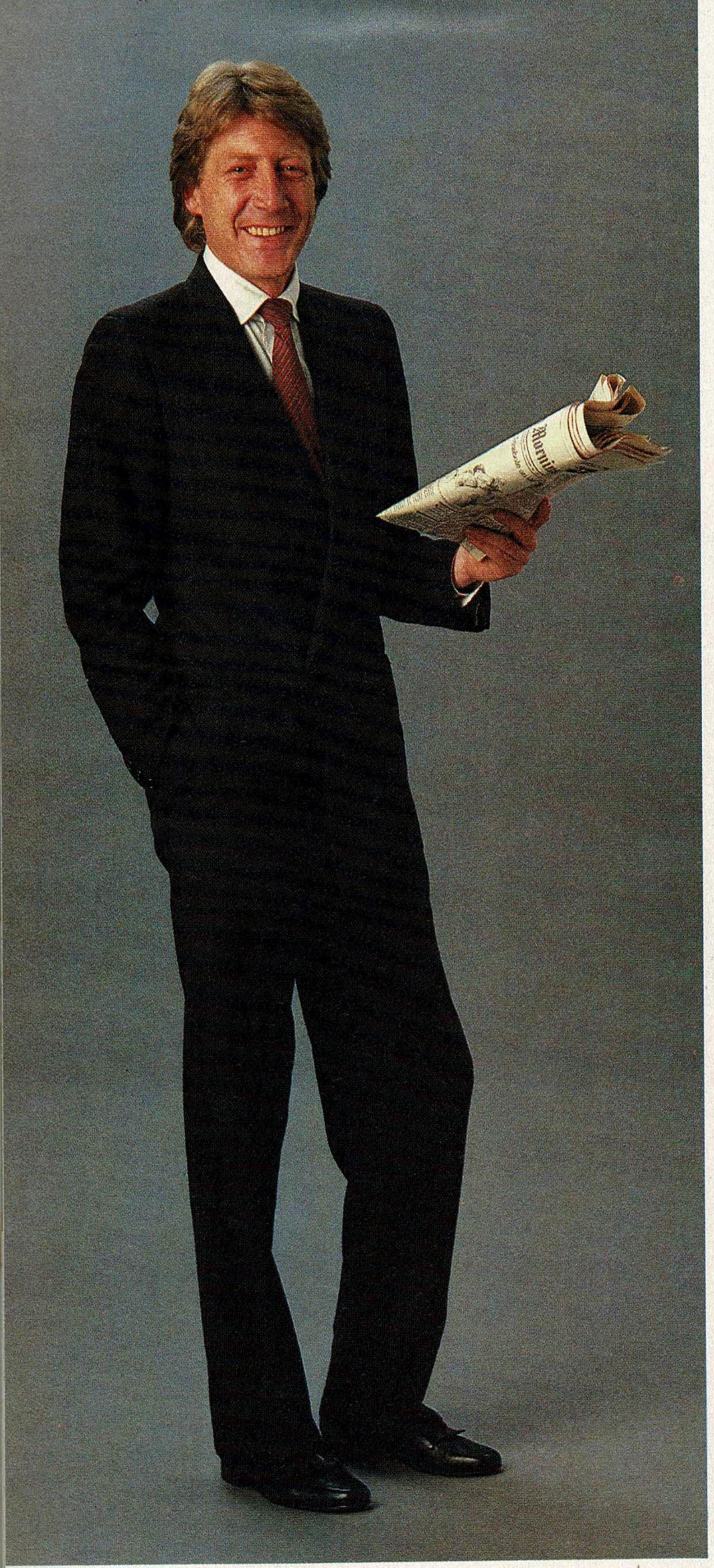
Gordon visits Sydney tailor Angelo V'Dal three times a year to order three or four suits at a time.

"I look for the right material and how it folds and falls," says Gordon. "I prefer my shirts with white collars because they look neat. I like accessories to be understated and inoffensive, because anything obvious becomes quickly cliche'd."

For Australian PLAYBOY, Gordon chose a corduroy jacket with narrow lapels that emphasises his height rather than his width, despite that chunky woollen sweater underneath, a Kenzo original from Paris and obviously a favorite of Gordon's. The grey, camel-hair trousers are softly elegant and so are the blue-grey shoes. The pristine white collar of his shirt stands out clearly above all that grey.

Even though that is a lot of grey for one man to wear, especially a man as large as Gordon, he carries it off with unmistakable swagger.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH



The Australian general manager for Aramis, **James Dunn**, is a man who looks at home in a suit.

First of all he's aware that his position as senior executive with one of the world's leading manufacturers of men's toiletries requires a smooth image, and he's comfortable with that.

"My clothes must say I'm successful in business," he says.

James achieves that with the classic double-breasted cut in boardroom tones of navy blue, grey flannel, even black.

Because James has a slender build, he prefers loose-fitting suits, but the double-breasted cut with wide lapels accentuates a slim waist while adding extra bulk to the shoulders.

He buys his suits in London, favoring Austin Reed. He buys casuals in Australia, but the double-breasted suit is James's look.

"I don't go overboard with casual clothes," he says, "and I'm not conscious of a statement except that I am feeling comfortable."

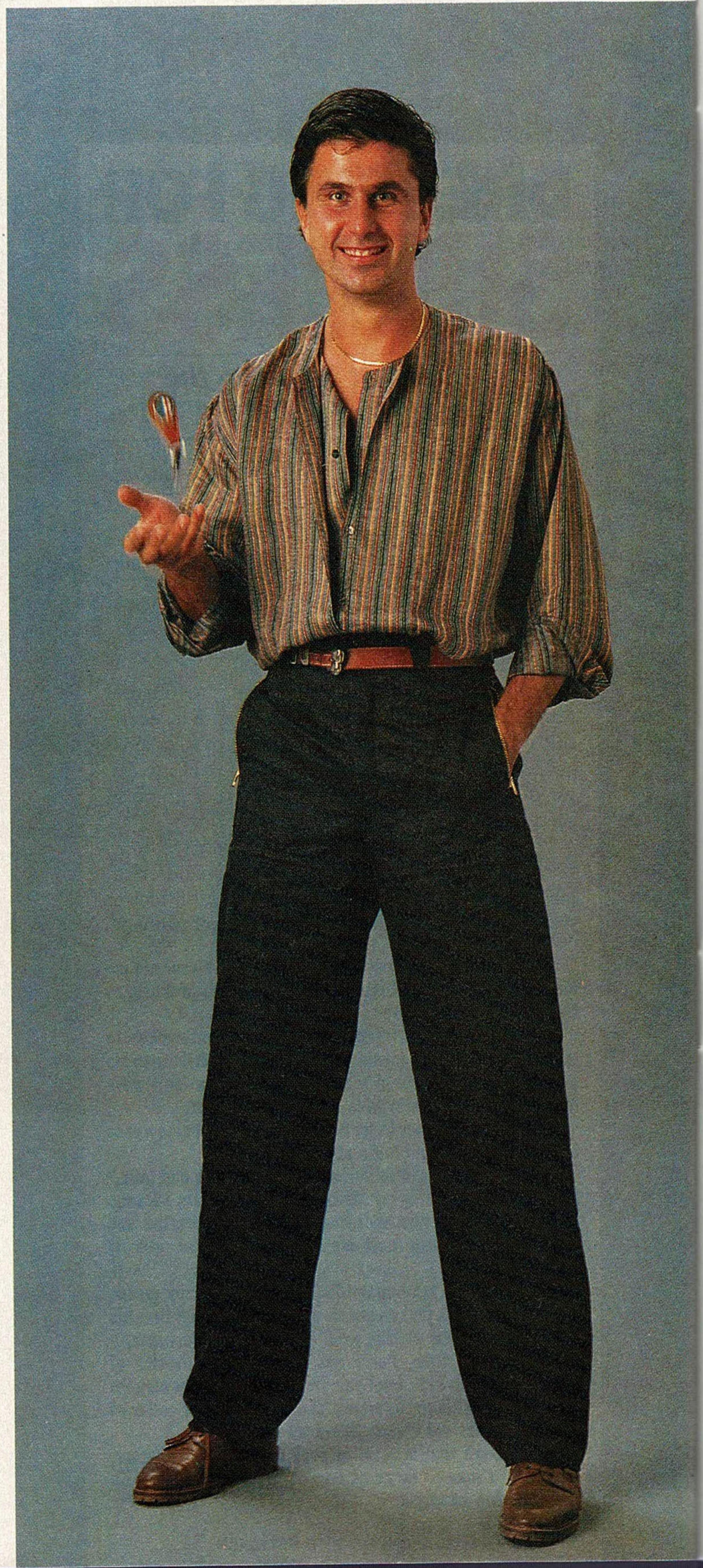
When you're national public relations director for a company like Alfa Romeo in Australia, you're a walking advertisement for Italian style.

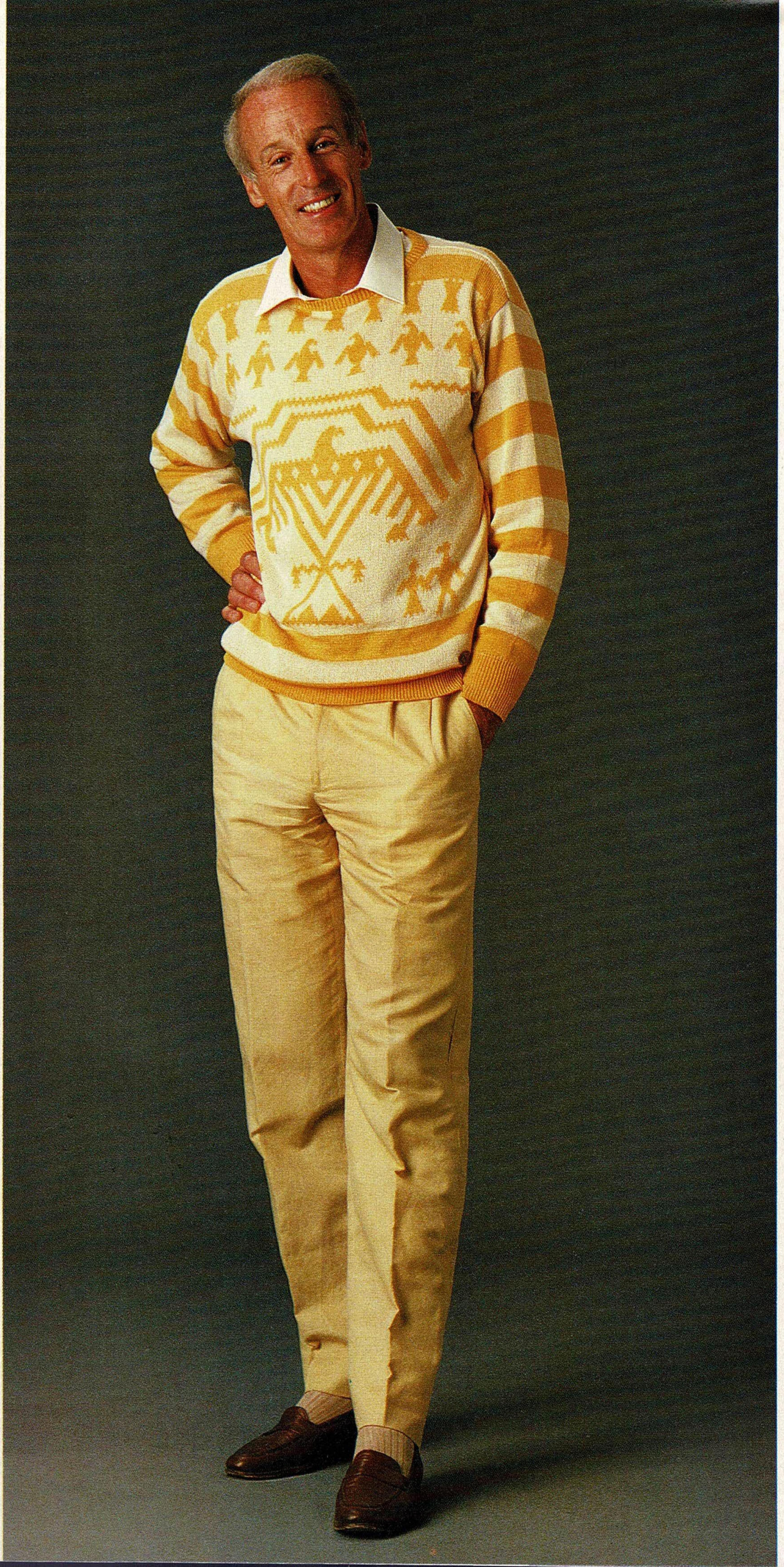
Which is why **Enrico Zanarini** never wears the same clothes two days in a row. He's a shirt man, with a wardrobe of dozens to reflect his preference. Whether it's business or casual shirts, he always looks for a certain elegance in the cut.

"I want people to remark on the cut of the clothes I wear, to notice the style and the taste," he says.

Mind you, it helps when your uncle is one of Italy's leading designers, Gianfranco Ferre. For our photograph, Enrico has selected a shirt designed by his uncle. It is a soft cotton candy-stripe with sharply contrasting colors that blend into a strong, warm presence.

The trousers are black moleskin with zip-up side pockets, very swish. By rights, the brown belt and shoes shouldn't fit in at all, but the shirt, with its rich earth tones, dictates that they do.





Budget may drive your dollar further, as the ad claims, but it took a bloke with **Bob Ansett**'s flair to start the motor.

Since he eased into the driver's seat at Budget, he has deliberately adopted one of the highest business profiles in Australia. His ads are seen nationwide and he always has some new scheme to promote his company. Bob understands that the way he looks has everything to do with the success of the message he tries to get across, and dresses accordingly. He watches himself on TV to see what clothes he looks good in and what he looks bad in. And casual is in.

"I can't afford to be perceived as stuffy," he says. "I must be visible and accessible. I like to appear relaxed, but I'm conscious of style and what suits me. My physique is more complemented by Italian-cut suits and coats and because my feet are large, Italian-designed shoes are the most comfortable and most suited as well."

Surprisingly, Bob has only two suits, preferring a wide range of sports jackets and trousers to mix and match.

For our photograph, Bob has picked casuals that show a man not afraid to stand out in a crowd. Yellow is not a quiet color and when it's worn in a co-ordinated look like this it's anything but understated. The sweater, with its eagle motif, is distinctive yet cosy. The brushed suede trousers imply luxury, and the Italian slip-on shoes show Bob's requirement for comfort.

It's an outfit which suggests a man who is very comfortable in the public eye.

Channel Seven TV newsreader **Ross Symons** is another awkward customer to dress. He's almost exactly the same height as Gordon Elliot, although he has a far more angular, almost bony frame.

He buys his TV suits almost exclusively from Sydney menswear store John Pardoe, who advises Ross on the right suit, shirt and tie color combinations.

"I'm a reasonably conservative dresser, but I like to be smart and fashionable," says Ross. "I like style and character in clothes with only the best materials."

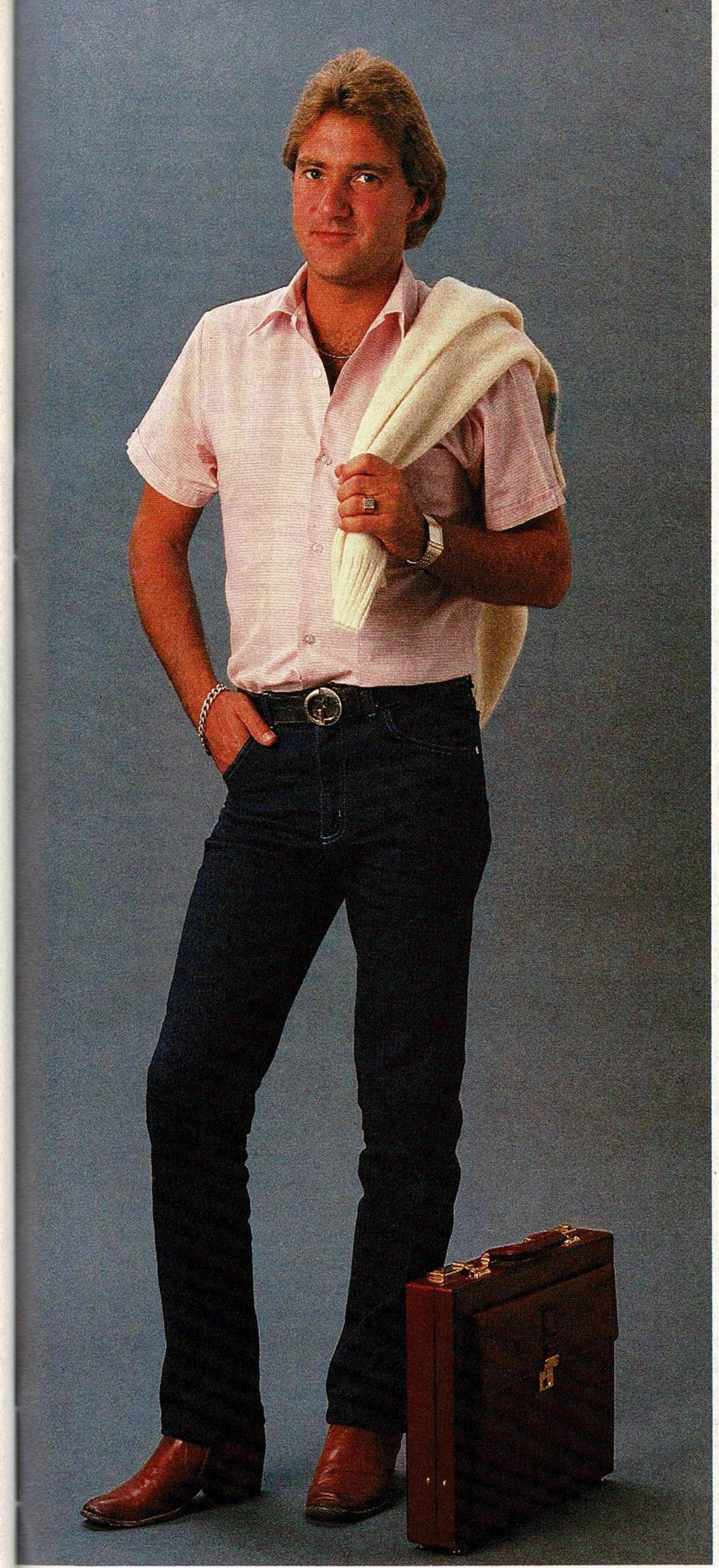
Like most tall men, Ross is into co-ordinates rather than contrasts, which can look messy when covering a lot of body.

He has chosen a casual outfit which could take him virtually anywhere because it is both smart and informal. The cotton blend shirt and trousers come in a soft, pastel yellow with a poly-cotton blend windcheater in light beige.

By far, Ross wore the most interesting shoes: sort of upmarket espadrilles with a small side zip and leather tab. Instead of a rope sole, these shoes have a contemporary synthetic, but the effect is the same — upmarket yachtie.

Ross says finding fashionable and comfortable clothes that fit well is a problem for a man of his height, and whenever he's in London he buys big at a store called The High And The Mighty.

"They have the largest range of specialist tall clothing I've ever seen," he explains. "I was impressed by the choice of casuals and I was impressed by the bloke who served me. He was six foot eleven!"



Greg Evans, the man who plays the role of silver-tongued cupid for Network 10's afternoon TV hit, *Perfect Match*, sees himself as an ordinary bloke with a $5000 wardrobe at the TV station.

He likes the clothes he wears on television and chooses them himself. He knows the importance of suits, smart jackets and neatly pressed trousers in presenting a polished TV image, but when he's off duty he becomes one of the boys. "My casual wardrobe is a complete contrast to the show," he says. "I like my clothes to be comfortable and cosy."

To demonstrate his favorite casuals, Greg chose this outfit from his home wardrobe: a short-sleeved pink shirt in soft cotton with horizontal ribbing, stretch denim jeans and RM Williams boots.

"I'm a rat for accessories," he says. "I have about 15 different-colored pocket handkerchiefs, a huge array of belts and I always wear fine jewellery. I'm a stickler for quality and unless all my accessories are top quality, I feel undressed."

Steve Liebman is one of the smartest dressers on television.

The likeable co-host of the Nine Network's national *Today* show always looks as though he's just popped back from the cleaners, freshly ironed. Steve doesn't know how to look untidy.

While he must dress conservatively for TV he doesn't particularly like suits and owns only three, a dark blue, a charcoal grey and a tan. He owns an impressive range of jackets and trousers which he prefers to mix and match.

This outfit is tough, punchy and colorful. The bottle-green cords have clip-down pockets with snazzy, leather trim which accentuates the thighs. The pale-olive shirt is even more striking with its red cuff, collar lining and the red piping across the breast pocket. The red sweater obviously fits in smartly when needed.

Steve likes these clothes, he says, "because they are different. They say 'relax' and I could wear them for years."

COCAINE

(continued from page 55)

"In our experience, 10 percent of the people who are exposed to cocaine become addicted to it."

hours he reported seeing ants on his clothes, in his food, on nurses and in his room; his euphoric mood was punctuated by irritability and pressured speech. He saw "shadows" of his mother and related a hallucination in which he witnessed a cardiac arrest in an adjacent room. He became increasingly garrulous and active, pacing his room, cleaning his drawers and retaping his intravenous needle. During the next six hours, he exhibited jerking muscular movement, twitching of his head and extremities and a fine tremor. A tentative diagnosis of toxic cocaine psychosis was made.

There are a number of important implications of Tom's experience. For one thing, it was the first time cocaine psychosis had been induced in a controlled hospital setting and then closely observed. Such severe psychological reactions to cocaine had been reported by recreational users, but they remained rumor. Tom's case showed us what may sound absurd to people who have taken the drug without ill effects: cocaine can make you crazy.

And his case also implied something far more complex and difficult to deal with. For when the doctors had reduced the dosage of cocaine to a third of a gram every 12 to 15 hours, Tom's behavior returned to normal. He recovered from the psychosis and tolerated the regular use of cocaine quite well.

What does Tom's case mean? Is cocaine dangerous? Is it safe in small doses? Is it addictive (and what does addictive mean)? Does cocaine eventually make you crazy? Or was there something special about Tom that made him see ants?

What we learned from top scientists, psychologists and psychiatrists doing work in cocaine research was that the study of cocaine has by no means been thorough. There is little funding and there are few major researchers. The ones who are deeply involved, the quintessential experts, are represented here. And although they all seem to be reaching more or less the same conclusions independently — rather alarming news about cocaine — they are quick to admit that their findings need corroboration.

The three scientists who have done the most significant cocaine research with humans in the past 10 years are Drs Mark S. Gold, Ronald K. Siegel and David E. Smith. There are many other scientists who have done important work with animals and with the measurement of cocaine's chemical effects on the human body. But they are the top experts researching the larger questions: Is cocaine bad for me? How bad? Is it addictive? What will happen if I take it? Can I recover if I get into trouble taking it? Can it kill me?

At this point, these three major authorities on cocaine are in agreement about three other important facts: (1) cocaine is an addictive drug; (2) it is much more dangerous than we thought; (3) we need a lot more research before we know precisely how cocaine works and to whom it presents a danger.

●

The Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic is located near San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. For anyone who was there in the '60s, the history pours off the street like vapor. The same junkies I saw there in 1967 and 1968 seem to be standing in the same line going up the stairs to the same clinic. But there have been changes as well. Dr David Smith is no longer just an idealistic young doctor trying to help out junkies. He and a handful of colleagues around the world are changing the way we look at all drug addicts.

I waited for Smith in the clinic's pharmacy, an upstairs room in an old house where detoxification drugs are dispensed to the patients. A sign on the door said MIXING YOUR PILLS WITH BOOZE OR DOPE CAN KILL YOU. The room was close with people and cigarette smoke and the smell of sweat. A sign on the pharmacy counter read IF YOU CAN'T KEEP IT TOGETHER AND LOSE YOUR PILLS AFTER LEAVING HERE, TOUGH SHIT.

The pharmacy counter had been knocked together from plywood and two-by-fours, and behind it sat the doctor of pharmacology, Greg Hayner, a big, bearded man in a plaid shirt and blue jeans, dispensing pills and friendly banter. Next to him was a registered nurse, though you wouldn't have known it from her jeans and sweat shirt. "You come in here pinned again, I'll cut you off cold," she told one junkie who had eaten all his prescription pills the first night because he couldn't stand the pain. Behind her was a closet full of drugs. The walls were haphazardly decorated with posters of Santana, Grateful Dead, Stones, Traffic, Big Brother And The Holding Company, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Dan Hicks And His Hot Licks — it was a museum of the '60s: all those great bands that brought us all those great drugs.

But this was the last temple of junkies, seekers of atonement. This was the place where they made their last stand or died trying. It was serious business.

Smith publishes some of his scientific work with an MD researcher named Donald R. Wesson. Insiders call their papers Smith & Wessons, and their publication often comes with the impact of a .38 special. Smith wears large spectacles and his skin is drawn and tan. He rolls his eyes heavenward as he talks of cocaine.

"I study addictive disease," he says. "Addiction may be a disease itself. That's how we regard it and that's how we treat it. There is a commonality of addictive process regardless of the drug." In other words, what you're taking does not matter as much as who you are. Some people will take the drug — any drug — and not get addicted. Others will take it once and be inexorably drawn to it. The drug is the same; the people are different.

Addiction is a term that has long been ill defined and often redefined. Today it has been defined again, though this time in a way seemingly more practical than ever before. An addictive drug is one that can produce in a significant number of people three conditions: (1) compulsion; (2) loss of control; and (3) continued use of the drug in spite of adverse effects. Obviously, that leaves room for interpretation. The presumption is that we are all sensible enough to make reasonable interpretations. By that definition, for example, food could be considered addictive. And while some people using nothing more dangerous than food exhibit all three symptoms, no sensible person is going to suggest that we classify food as addictive. The fact is that the addictive properties of a substance appear to be far less important than a person's tendency to become addicted.

If you suffer from addictive disease and try cocaine, alcohol, heroin or some other addictive drug, you will develop all the symptoms: compulsion, loss of control and continued use of the substance in spite of adverse consequences. If you do not have the disease, you may try those drugs and not suffer any ill effects. (Little is known about why some people become addicted to heroin and not cocaine, or to alcohol and not heroin, or to amphetamines and not cocaine, though addiction to several drugs at once is common.)

"It is neither that coke is safe nor that everyone who touches it becomes addicted," says Smith. "If 100 people use cocaine, not all will become addicted to it. Not all people will become addicted to alcohol. Ten percent of the people who use alcohol become alcoholics. In our experience, 10 percent of the people who are exposed to cocaine become addicted to it. About 30 to 40 percent will have an episode of dysfunction." That means they will have a seizure or a coke binge that makes them sick or in some other way feel the ill effects of the drug.

Smith believes he is treating the same disease in every case, whether the symptom is alcoholism, heroin addiction, amphetamine or cocaine or sedative addiction. In addition, there are some very special problems that go along with cocaine addiction. For one thing, the average coke addict tends to be very naive about the drug he's taking.

"We see intelligent, successful individuals who have inadequate information about cocaine. The heroin addicts know heroin is dangerous and addictive. Cocaine addicts don't know what a street junkie knows." Smith says that he sees cocaine addicts who are amazed to learn that it can kill you. "And we've known for 100 years that cocaine can kill you."

●

"Substance-abuse disorders are a disease, but whether or not they're all one disease has yet to be proved," says Dr Mark Gold. He established a toll-free number to help people having problems with cocaine and was astounded to find that over 1000 people a day called during the first year of operation (May 1983 to May 1984).

By asking the callers questions, Gold has been able to build an unprecedented body of information about cocaine users. Of a randomly selected 500 people who called, "more than nine in 10 said they had sometimes used their supply of the drug continuously until it was exhausted, no matter how much they had on hand." That is significant because it is the first of three conditions in the current definition of addiction: compulsion.

Large percentages of Gold's sample reported serious problems, most of them psychological and social. "For example, 45 percent of the 500 respondents said that they had stolen money from their employers and from family or friends to support their cocaine habit."

Based on his experience with the hotline, Gold says, "It's definitely true that there are people who have used cocaine and not become addicted; there's no question about that. But remember that to become a heroin addict, you have to use the drug multiple times a day for weeks. People have tried heroin and not become addicted too." In other words, the risk is not worth it. In that regard, he and Smith are in complete agreement.

"We have learned some rather interesting things from our people," Gold says. "For example, looking at available statistics won't give you an idea of how many people define themselves as having a problem. There are people who take cocaine once a month and define themselves as addicted. They think about it all the time, they try to pick up [people] who might have it, they change their lives to put themselves in a position where they'll get the drug. Fewer than half of our callers use the drug every day."

If that's true, what is the problem? If fewer than half aren't even using it every day, why are they bothering to call?

"Because it's interfering with their lives in some way and they feel they need help. Of course, we also get those people who say, 'I only use it on Friday nights and I've never had a problem.' And we say, 'Thank you,' and include that in our data." Why do they call? "Coke users like to talk to people," says Gold.

"But bear in mind that cocaine does cause medical problems, psychiatric problems, problems with lovers, family, work," he adds. "But most important is the fact that it confuses the user and convinces him that he has no problem. Heroin users know they're in trouble. The differences are tremendous. The heroin user wakes up with the sniffles and knows that he is going into withdrawal. He can either continue the run by getting more heroin, he can get methadone or he can go join a detox program and quit. Cocaine gives you the signal that nothing is wrong. Cocaine users wake up from a seizure and call us, asking, 'If I use less, will I have another seizure?' There's almost a suspension of reality, as if it's someone else who's having all these problems. The drug use becomes so important to the brain that the brain sees that nothing else is more important."

Chemical changes in the brain trigger certain responses that are associated with survival of the individual as well as of the entire species: the drives to obtain water, food and sex, for example, and the instinct of flight (ie running away from danger). Thirst forces you to drink water frequently. If you wait four or five hours after eating, you get hungry again. At regular intervals, you develop a desire for sex. And in the face of danger, you flee for safety.

"Two drugs appear to cause the same neurochemical changes," says Gold, "the opiates (eg heroin) and cocaine. Cocaine stimulates the most powerful, the most compelling reinforcement areas of the brain, basically the apparatus that took billions of years to be put in place to make certain that we survive long enough to reproduce. We consider these to be the most important functions of life."

Cocaine somehow gets access to the areas of the brain (the amygdalae and the lateral hypothalamus) in which those chemical changes occur and allows you to make those changes at will. In addition, cocaine takes control of the use and manufacture within the body of essential chemical message transmitters, such as dopamine, which transmits sexual signals, and norepinephrine (adrenaline), which transmits signals to flee in the face of danger. When you take cocaine, it feels as if it's the most important function in life, because cocaine causes your body and brain to send those essential life-protecting and life-producing signals: the need for sex, food, water, flight. So, of course, you take more.

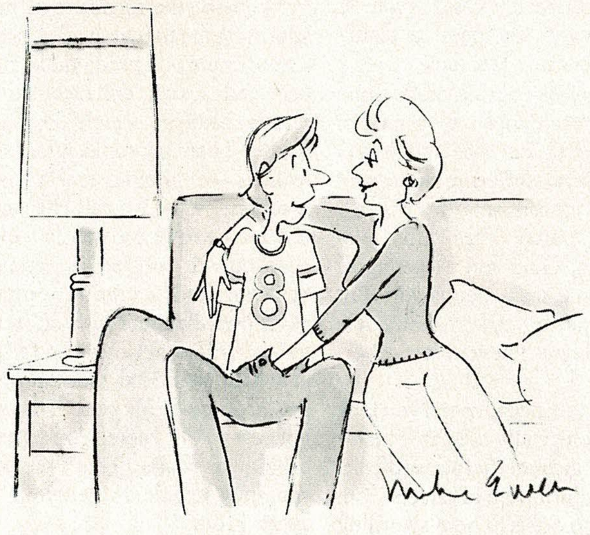
"The cocaine then dominates or subverts the basic drives until they become secondary," Gold says. "Cocaine in the disease state becomes pre-eminent over survival of the species or even survival of the individual." In other words, you no longer want food, water or sex. The brain is getting a clear signal: more cocaine is what's needed.

"So extreme is cocaine's effect in this respect," Gold says, "that . . . it alone can replace the sex partner of either sex . . . cocaine can produce spontaneous ejaculation without direct genital stimulation." But, he warns, "tolerance to the sexual-stimulating effect of cocaine rapidly develops and subsequently impotence and sexual frigidity are seen in chronic cocaine users.

"More distant drives, such as interpersonal relationships, work, family, friends, become even less important. Cocaine becomes the primary drive. Even though the drug has no specific survival value, the person acquires a new drive that he makes into a primary reinforcing drive on the basis of fooling the brain."

●

Dr Ronald Siegel's work for the past 10 years has been primarily of two kinds. One is the most fundamental and essential kind of research on cocaine use: determining what happens to people who use it for a long period of time. It was a natural outgrowth of the other, more lucrative type of work he does: counselling the famous and wealthy for cocaine addiction, including such people as movie producer Julia (*The Sting, Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*) Phillips, as well as captains of industry, movie stars,



"Gosh, Mrs Van Ark, your hands feel as smooth as your eighteen-year-old daughter's! What dishwashing detergent do you use?"

comedians, professional athletes and race-car drivers who do not wish their relationship with Siegel to be known.

We met the weekend Marvin Gaye was shot to death, allegedly by his father, amid rumors that the famous rhythm-and-blues singer had been experiencing fits of cocaine-induced violent behavior. Word was that Gaye had taken cocaine and then beat people. The last person he had beaten, supposedly, was his father.

I sat on a couch. Siegel sat on a leather chair. Between us was a table that had been fashioned from the hatch of a large wooden ship. From the stereo speakers behind me I could hear a man moaning and crying. "Oh, please, God, let me out of here," the man wept. "Oh, God. Everything in my life was Katy."

The voice was that of Robert LaCava, one of Siegel's favorite examples of the potential effect of cocaine. The police had picked up LaCava standing nude in his living room. His girlfriend, Katy, was nude in the bath, with ligature marks around her neck and the back of her head crushed. She had blood coming out of her nose and ears. The police took LaCava to the station, put him in a room with a tape recorder and waited.

"Oh, God, just take me to the psycho ward."

Listening to LaCava's moans and weeping, Siegel says, "He's just starting to realise what's happened, and he's having an emotional response to it."

On the tape, a police detective said, "Calm down now, Bob. We just have to figure out what happened."

"I sniffed cocaine. I went insane," LaCava cried.

Siegel, a former marathon racer who has climbed the inhospitable Andean slopes where coca grows, has a penchant for the melodramatic. He likes to tell horror stories, delights in the demonstrative. Siegel calls the sometimes hideous antics of cocaine addicts "forensic theatre". His practice, not to mention his study, has given him a special insight few other researchers have. Because of his stature in the scientific community, he is often called in to cases such as LaCava's as an expert witness to testify about the effects cocaine can have.

"His blood level of cocaine made John Belushi look like he'd been to a garden party," Siegel says of LaCava. "This guy was flying." LaCava, suffering acute and chronic cocaine psychosis, smashed his girlfriend's skull and strangled her with a telephone cord. Smith, Gold and Siegel agree that cocaine does not make people kill. But it has special properties that make people react in ways they might never react otherwise.

"If you remove the illegality and you look at it just pharmacologically, all three major drugs of abuse — alcohol, heroin and coke — can produce a continuum of effects from mild intoxication to death. There's nothing magical about that. And it doesn't automatically transform people."

In other words, Siegel is saying the same thing Smith and Gold said: Addiction is a disease, regardless of the substance.

But how, then, does cocaine come to be associated with violence, such as LaCava's attack on his girlfriend?

"Cocaine hallucinations," Siegel says, "come with what we call a clear sensorium. You don't see the walls melting, the way you might with acid. If you're on acid, things are so weird that you know you're having hallucinations — at least, most of the time you do; there are exceptions even to that. But with coke, everything looks correct. Only you might see bugs crawling on your skin. And since your senses are heightened, not dulled, since you are not stuporous, you believe that there really are bugs crawling on your skin. I had one patient come in with burns all over his body, because he'd tried to burn the bugs off with a blowtorch. Since there is no distortion in what you perceive, you believe what seems to be happening to you. Your hearing is much more acute when you're high on cocaine. So you hear a car door slam down the block and you think, That's a police-car door. They're coming to get me. Pretty soon, you find yourself saying, 'Hey, I'm going to get my gun and check this out.' "

> *LaCava, suffering acute and chronic cocaine psychosis, smashed his girlfriend's skull and strangled her with a telephone cord.*

Siegel says that cocaine "ignites a fire in the brain". It's as if the sun has gone down and you build a nice cosy fire in the fireplace. And now you can no longer see the real world out the window but only the reflection of the fire in the glass.

"You see the furniture of your mind. If you continue to fuel the fire, you go through a continuum of predictable effects: euphoria and sexual enhancement, then dysphoria, sadness, weight loss, sexual disinterest. Then paranoia, gradual suspicion, feelings of grandiosity at times. Startle reactions, what we call checking behavior, in which you're constantly looking around, checking out your environment. Impulsive behavior and a gradual progression to a psychosis-like state with auditory and visual hallucinations at times. And that's the point at which you'll be blow-drying your hair and keep hollering out, 'Who's there?' and nobody will be there. You're hearing voices calling your name. That's the point at which you may decide to get your gun and go check it out."

Siegel adds: "I've been arguing for changing our view of cocaine to that of a physically addicting drug. But because I say there aren't so many problems with the infrequent users, people object. The long-term use of cocaine doesn't seem to result in damage to any body system except the nose, and that can be taken care of with good hygiene. Cocaine has a remarkably clean track record for a drug that is so used and abused. The worst problems are the mental ones, and they can be terrible."

Which is one of the most curious points of all about cocaine. For while it can produce effects in certain individuals that make heroin addiction pale by comparison, a heroin or alcohol addict is left with permanent body and nerve damage after long-term abuse.

The cocaine addict, as far as the research has been able to determine, gets away more or less scot-free. That, of course, assumes that he never uses cocaine again.

Smith stresses the need for redefining our way of looking at cocaine. He says that if he tells an addict that cocaine affects everyone in precisely the same way, the addict will be confused, because his senses tell him otherwise. "An addict sees someone else taking a little cocaine in a social situation and doesn't understand why he can't do the same." Obviously, a doctor can't tell his patient that that recreational cocaine user doesn't exist. The patient has seen it with his own eyes.

"The current prevention climate is anti-treatment. Alcoholism is the best-studied addictive disease we know of, and that research should be updated and adapted to cocaine. Then we'll get some high-level research. Currently, alcoholism is regarded as a disease, while cocaine use is a crime. That's like saying cancer of the liver is a disease, while cancer of the lung is a crime. We work a lot with industry, and the attitude there is to treat the alcoholic and to fire the cocaine addict, even though the characteristics of the addictive process are very similar."

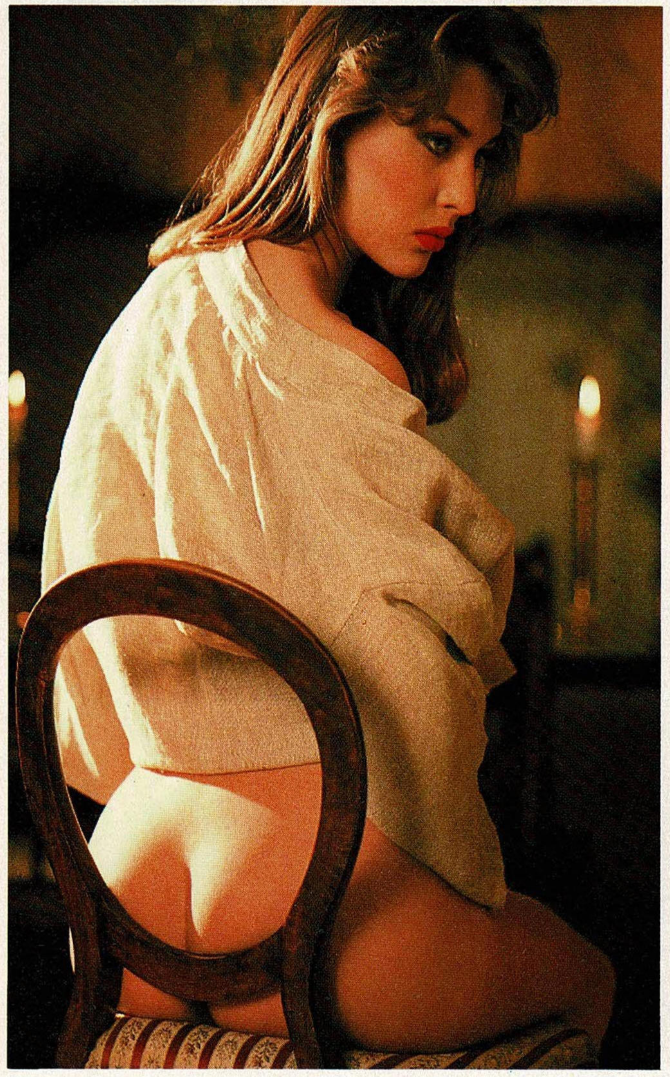
Erlich, from his clinical experience, writes, "Without treatment, the disease is fatal . . . Once an individual develops addictive disease and the compulsion to use is established, it remains intact for one's entire life . . . Resumption of use at any stage of recovery reconstitutes the compulsion at its highest level of intensity. Thus, there is no possibility of returning to controlled use . . . We take the issue of relapse very seriously, as any relapse could be fatal."

The message of modern cocaine research, then, is clear: cocaine is dangerous. And while some people can experiment with it, for others the prognosis is bleak. One recovering cocaine addict described it this way: "We're all on a plane. We're going to give everyone a backpack. Some contain parachutes and some do not. Now, who would like to jump out of the plane? It's really fun if your parachute opens."

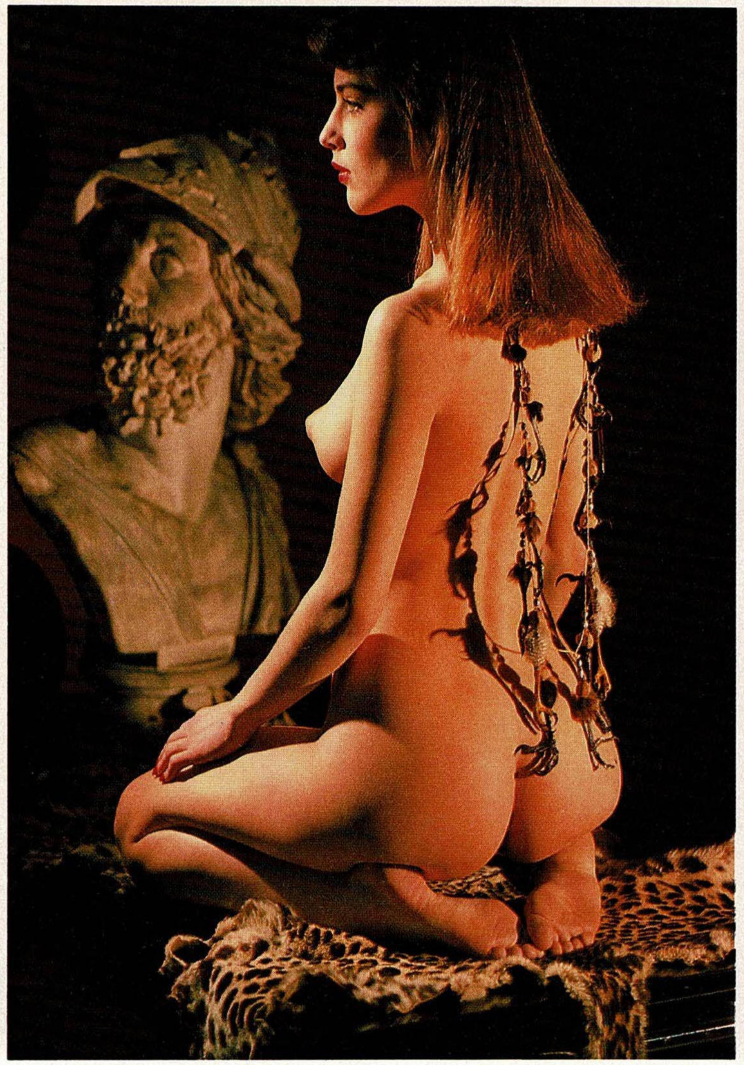
Classic beauty Michelle Jette loves olde-worlde artefacts but she has become a collector's item herself.

IDOL MOMENTS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER



"I've always enjoyed the rich feel in many of the great old paintings," she says. "And when I come across a sculpted nude figure, all I ever want to do is stroke the marble or the wood. I made a bit of a pilgrimage to Europe's galleries recently and since then I've wanted to be the subject of a sculptor's vision."



"When you pose for a long time, your mind wanders off into some interesting spaces. Mine often goes back to the days of the old masters. There was a greater air of romance then," she muses.

With the gaze of millions destined to be cast on her beautiful form, Michelle feels the result could be a gift to art lovers all over the world. "Even if the final work doesn't make it to the Louvre, I feel I've been treated with a master's touch."

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO

BATHURST '84

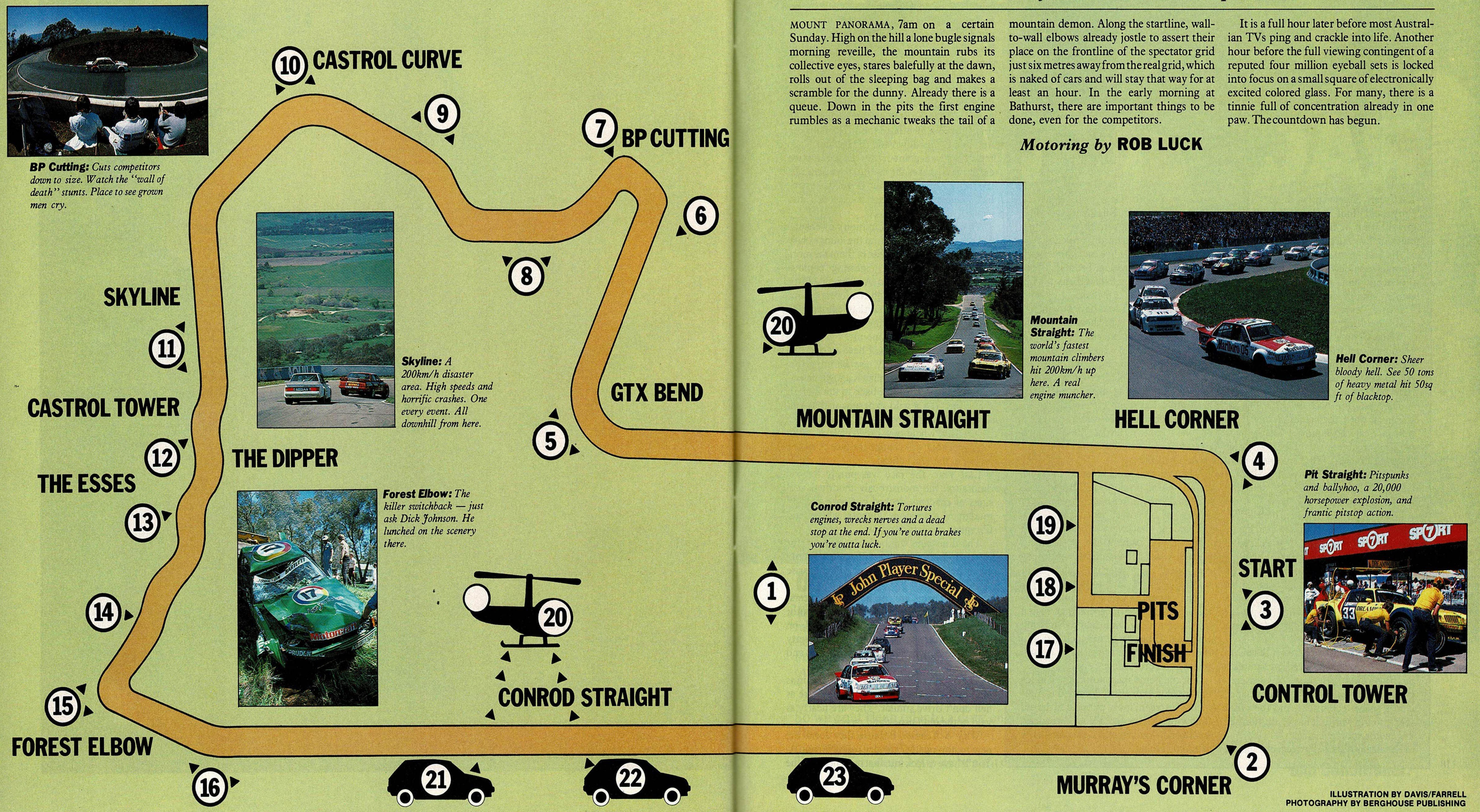
It is September 30, 1984, Mount Panorama, Bathurst. It is the James Hardie 1000, Australia's greatest motor race. It is the glamor, the sound and the fury. Australian PLAYBOY takes you there in this exclusive preview. . .

MOUNT PANORAMA, 7am on a certain Sunday. High on the hill a lone bugle signals morning reveille, the mountain rubs its collective eyes, stares balefully at the dawn, rolls out of the sleeping bag and makes a scramble for the dunny. Already there is a queue. Down in the pits the first engine rumbles as a mechanic tweaks the tail of a mountain demon. Along the startline, wall-to-wall elbows already jostle to assert their place on the frontline of the spectator grid just six metres away from the real grid, which is naked of cars and will stay that way for at least an hour. In the early morning at Bathurst, there are important things to be done, even for the competitors.

It is a full hour later before most Australian TVs ping and crackle into life. Another hour before the full viewing contingent of a reputed four million eyeball sets is locked into focus on a small square of electronically excited colored glass. For many, there is a tinnie full of concentration already in one paw. The countdown has begun.

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

Reach For The Sky: *Mt Panorama, 6.172km of tortured tarmac on scenic slopes 200 metres above Bathurst. Catch 163 laps of action from the start (10am) to the finish (about 4.20pm) on Pit Straight, or take a walk on the wild side from BP Cutting to Forest Elbow where the big men fly at up to 200km/h. Get up there by road, train or plane; get set in your hotel, motel, private house or free mountain camp; get into the action with the mountain-climbing commuter bus; get out of it with booze, food and "natural speed". For an armchair drive, the Seven network plugs in live at 7.55am; eyeballing the circuit with 23 cameras (numbers on map) from fixed mounts, chopper, RaceCams in three cars and backpacks.*



BP Cutting: *Cuts competitors down to size. Watch the "wall of death" stunts. Place to see grown men cry.*

Skyline: *A 200km/h disaster area. High speeds and horrific crashes. One every event. All downhill from here.*

Forest Elbow: *The killer switchback — just ask Dick Johnson. He lunched on the scenery there.*

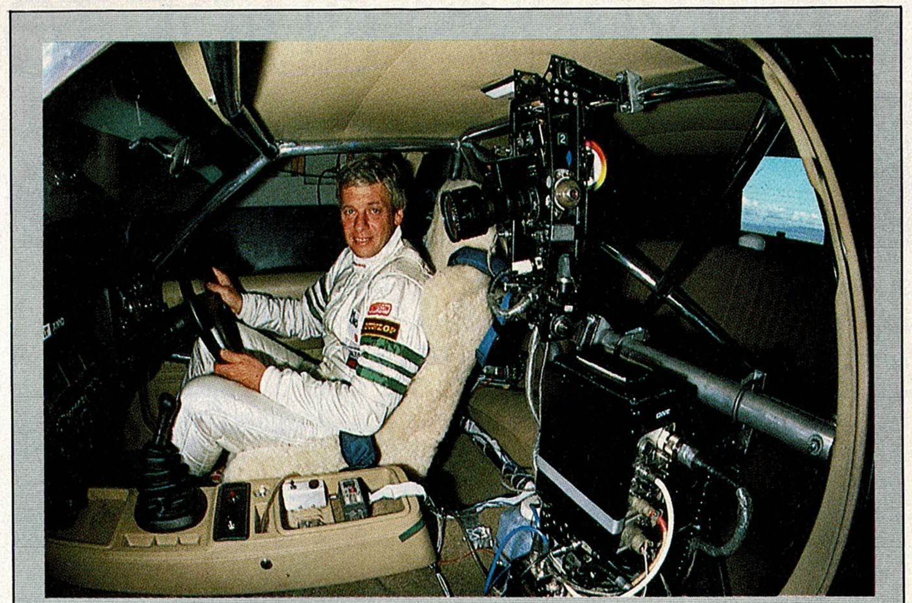
Mountain Straight: *The world's fastest mountain climbers hit 200km/h up here. A real engine muncher.*

Hell Corner: *Sheer bloody hell. See 50 tons of heavy metal hit 50sq ft of blacktop.*

Conrod Straight: *Tortures engines, wrecks nerves and a dead stop at the end. If you're outta brakes you're outta luck.*

Pit Straight: *Pitspunks and ballyhoo, a 20,000 horsepower explosion, and frantic pitstop action.*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BERGHOUSE PUBLISHING



RACECAM

Last year, Nissan works driver George Fury told four million TV viewers exactly what he thought of a slower car blocking his way during the race.

His bad language wasn't intentional. George wasn't aware the Channel Seven producers had crossed to his in-car camera, but it did make for the most dramatic, explicit television viewing possible during a motor race event.

While George was verbally ramming his opposition from the track, armchair racers from Bathurst to the boondocks got to see the fearful action going on right under George's bonnet.

They saw the back of the other car scream toward the camera like a brick wall in a car chase movie. They almost pitched forward out of their TV chairs as George rammed the brakes, and quite a few armrests were wrenched off as George wrestled the Turbo Nissan from left to right to left.

George then filled them in on the finer points of the other driver's road manners and general breeding, and proceeded to shoulder his way through an impossibly small gap between the other car and a wall. As he elbowed through, the camera panned and zoomed in on the hapless victim as he was gobbled up and spat out the back. It was one of sport television's finest moments.

RaceCam made it possible. RaceCam has become the high-speed eyes and ears of motor sport telecasts. Aussies conceived it, designed, built and developed it to a space-tech pitch. And then they sold it to the world. It has revolutionised TV motor sport viewing.

RaceCam is the pet project of Channel Seven's Geoff Healy, director of Production and Engineering. The system got its wings in 1979 when race driver Peter Williamson provided the world's first mobile live car commentary of a motor race meeting. From that year on you only needed half as many tinnies to fall out of your armchair.

Since then, the Yanks have bought the system, and used it to show the suicide racers of Daytona exterminating themselves in the world's fastest demolition derby, run at 200mph (325km/h).

This year, ATN 7 engineer David Thomas is working on a whole new-generation RaceCam system to supplement the channel's 23-camera coverage of the James Hardie 1000, which includes airborne cameras operating from a helicopter.

The current technology allows a ground-based producer to "drive" a car-mounted camera with a control system similar to an Atari video game. Co-ordination, however, is even more difficult: the camera can be zoomed, panned, tilted and focused as well as iris-controlled for aperture and light settings.

The picture is beamed from a transmitter in the car to a chopper racing overhead nearby, and then to "mission control". From there it is patched into the picture monitoring system and relayed to your lounge-room.

For the home spectator trapped in his distant environment and limited to a 20-inch TV screen, it has put paid to the old follow-the-leader TV broadcast syndrome, and brought a balanced view of motor racing.

Half an hour away from flag-drop, the atmosphere at Mt Panorama goes mad. Pit Straight is alive with the throb of cars and people and the spectator fences are already bending with the surge of anticipation that has been fuelled by a steady tension build-up from the Holden precision driving team, the Pantherettes marching girls and bands, and the zooming RAAF Roulettes aerobatic team. The steady stream of spunks weaving in and out of cars and pits and prohibited areas, all vying for the only-just-dressed award, doesn't help. Nor do the low-level rehearsals of the Channel Seven helicopter, the wild dashing of pit crews and the rising pitch of the course commentator's voice. You can feel the vibes. They are saying something really big is about to go down.

It is a few minutes to 10 o'clock. The band plays *Advance Australia Fair*, someone says "Gentlemen, start your engines" and around 20,000 horsepower bellowing on the grid shuts out all other sound. The flag goes up, then comes down and the Richter Scale registers seven-point-five as the automotive earthquake shakes the mountain and numbs the senses. The James Hardie 1000, Australia's greatest motor race, has exploded into action.

This year around four million viewers will elect to ease their bums into the lounge chair and stare mindlessly ahead of them for more than six hours while ingesting copious quantities of amber fluid. Another 50,000 or more will stream through the forest of fuzz and their radar-panzers that contrive to separate the motor racing enthusiast from his pilgrimage with the mount.

Every one of them will have to come to terms with a completely new Bathurst this year, because the Australian Racing Drivers' Club is giving Bathurst back to the man in the street. It's a wild experiment that will mix the raging dinosaurs of years recently past with a whole new breed of lean, clean machines that will change the face of motor racing in the years ahead.

Last year, the race was purely for the dinosaurs, the monstrously modified versions of roadcars decked out with bolt-on mudguard extensions, gigantic wheels and fibreglass spoilers and fins.

The dinosaurs will be back this year, for it's their last, but they will make up only about half the field. The rest will comprise "The A Teams".

The A Teams are the new-breed racers. They are the lean, mean machines, the motor racers of the future. All are based on showroom cars and all of them look pretty similar, except for slightly bigger wheels and tyres.

They don't sound similar. They scream as loud as the old machines. And they sure as hell don't drive similar. They are nearly as wild as the old Disneyland racers.

Why A Teams? Because they form the new motor-racing category called Group A. You'll have to lock into that term because the

START TALKING DIRTY TO YOUR MECHANIC AND YOU COULD FINISH UP IN HONG KONG

TALK DIRTY TO ME!
X-TEND
OIL SYSTEM CLEANER

DON'T POUR CLEAN OIL INTO A DIRTY ENGINE.

Talk to your mechanic about oil. He'll tell you that pouring clean oil into a dirty engine can be a problem.
Solution? New Wynn's X-Tend Oil System Cleaner and Conditioner helps dissolve and remove the deposits and sludge that would otherwise stay behind to contaminate your fresh, new oil.
X-Tend Oil System Cleaner conditions metal parts and improves engine cleanliness.
So why put clean oil into a dirty engine.
Talk to your mechanic about that trip to Hong Kong. He'll tell you how you can get there.
Talking dirty does have its benefits.

Wynn's X-TEND
Oil System Cleaner and Conditioner.

TV and course commentators will do it to death. You also need to know the older cars (the wild ones) are called Group C.

This year at Mt Panorama, a Group C dinosaur will win the race (unless there is a major act of God). Many of the greatest names in drivers will be mounted in these cars. Look for Brock and the Marlboro Holden Dealer Team, for Moffat in the Peter Stuyvesant Mazda RX7, for Dick Johnson in the Greens Tuf Falcon, for Jim Richards in the JPS BMW and George Fury in the Nissan Turbo; and look for Allan Grice, Bob Morris (State Building Society/Channel 10 Mazda RX7) and many other factory team drivers and privateers.

But the bag of gold for the A Teams is just as big, so there'll be open war in the new racing class. The big wow of this racing class will be the massive assault from international cars and teams. BMWs will lock horns with Alfa Romeos, Rovers, Jaguars, small and large Japanese cars, yank tanks and the Oz-built homegrowns. Expect to see some hot names on board. Former world champion Denny Hulme will share a 280km/h racing BMW office with Prince Leopold von Bayern; Colin Bond, former Bathurst winner, will front his own Alfa Romeo A Team with a formula one co-driver; Kevin Bartlett will step out of the dinosaur class (he normally wrestles Camaros and Falcons around tracks) and into a works Turbo Starion; there will be an Audi, perhaps a Rover Vitesse, and at least two raging American Mustangs.

If this dazzling line-up of cars, categories and talent fazes the brain, the Australian Racing Drivers' Club has installed a 20 metre high vertical scoreboard column to constantly review the top 10 placings. And at home, in the loungeroom, the two racing classes will be constantly updated by the Texas Instruments race-scoring computer which is hooked straight to the Channel Seven monitors.

A giant jump in the prizemoney will keep the drivers and teams constantly at each other's throats, right from the first lap which is worth a clean $1000 just to lead!

And since these animals frequently lock horns in deadly combat, the circuit has been upgraded with new safety features.

These include some spectacular new sand traps, just the thing for the big boys to play in with their errant toys. The idea is the sand stops the car before it hits something immoveable. That makes for less wear and tear on car and driver, and helps to keep as many machines as possible in the race.

Every year, the drivers stage a battle to see who can get into the pits backwards from Murray Corner, who can run over the most number of people in Pit Lane, and who can crash into as many portable jacks and unportable fences. This year, the ARDC has designed a new entrance to change the rules of this dice-with-death game. It's like changing the Pac-Man project on the video. You also should watch for the fastest entry from Conrod Straight into the protective Pit barrier, the highest jump over the slow-down bump strips, and the best head-on biff with the guard rail ess-bends.

Not all the action at Bathurst is on the circuit. If you pay the money and get the sticker, you can cross the James Hardie bridge on Pit Straight for the perve of your life: promo girls fronting the maximum in flesh and the minimum in fabric; and the innards and outtards of the wildest machinery you will see in racing in Oz.

The top of the mountain is not to be missed. This scene of rampant head-on fan-clashes, screaming spectators, and the brawling, bashing, rowdy men-of-motor-sport is no place for a shy, demure maiden. Last year the crowd figured the spectator facilities could be built up a bit, so they built up their own scaffold high-rise. It collapsed and crushed its victims. And there has almost never been a year here without a major race wipeout. The biggest one stopped the race for good, the track strewn with half-a-million dollars' worth of race-wrecks.

Then there is Bathurst. The city which waits in the west each year with its arms outstretched to welcome race teams, organisers and spectators with the same equal-handed hospitality. If you're early enough, it can provide accommodation in one of its decent motels, hotels or picturesque caravan parks, either in town or on the mountain. If you're silly enough, it might even provide free accommodation, as the car crazies and the mad-brawlers still get locked up each year. But there's no doubting it will provide the base for the most exciting motor racing event run in this country. Somehow, that excitement transmits almost as well on television as it does in real life. Certainly well enough to suck in the addicts each year. At Bathurst, the mountain is a magnet.

THE BIG READ

SATURATION exposure to motor racing with the James Hardie 1000 race is just not enough for most race fans — they want to micro-dissect every inch of this stunning event. Book publishers have kindly obliged with what amounts to a completely self-contained Bathurst library. Millions of words of hype, thousands of slick pics on thousands of glossy pages should be enough to give the average fan automotive indigestion. Here's Australian PLAYBOY's list . . .

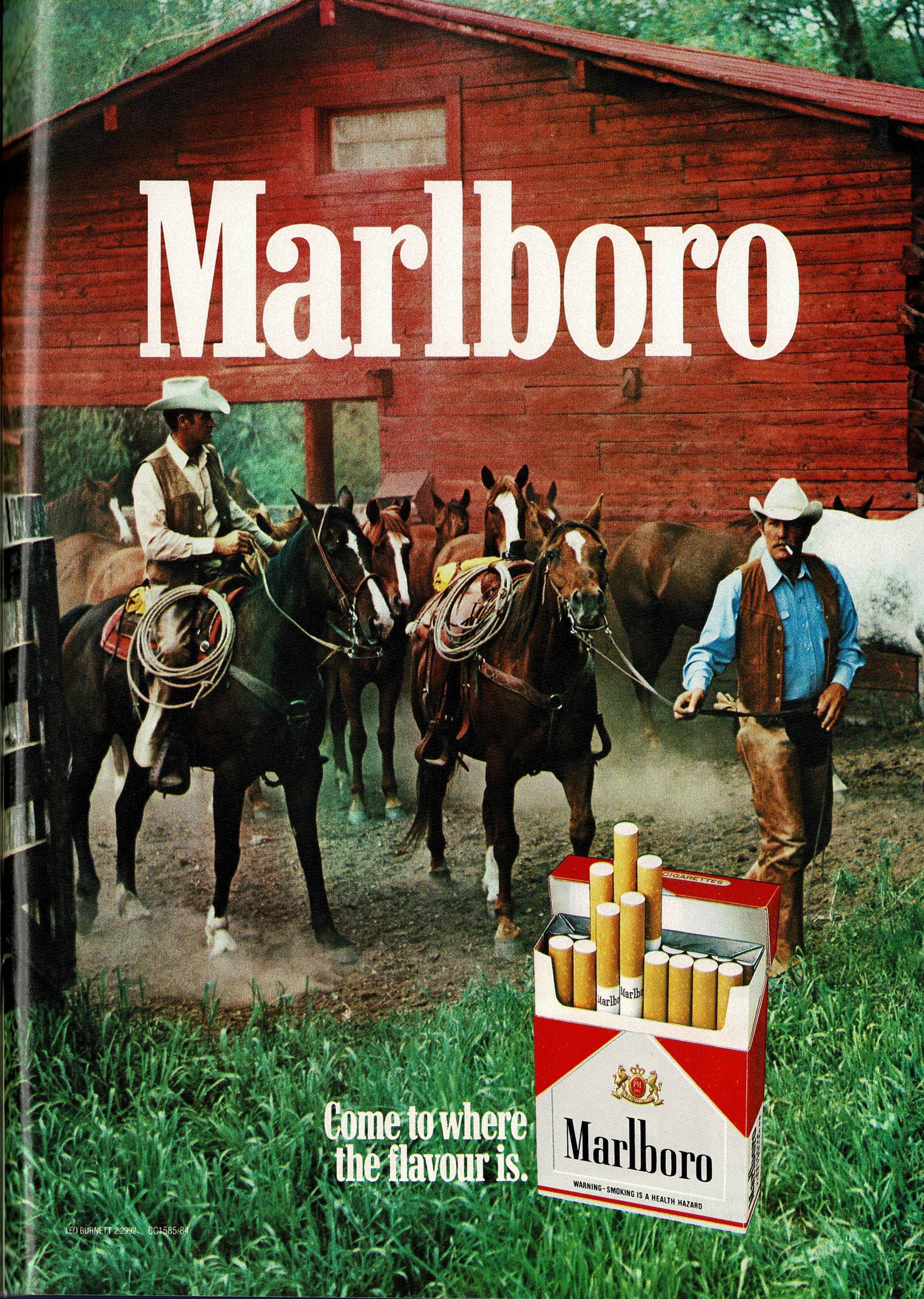
Australia's Greatest Motor Race — The Complete History. This is an overview from that grizzled padre of colorful automotive verse, Bill Tuckey. It traces the event in glorious technicolor prose and panavision photography up to 1980. From Lansdowne Press at $17.95 for 244 pages of hard-bound excellence. It's a bargain.

James Hardie 1000: '81-'82 and '82-'83 (two books). Also by Tuckey, and printed by Lansdowne. Covering the '81 and '82 events ('81 edition for $15.95) and ('82 edition for $17.95), these complete the collection of the race's history up to 1982. The third edition in the series, ***James Hardie 1000: 1983-84,*** is released this month to coincide with Bathurst. This year it is published by Tuckey and Berghouse, costs $19.95 for 244 pages of full color and brings you right up to the minute.

Melbourne writer David Hassall also produces a supergloss publication on Bathurst. Titled ***Bathurst — James Hardie 1000***, it's now in two editions through Garry Sparkes and Associates, the '82-'83 edition with 80 pages of glorious text and color for $12.95 and the '83-'84 edition with 112 pages for $14.95. Don't be confused by the chronological title, Hassall has not got a crystal ball on this year's event. He simply publishes his books immediately after the race, and bills them ahead to the next year to be current.

Hassall also wrote ***The Peter Brock Story,*** through Garry Sparkes and Associates for $11.95 for 96 pages.

The current issues of these books are normally available through many bookshops and big newsagents, but you can always get every issue of every title through the real enthusiasts' motoring bookshop, Message Motoring Bookshop, 401A Pitt Street, Sydney, PO Box K417, Haymarket, [phone (02) 264 1217]. These guys are the information hub of motor sport and live and breathe the science of motoring words. They handle mail orders, have comprehensive catalogues on all the motoring publications available in the world and keep an amazing number of items in stock at excellent prices. While you're in there screening the shelves for famous titles like *Big Rev Kev*, you're likely to bump head-on into him because all the racers practically live in there too.


Marlboro
Come to where the flavour is.
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COMMODORE
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AC Plugs Filters
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*Rob Luck puts
you behind the
wheel of the car
most likely to get
the chequered
flag at Bathurst.*

BROCKBUSTER!

THERE IS a corner at the top of Mount Panorama, Bathurst, known as McPhillamy Park. It is totally blind, yet in a car like Peter Brock's 1984 Marlboro Holden Dealer Team Commodore, you drop into it at more than 180km/h. As the car bucks and heaves on its tortured suspension, you ease the car over to the right, then cock the wheel left, take aim at an invisible apex and fire the throttle flat to the floor. For one magnificent, terrifying split-second you can see absolutely nothing. Then, if you have done it right, the car skims the inside concrete wall at nearly 200km/h and slashes right across the track in one big, long, fearful slide. If you have done it wrong, it starts to climb up on two wheels, then it goes sideways, then . . . You had better have done it right.

In October 1982, Gary Leggatt was pointing his Alfa Romeo GTV through McPhillamy when something went terribly wrong. The Alfa skated across the corner and hit the highside wall head-on, slamming the whole nose up to the windscreen. It ricocheted off the barrier, spun around and smashed the opposite wall head-on again, recoiling into the middle of the track. When the dust settled, Leggatt lay slumped in his seat. They cut him out with power tools, raced him by chopper to a Sydney hospital and wrestled for hours to keep him alive. That day McPhillamy Park brought grown men to tears.

There is plenty of incentive for getting it right across McPhillamy Park corner, the most dangerous part of Bathurst motor racing circuit. It has plenty of rewards. If you can get it right over there, juggling the car against the elements and your own finite ability, the car does a fantastic dance-of-death across the corner and out to the very edge of the tarmac, the brink of eternity. As you straighten it out and head for Skyline, the adrenalin explodes into your bloodstream and for a moment euphoria sweeps danger and fear from the brain. That corner has been known to make hardened racers yahoo like children into their facemasks.

Outside those four fragile tin walls where the Bathurst driver lives and works so desperately, no one sees or senses any of this; neither the fearful moments nor the fantastic. As the dinosaurs bellow past, each one balanced on the racer's edge of extermination, spectators suck on tinnies, maul their girlfriends or squabble about rival car makes and drivers. Only when something goes really wrong does any of it come home to them, and even then with detachment. For them it is a few moments of spectacular relief from the general racing monotony. For the driver it is sheer bloody horror and anguish; at the very least, the end of an obsessive dream.

Bathurst is about this: dreams elevated to ecstasy of hopes, dashed into the litter. It is drama, passion, action and obsession. It is why more than 50,000 fans trek there each year as if on a primitive crusade. And why another four million consign themselves to six hours in an armchair to watch it "live".

Which is why we went to Bathurst to track test Brocky's new 1984 Bathurst racer. There is simply nowhere else but Bathurst.

It wasn't easy. Mount Panorama motor racing circuit is part of a normal road system in the Shire of Bathurst. The top end is a charming scenic road, a tourist trap to show off the rich and rolling Bathurst plains. The bottom end consists of service roads to access the farmers and residential folk who live there. Some 30 families have their permanent camp on the slopes of Mount Panorama and, to them, motor racing probably seems like snow in Europe. For the one-timer tourist, it's pure joy, while for the permanent resident, it's a pain in the bum.

But they are a tolerant lot and under the gentle guidance of the Bathurst City Council, they are prepared to forgo their regular schedules each year to let a bunch of petrolheads create sheer bloody mayhem in their private domain.

THE BROCKMOBILE

HOW MUCH, HOW FAR, HOW FAST?

THE CAR:	**VK COMMODORE**	**$12,000**
The Engine:	5044cc (5-litre), handbuilt, cost plus labor	**$15,000**
The Power:	410bhp @ 6700rpm (standard 180bhp) 380lb ft torque @ 4500rpm	
The Gearbox:	Borg-Warner T10 4-speed (2 boxes/2 ratio sets)	**$3000**
Final Drive:	Harrop Locker (3 diffs with 3 ratios)	**$4000**
The Gearing:	"Bathurst Ratio" — 3.08 final drive	
THE SPEEDS:	1st gear: 55mph (88km/h @ 6500rpm).	
	2nd gear: 90mph (143km/h @ 6500rpm)	
	3rd gear: 120mph (192km/h @ 6500rpm)	
	4th gear: 135mph (218km/h @ 6500rpm)	
	150mph (240km/h @ 7000rpm)	
Suspension:	Front: MHDT-designed Commodore Rear: Live, MHDT-designed Watts Linkage	**$4000**
Steering:	Commodore rack and pinion	
Wheels:	Momo 113/8 x 12in front; 12 x 16in rear (4 sets/car)	**$6000**
Tyres:	Dunlop Racing Slicks, per set	**$1000**
Brakes:	Girlock discs, 4 wheels, James Hardie 1103 pads, total —	**$4000**
The Body:	Commodore standard. Gutted. Custom roll-cage.	**$1000**
	Aerodynamic kit includes airdam, wheel flares, spoiler	**$1000**
The Weight:	1232kg (legal minimum 1229kg)	
Fuel Tank:	Custom-built alloy dry-break 120-litre tank with safety vent, rubber bag-liner and foam safety cell fitted	**$2000**
CONSUMPTION:	51/2mpg (50 litres/100km)	
The Range:	150 miles (240km); 38-40 laps	
No. of Laps:	163 laps of 6.172km circuit = 1006km	
No. of Stops:	4 stops @ 38-40 lap consumption rate	
THE COST:	Car and spares (including 2 engines, 2 trans, 3 diffs, 4 sets wheels). Per car cost	**$76,000**
	Fuel: 100 octane	**$1500**
	Oil: Consumed, 1.5 litre Castrol GTX	**$10**
	Tyres: 4 sets @ $1000/set (race)	**$4000**
	4 sets @ $1000/set (practice)	**$4000**
The Transporter:	GM-H Semi-trailer, two-car and workshop	**$100,000**
The Overheads:	22-man Bathurst team, including transport and accommodation	**$30,000**
The Spares:	Body, chassis, tyres, etc	**$30,000**
The Testing:	Pre-race preparation and test (2 months)	**$20,000**

HOLDEN DEALER TEAM RACING PTY LTD

The Team: Peter Brock (*Managing Director/Driver*), John Stevenson (*General Manager*), John Harvey (*Team Manager/2nd Driver*), Larry Perkins (*Workshop Mgr/Chief Wrench/Co-driver*), Niell Burns (*Engine Development*), Martyn Watt (*Transmission Engineer*), Jeff Gretch (*Mechanic*), Grahame "Mort" Brown (*Transport/Tyre co-ordination*), Andrew Bartly (*Mechanic/Lap-timing*).

The Extras: Bathurst Team comprises 22 people including lap-scorers, caterers and assistants.

To ask this of them in the off-season seemed like a Mission Impossible assignment. It took a lot of people to make it work. You can only describe the Bathurst City Council as totally committed enthusiasts. Under the direction of the shire clerk, Mr A.M. Kingston, the circuit had to be closed for the day, advertising notices posted in the local press, each resident notified and a handful of authorities co-ordinated. Shire engineer Peter Gannon was a prime mover in this exercise, weaving the various requirements of Australian PLAYBOY, the council, residents, police and State Emergency Service together. The coppers have to temper enthusiasm with organisational safety, but the local mega-fuzz (Superintendent Don Graham) and his chief operational team of Sergeants John Iverson and Graham Tarte do it with expediency and humor. Then there is the State Emergency Service crew, the ambulance, and of course the officers of the Australian Racing Drivers' Club which conducts the James Hardie 1000 race each year. In all, around 100 people teamed up to organise our unique track test, the first ever attempted at Bathurst.

Support systems for the exercise included a total press liaison service (managed on a national basis by Australian PLAYBOY Promotions Manager Lynda Prince from the impressive set-up of the James Hardie tower block), full catering for around 100 people, and the inevitable hutch of bunnies. Then there was the special Formula One-style racing equipment flown in specially for the test — MDS F1 helmets, Race and Rally, and Sparco driving equipment.

The logistics for the Marlboro Holden Dealer Team were no less daunting. Brocky was exiled to Le Mans during much of May and June, and the team, despite its reduced resources, had to continue the Australian Touring Car Championship events, prepare the brand-new VK Commodore for the Australian Endurance Championship (Bathurst is a round) and organise our track test. It was aimed at the only possible blank in the program.

●

Was it worth it? Was it ever! Sitting in the Brock Commodore in the Mount Panorama pits and listening to Brocky's patient briefing was inspiring and intimidating. Inspiring to be aboard perhaps the best and fastest touring car to ever come to the circuit. Intimidating in terms of the sheer responsibility of it.

The cockpit environment is filled with hostile race hardware. Huge, polished, alloy roll-over bars crowd in from every angle — above, ahead, alongside, behind. In the "contact" areas, where your arms and legs skirt the bars, foam sleeves are strapped in place. There's no mistaking the huge bolts clamped right through the bars into the bodywork. The floor is naked. None of that plush pile in the Commodore brochures: just sheer ascetic white paint.

The seat is like a strait-jacket, nipping at the outer thighs, hips, ribs and shoulders. It is a glove-fit, for I am weight-and-measure for both Brocky and Harvey who drive it. Perkins leans in and begins fastening the seat belt. Two straps across the belly over a big pad, two more yanked down hard over the shoulders. One more up between the legs and straight over the balls into the central lock; this alone could be enough to keep you "on the island", the team manager's private joke on anyone who goes to lunch on the scenery. It is sinister but a vital anti-submarining device in the event of head-on contact. Same with the belly straps, while the stomach pads are there to stop your guts being ripped in half in a front-end stack. The central locker is designed to beat accidental opening.

The dashboard screams "action". The domestic dials are gone and, in the gutted hole, an alloy plate is screwed in and fixed with new dials. The big one in the middle is a rev counter. The big numbers read 1, 3, 5, 7 . . . thousand revs. Small numbers fill in the gaps. It goes to 7500 and the sticky, mechanical needle swings the "wrong way" (anticlockwise). Small gauges looking like clones of each other display scrawled white Texta messages: Oil Press, Oil Temp, Water Temp, Fuel. "The fuel gauge is useless, we only keep it there as a spare tacho," says a mechanic. In long-distance races, Brocky uses it to determine if the tank is "nearly full" or "nearly empty". In a racing car, bucking all over the place, it's not much use for much else.

> *Brocky gets aboard, a new set of Yokohama wets clipped on. He does half a dozen laps . . . "It is sheer bloody murder out there," he says.*

There are two big yellow lights on the dash — scrawled ALT (alternator) and OIL. They light when the ignition is switched on and they go out when the engine fires. The idea is that they never come on again, otherwise you have big trouble under the bonnet.

Centre dash is smattered with some more workshop graffiti — the driver's instruction manual. It says IN . . . LEFT BLINKER; TYRES. . . HAZARD FLASHER; OIL . . . RIGHT BLINKER; THUMBS DOWN . . . PROBLEM, THUMBS UP . . . OK. They are the only means the driver has of communicating with the pits through all of Bathurst's long 1000km and six-and-a-half hours. Watch for them during the race. Brocky has no other communication system, since a radio link was tried and discarded. Brock manages the race from the cockpit, not from the pits.

There is bugger-all left to the cockpit. A standard Commodore knob squats on top of a steel American-type shift lever for the 4-speed gearbox, there is a suede-covered thin-rim Momo steering wheel to point the thing and, on the painted floor, a set of stock standard Commodore pedals. Behind the driver's seat lives a 5-litre container of fluid. A small plastic hose rears up out of the top, traces the arch of the rollbar and dead-ends alongside the driver's head. During the race, Brock and his co-driver Perkins will suck fluid from that long straw every half hour or so to supplement liquid and salt expressed from the body during their dehydrating stints behind the wheel.

At the end of the day, the jar of Staminade will be empty, but Brock will still have shed around 3kg (6.6lbs). For this cruise on Mount Panorama's deserted and immoderate winter slopes, however, I won't be needing any.

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For our track test at Mount Panorama, Bathurst turned on a day to measure driving and talent to its ultimate degree. It was a day to remember and a day you would like to forget. The god of thunder woke us at 3.46am with a salutory salvo of rain and driving sleet, ushered into town on a 10-knot wind driving the air temperature below zero. Come dawn that day it was blowing harder, driving rain and barely more civil in temperature. And it was destined to set in for good.

The HDT camp, was wallowing in paranoia. In the dry the Brockmobile is fearsomely fast and in the wet it is quite simply fearsome. The engine relentlessly pumps 420 horsepower on to about 20 square inches of rubber scrabbling for traction on something resembling a frozen lake. It is a $100,000 accident looking for somewhere to happen. Brocky doesn't like it. Larry Perkins is positively perverse about it. The entire team is steeped in gloom.

Brocky gets aboard, a new set of Yokohama wets clipped on. He does half a dozen laps and from the first gearchange into the first corner it is obvious that traction has little to do with motivation on the mount this day. The engine wails pitifully at every gearchange, in every corner, the rear wheels spinning nelplessly in the slop.

He brings it in shaking his head dismally, unimpressed with lap times that would do for backmarkers at Bathurst in the dry. "It is sheer bloody murder out there," he says. If Brocky says so it must be. But I have to see for myself.

I start from the second seat. The team

New Commodore SS. It loses by 0.6 sec. and wins by $32,000.†

To measure the performance of the new Holden Commodore SS Group 3 V8, you need a car as well bred as a Porsche 911 Carrera.

Both cars accelerate from rest to 100Ks in under 7 seconds; the Carrera in 6.1 secs, the SS in 6.7 secs.

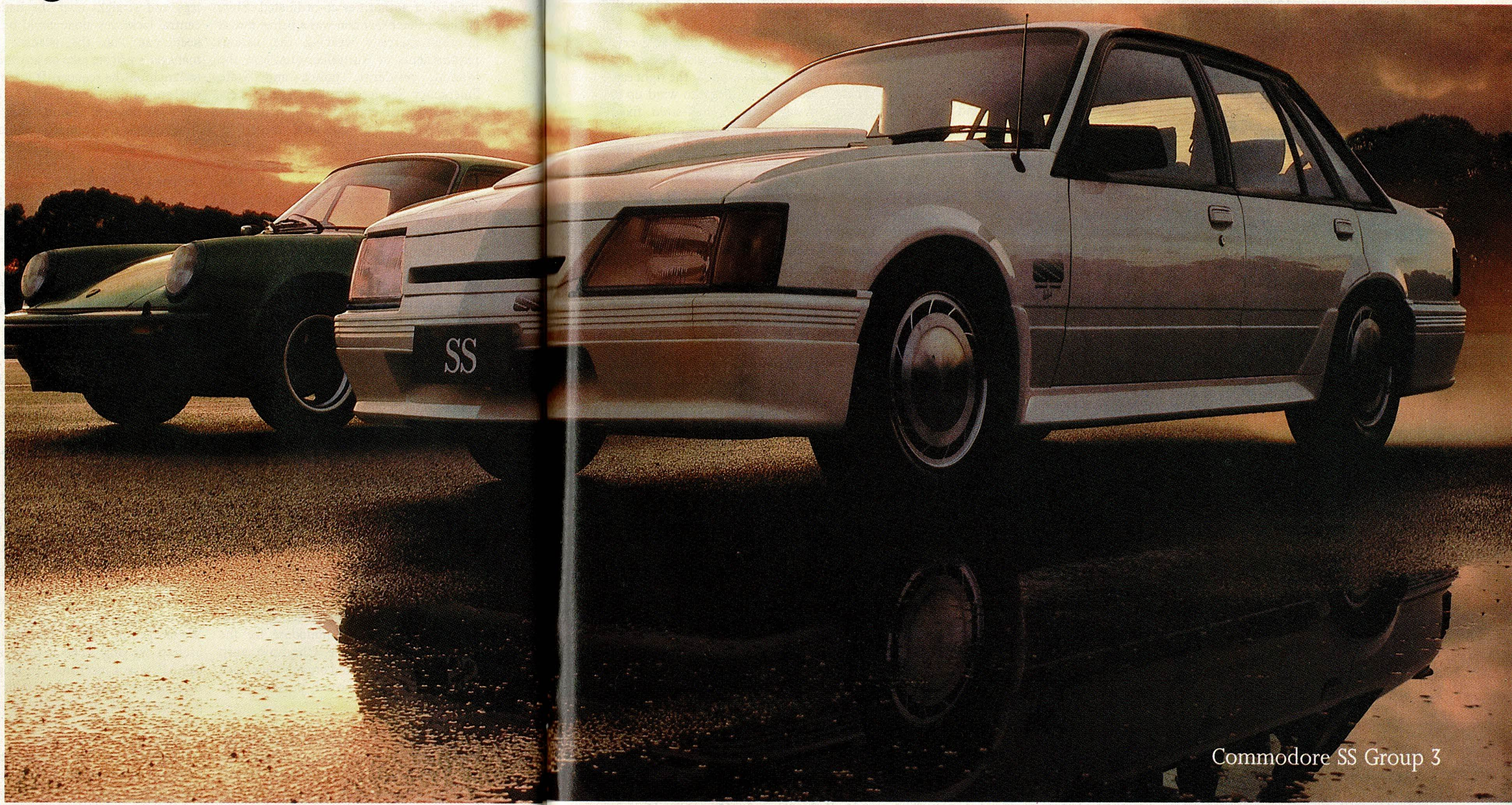
Over 400 metres, there's nothing in it: 14.3 secs for the Carrera, vs 14.9 for Commodore.

Not only does the SS go like a Carrera, it stops brilliantly too, with big discs all round.

The Commodore's handling is also preferred over many of Europe's finest. It's uniquely Commodore – the kind Peter Brock himself helped build into the car, based on the experience of seven wins at Bathurst.

Brock has included a limited slip differential, long range fuel tank and performance refinements to the body and engine.

Power steering, HDT gas suspension, 16″ alloy wheels and low-profile Pirelli P.7's provide an outstanding ride and precise handling.



Commodore SS Group 3

Apart from beating a lot of classy cars at their own high performance game, the 5.0 litre V8 powered Commodore SS can do practical things such as towing boats, floats and caravans, and accommodate 5 people with their luggage.

Inside, the SS group 3 gives you all the driving aids you need – full instrumentation, including tacho, sumptuous Scheel sports seats, Momo steering wheel, plus a state-of-the-art 4 speaker x 20-Watt electronic tune AM/FM stereo radio cassette system with joystick fade control. It even includes a HDT surveillance anti-theft alarm system.

The Porsche 911 Carrera costs $56,951*.

For $32,000† less you can choose the Commodore SS Group 3 at $24,950*. Or save even more with the standard SS.

Your Holden dealer has full details and specifications.

However, not even these will prepare you for the first drive of an SS, and the exciting revelation that, yes, Commodore really is up there in world class as a high performance car.

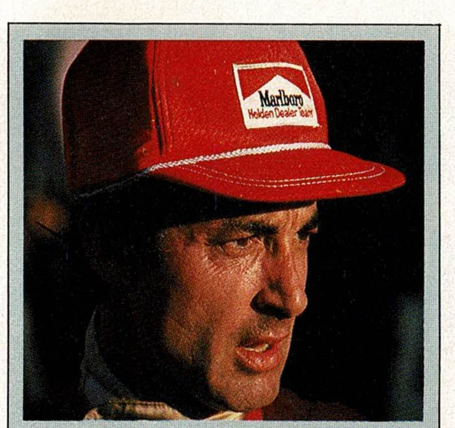
HDT
SPECIAL VEHICLES PTY LTD

Australia you can be proud of new Commodore SS. It's world class.

*Suggested retail prices. Dealer delivery charges and statutory costs extra. †Prices shown correct as of July 17 1984. HDT Special Vehicles Pty. Ltd.

GMCO 0098/R

spanners have stuck in a standard Commodore front bucket on the left for our camera crew. Purposely, I have asked no quarter in this deal. Nor does Brocky give it. We are sideways coming out of the pits on to Pit Straight. We are totally sideways into (sheer bloody) Hell Corner, and we are never really straight all the way up Mountain Straight. At the top, where he is supposed to be thinking about braking, Brock is busy getting 200km/h on board, while yanking the tiller to get the thing pointing the way we want to go.



BROCK RATES THE RACERS

Brock plans a strong two-car team this year for an MHDT one-two finish. All the rest, he says, will have to be content with the leftovers. This is his Bathurst rating:

Brock/Perkins (Commodore)	1
Harvey/Parsons (Commodore)	2
Allan Moffat (Mazda RX7)	3
Dick Johnson (Falcon)	4
Allan Grice (Commodore)	5
Bob Morris (Mazda RX7)	6
George Fury (Nissan Turbo)	7
Richards/Gardner (BMW)	8
Warren Cullen (Commodore)	9
Peter McLeod (Mazda RX7)	10

Brocky admits to being pretty uninterested in anything lower than first. Seven times a winner at Bathurst he's got chequered flag fever firmly in the blood. These ratings are his estimates, based on current form and Bathurst potential. Many of these placings, he contends, will depend on co-driver combinations as well as car preparation and team organisation. And he allows some tolerance in the finish order above: third and fourth (Moffat or Johnson) could alternate; of the next group, it would be hard to pick the finishing order from fifth to eighth. And a couple of others could bump out the ninth and tenth or move even higher up the scale. These include Masterton (Falcon), Finnigan (Commodore), Janson (Commodore) and the Harringtons (Commodore).

And what about the Group A finishers? Says Brock: "I'm not even going to give them a rating. They shouldn't be running. Group A starts in Australia in 1985."

I try to think it will get better. It doesn't. He has a "lose" coming into The Cutting and while my eyes are telling me we are trying to get through the concrete barrier, my head is calculating the revs in the gear which only tells me we are about to have a 140km/h crash. And me with no seatbelt. But we don't. He catches it, chucks it sideways at the wall, rubs off about 50km/h of unwanted knots and goes after the next corner with the rear wheels waa-waaing on the ice rink below and the tail squirming and sliding from barrier to barrier.

The very worst part is McPhillamy. Blind in the dry is bad, but blind and blindingly fast in the wet is just horrific. I am sure it is impossible to get through at the speed we are about to hit it. I remind myself that with almost anyone but Brock I wouldn't have been here. And then, in the same mega-millisecond, I come to quite another conclusion: if there was an ejector seat I would instantly, unhesitatingly, press the button.

We don't hit the wall in McPhillamy. We don't fall off the mountain in Skyline or T-bone the guardrail in The Dipper. We cream the kinks through the Esses and schuss the straight from a skittering slide through Forest Elbow. As we hit the second rise and Brock throws the anchor overboard to drag the speed down for the T-junction ahead, we have 230km/h on board: in the pissing rain for chrissakes!

As we rap past the pits, Mort's signboard confirms my suspicions — same lap times as Brocky's best solo lap. Sheeeeet!

I do another lap like this. I almost get to like it. Then we are back in the HDT garage and Brocky is spewing again: "They're worse," he screams at Perkins (re the alternative Pirelli/Michelin wets we've just tried). "He'd better drive it on the Yokos."

The tyres are changed yet again. Perkins gives me another briefing I don't really need, and I steam out on to a teeming track with a pacecar escort.

A few laps like this are enough to emphasise the treachery of the track and the difference between Brock's performance and mine in the conditions. Under the circumstances, I wouldn't want it any other way. Driving someone else's $100,000 one-off Exocet on a skating rink is the ultimate discipline. There is only one prevailing thought: bring it back alive. Of course I do.

Late in the day Hughie unwrinkles his massive brow and allows the sun to shine. The sky clears and the track dries as we are high on the mount wailing through the curves with the video and still photographers on board.

It is only then that Brocky says: "Okay, the track is fair now, you can have another run. You still have to be careful, but you can give it a bit of a nudge at least.

"Fire it up," he says. "Just drop the clutch when you go."

An extra button to boost the ignition system has to be held down while the standard Commodore steering-wheel ignition key is screwed. The engine coughs, then screams, idles irregularly at around 3000rpm and needs frequent blipping to keep the fire alive. The lever slips into first like a plug in the right hole, at 4500rpm the clutch snatches and the Commodore kicks its heels at the stones on pit row and rockets up the straight.

The engine presence overpowers everything. The right-hand exhaust pipe of the V8 exits below the door under the right ear. There is no window (illegal to wind up in racing anyway), just a half-sized fixed perspex panel, and at 6000rpm the howl forces the concentration into the narrow band of racing tasks: the right revs, the right gear, the right placement.

Gradually the magic of the car on the circuit unfolds. The acceleration uphill is like a jet plane climbing, along the top of the mountain the car dances and skips across the road, down the twisty esses off the mountain it hunkers down low and growls its way through corners, down the big Conrod Straight it grows wings.

It is not politic to drive the machine to its limits. Neither is there any point. The mountain track has not been prepared for racing, the prospect of cuddling up to a wayward combine harvester at 200km/h is discouraging, and there is the sheer futility of competing with Brock's prodigious talent.

From a second gear on-the-limit run through Hell Corner where the cars crowd in just after the start, the Brock Commodore will pull almost 200km/h up Mountain Straight, a long, hard climb. The first tight turn cuts the pace to 145 and the cutting knocks it back to 110km/h or so, but the machine is flying again as it hits the start of the sweepers along the top of the mountain at Reid Park. By McPhillamy Park, it is easy to have 180-190km/h on board and your balls in your mouth as you skim over Skyline, pound on the brakes and go down the gearbox looking for second to launch you across The Dipper on two wheels and into the vicious left-right-left kinks of the esses at nearly 180km/h. Forest Elbow tries to suck you into its deadly downhill vortex before the straight opens up.

At Bathurst, it is Operation Discretion. At Calder Park, Melbourne, a few weeks before, and tempered by the same caution but with a simpler, safer circuit under the wheels, it was possible to turn in lap after lap a second and a bit off the track record using only third and fourth gear. The car is raced using second as well.

From the driver's seat, the tacho can be read almost without looking down from the road. The view ahead and around is excellent and the mirrors show all the track

GRAZIE ITALIA!

Thank you Italy.

While the rest of the world thinks a family car should be boring, you continue to produce true family sports saloons.

Like the latest Fiat SuperBRAVA.

Three times World Rally Champ. (SuperBRAVA Abarth) With more roadholding grip than sticky pizza on fingers. And more fire in its gutsy twin cam 110bhp engine than red hot pepperoni.

With more room and more features than you would ever expect of a world rally champ.

A central door locking system. Electric front windows. Adjustable steering column. And Pioneer AM/FM stereo cassette system.

With new, low profile Pirelli P.8's.

With elaborate new corrosion protection.

A stylish new grille. And the attention to detail that you'd expect from Fiat, winner of the 1984 European "Car of the Year" award. From just $13,975 there isn't a better value for money 2 litre European anywhere.*

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PKBAUS 6208

behind. The steering is light like a road car despite wheels twice as wide, and the only dicey thing in pointing this car is getting the huge, slick racing tyres hot enough to produce a proper grip on the tarmac. Below racing temperature they are about as good as roller skates on an ice rink.

The brakes are awesome. At 250km/h and 400 metres from the end of Conrod Straight, the steel guardrails seem to be trying to get under the front wheels. Squeezing the brakes firmly at first, then harder and harder, is like slowing down the viewer on a pinball racer. Gradually the corner at the T-junction comes into perspective. Brocky can stop the car like that for the whole race and still shred no more than thousandths of an inch from the James Hardie 1103 disc brake pads. It inspires supreme confidence.

The clutch is the potential weak link. It has 104 thousandths of an inch of lining material and doesn't work with less than 97 of them. The whole race must be run on seven thousandths of an inch, spread over more than 2000 gearshifts. One slip of the clutch will destroy it. That's why you see racers dump the clutch, spin the wheels and move off quickly, even around the pits or coming up to the start line.

Fast laps are far removed from race tactics. At Bathurst this year Brock wants pole and won't settle for less than third. You'll see him try to move to the lead as fast as possible, maybe up Mountain Straight. If it all goes right, he'll hit the front early and stay there, shedding the lead only at pit stops. He'll stop four times (for 24-30 seconds) to change four wheels and tyres, get three 42-litre fuel churns on board, clean the screen and swap places once with co-pilot Perkins. He'll drive the car to 6500rpm in the gears and 7000rpm/250km/h down Conrod Straight. And he aims to do that for around six and a half hours until the checker comes down across his bonnet. Ideally, he wants to have Harvey and Parsons hanging off his tail in the number two car when it does.

"HOW I CAN BEAT BROCK!"

Coke
Peter Stuyvesant
43
TAA

ALLAN MOFFAT — Mazda RX7
Peter Stuyvesant Racing
"Providing there are no F111 Holdens around this year, we reckon it will be about the same as last year. That means we have to pick up a lap to win. We can probably do that with better pitwork and some better luck on the track, but what worries me is the MHDT looked like they did it cruising last year. We might just pick up a lap and Peter will screw the Commodore up another lap. Dick Johnson and Allan Grice will be more effective this year. And it will be a 1000km sprint."

GRICE BOND
ROADWAYS

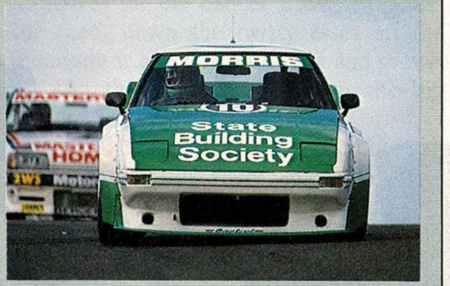
ALLAN GRICE — Commodore
"Blow 'em to the weeds? Hope that's right. We've got car speed. We can pull the lap times. We've got the organisation. We've got a new VK and it won't get tired just doing Sandown and Bathurst. We can run with Brocky so we can beat him. And that's all we have to do to beat Brock, and Dick Johnson."

NISSAN TEAM AUSTRALIA
Spokesman: Fred Gibson
"You'll get a surprise with the Bluebird Turbos this year. We've got more with less turbo boost, so the turbos will go the whole race, no trouble. We're just going to get out there and go fast and hard all day. We'll keep the V8s honest this year."

Nissan will also run a 4-valve Turbo Skyline 2-door in Group A, which Fred thinks can win that class, "depending on who else turns up. A Walkinshaw Jaguar V12," he says, "could even give Brocky a nudge."

FRANK GARDNER — JPS BMW
"This car has to be rated this year. The big enemy is Brock and his been-there, done-that organisation is the best. But we reckon we will run up there this year, and we'd love it to rain. We'll put an armed guard on the fuel churns this year too." (The car suffered contaminated fuel last year.)

On Group A: "In this business, you can go from hero to zero in five minutes, but I'd give our team the best chance."



BOB MORRIS — Mazda
"The Mazdas will have to drive from behind at Bathurst this year. We're not all that fast in qualifying against the V8s, but we're lighter and lower on tyre wear and fuel consumption. After 4-6 hours we'll be right up there and we'll give them plenty. We can drive flat out all day and we can win that way. The guy to beat is Brock. Then Johnson. But the big surprise could be the BMW."

GREENS TUF
17
PRUDENTIAL
TAA
ASSURANCE
PALMER TUBE MILLS

DICK JOHNSON — Falcon
"I hope everything goes as well as last year, except for one thing." (Johnson crashed off the Mountain in practice.) "The Falcon is still the best chance at Bathurst. It is the right car. And it won't change this year. We'll run the first 20 laps flat out, then see what the pace is. By the first pit stop we'll know how to run the race. But we'll be going all out to win."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BERGHOUSE PUBLISHING

CHILL

(continued from page 46)

"There are moments when a woman can destroy a man for life. You have that power in your hands."

here was nothing more than premature ejaculation and that it can be fixed as easily as a broken headlight, I don't think so. David was a little old for that syndrome, especially with his reputed experience. And his refusal to talk about it with Jan, or to make a second try, suggests a deeper trouble, a problem beyond that panel-beating approach.

But what problem?

"The myth of the ever-ready male is just that: a myth," said one sex therapist I talked with, a woman who said she seemed to be seeing more and more low-desire problems in men recently, even among the young ones who came to her. The legend of Don Juan is a cruel and confused inheritance. In fact, the idea that a man who beds an endless chain of women is highly sexed may be exactly backward. Lack of interest may be what drives a man to pursue the aphrodisiac of variety. This therapist said that she suspected there had always been many men out there who weren't that interested in casual sex, and if their numbers are more obvious now, it may be just that men have greater licence these days to admit they are not all goat-like creatures who will take a poke at anything, anytime, even mud if it lies in interesting contours.

In fact, male sexuality is a good deal more complicated and delicate than it's generally been given credit for.

We hear a lot about the vulnerability of women in a sexual relationship, and the heartbreak of the second date that never comes. What gets talked about much less, though, is the power women have to slaughter the male ego in the sexual moment.

May Randall and I talked during her lunch hour. She's a pretty woman, a lab technician about 28 years old who was married when she was a teenager but has been single for the past seven years. She has a good smile and an ironic laugh, and although some of the things she said made her sound like a monster, she's not. It's just that she's been badly used by bad men, and when that anger was tapped in our conversation, she made it plain that she didn't hesitate to use the little pistol and long knives that hang in the armory for all women when they're looking to get even. She talked about men who passed her around like a bottle of wine and convinced her that it was all right, and about others who were hot the first time they scored and from then on just lay back and demanded services. Then she went to one of those parties where they peddled sex aids like Tupperware and she discovered vibrators, an almost religious epiphany.

"I keep my vibrator in a drawer under my bed," she told me, "and when a man comes over, I get it out and tell him, 'Here's your competition, baby, so be nice.' And if he isn't nice, or if he's been insensitive to me one too many times, I pity him because there are moments when a woman can destroy a man for life. You have that power in your hands. It's not something you'd do just to do it, but I'll tell you there are men who'd better hope they never have an off night around me, because I'll fuck them up."

Such threats are not idle, nor do they have to be spoken. The wiring between a man's imagination and his unit is so perfectly direct that the smallest thought of failure is often the failure itself. And there's no man in the world who can compete with a couple of Duracells if it comes down to a showdown.

Barry Ford is a film editor I know. When I asked him if he went out with lots of women he said, "Not really. I mean I don't go looking for trouble." We both laughed. He went out from time to time, he said, with women he meets around his job. Ford is a handsome 35, never married, but he's been in and out of several long-term affairs and many short ones in between, a course that's left him cooler sexually than he ever imagined he'd be.

"I've become very picky," he said. "I can tell in the first five minutes whether a lady and I are going to have anything at all for each other. It may sound cold, but there are 10 questions I sort of slide in at the beginning, and one wrong answer and that's it. I've become ruthless in my old age. None of this call-you-Friday stuff. I tell them, 'Sorry, I don't need it.' I just broke up with a woman I'd been seeing for six months because of her sister, which sounds petty I know but her sister was just there *all* the time. I broke up with another girl because she had a bad dog, and I swear I'll never go out with a woman who has a dog again. I hate to admit it, but I think I'm maturing. I mean, you can get sex pretty much anytime you want it, but for me now it's a question of quality sex with quality women. There's a dilemma there, too, though. When it gets deep, I break it off because I know I fall hard, and when you end a relationship like that it takes more than a year to recover. That's happened to me three times and I'm just not ready for it again. I can't afford it."

If the Don Juan myth ever does die, or even wither, it's likely to be a long, slow decline. Men believe in it too strongly and have been watching their heroes ride through that script for so long, they can't help defining their deepest selves and their relationships to women by it. And maybe the best synopsis of it I've heard for a long time came from a famous commentator on sexuality, a man who spent 10 years researching the subject and then wrote a large book on it.

The first thing he told me was that he didn't have much sympathy for any premise that suggested there might be more frigid men now than a decade ago. "There always have been men who care little about sex. They buy PLAYBOY and *read* the Interview, but they're exceptions," he told me. Then he said he didn't want to talk about what had changed over the past 10 years between men and women because he could better describe the sexual state of things by summarising what hadn't changed at all.

"Men want and need sexual variety," he said. "Women want romance. I'll tell you what happens every night of every year in all the capitals of the world from Canberra to Caracas and in all the towns between. Men are home masturbating to pictures. Women are home reading romance novels."

That reminded me of a conversation I'd had with a very bright and very successful woman who was a serious and talented athlete and, like Jan DeLeon, a romance-novel junkie. I was trying to find out what attracted her to that genre, and when we got around to *Gone With The Wind* she said something that convinced me that her love for these books was purely emotional and had absolutely nothing to do with intellect. "I know without a doubt," she told me, "that Rhett Butler returned."

I'd never thought about it, but I wondered at that moment if the difference between men and women could really be reduced to something that simple. Does every woman really believe Rhett showed up back on Scarlett's porch with his big white hat in his hands to say he was sorry for the strong language and that he'd like another chance?

●

John Simms and I took a walk out into one of the docks that overlook the harbor where he had a workshop tucked among the cargo sheds. He builds fine wooden boats one at a time. I hadn't come to talk to him about this story in particular; more just to say hello. He's a quiet, decent man in his early thirties, Marlboro handsome and he's working hard to keep a second marriage together. He asked what I was doing, and when I said frigid men, I didn't get very far with the explanation. He said: "I'll tell you something. Your dick doesn't lie. Pain, fear, anger, resentment: all of them will suck you right up. Those times before, when you maybe weren't up for it psychologically but you went ahead anyway, well, now you just figure why the hell bother to perform. I think it's just part of figuring out what you want out of your relationships. What's important. And if your dick doesn't want to, you have to trust it. It's not good or bad. It's just the way it is."

MACLAINE

(continued from page 42)

One of my fondest desires is for a UFO to come over my house on a starlit night. . . and take me for a ride.

legally before a judge or God — promising to love in sickness and in health till death do you part — almost promises to program hypocrisy into society for me. It's not something I would feel comfortable promising.

PLAYBOY: You did, once.

MACLAINE: Yeah. I was 21 years old and did it for emotional security. But you asked how I feel about marriage today and since I'm trying to live the truth as I see it, I couldn't in all good conscience make those vows to anyone today.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MACLAINE: Because I don't know what changes will occur in me from now on. If my life up till now has been any example I guess it will be more of the same — and I change all the time. Maybe my partner wouldn't want to. Then what do you do? Stick together anyway because you've promised to? That kind of idealistic, legal promise is a program for pain. I don't like to make promises that I can't keep. And I don't expect anyone to make those promises to me. My priority in life is to try and fulfil my potential and my own instincts and motivations, to share love and creativity. That includes more than one person.

PLAYBOY: How important are men in your life?

MACLAINE: As important as women. Human beings are very important to me. I'm having a really great time now because I don't feel like going into a committed relationship. And if I see a person over a short period of time and they indicate they would like to be more serious and committed, I explain right off the bat that it's really not a part of what I want to do right now.

PLAYBOY: You've said recently that "sex is a non-issue". What did you mean?

MACLAINE: The issue can be sexual jealousy, possessiveness, propriety — the issue is everything but sex. I would not be comfortable in a sexual relationship with someone who is not pursuing the depths of their character like I am now. It would be too superficial. And I used to think that having sex was something like having dinner. I went through that in the '60s and '70s when it seemed to be the progressive way of thinking about sex. I don't think that now. Sex is a serious undertaking with someone. My view is more spiritual. It has to be part of it. When you really go to bed and make love with someone it is the most intimate exchange of human energy you can indulge in. You live with the interaction of those sparks for a long time afterward. It's not wham, bam, thank you ma'am. But I'm not saying these deep intimate exchanges can or must happen only with *one* person. You know what I'm saying? Every time you choose to do it, it is not a casual choice. Frankly, I don't think what you have to eat is a casual choice either. *Everything* becomes important when you reach the vista of freedom of choice in your life. It can be very frightening.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel simple, pure, chemical sexual attraction anymore? A stranger across a crowded room?

MACLAINE: I used to. I can't anymore. The parameters of my desire have expanded. Casual fucks are not casual fucks to me anymore, based on the knowledge of all the unconscious stuff that's going on between me and whomever it is. As a matter of fact, I've tried a couple of times since I've had this realisation and it wasn't pleasant.

PLAYBOY: If you've become more conservative — in your own way — about sex, you've stepped further into controversy with your claim of reincarnation and spirit guides in your latest book. First, why *do* you write, given all your other interests?

MACLAINE: I probably write as an excuse to be alone. Otherwise I would meet someone for lunch, talk on the phone, or start to get involved in other people's problems. When I write, I know I can't do those other things. Writing is my crutch. It allows me to put what I think in order. Words are limited, but they're the form I've chosen in order to make a case for my understanding. I don't do that onstage or in a film or on television. Then, I just go out there and have a great time.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy writing?

MACLAINE: Yes. Because I really dig myself a lot and I get to be with myself totally. All the men I've lived with have told me that I am not as much fun to be with when I'm not writing.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer one setting over another for your work?

MACLAINE: I can write anywhere. I've written under hairdryers. At a red light. On aeroplanes. Definitely between scene setups on a movie. I write with the crew milling around and talking. But my preference now is to write in total silence somewhere where there are trees.

PLAYBOY: Why trees?

MACLAINE: This is going to sound wild and I'm not sure that it's true, but I'm examining the whole thing: trees have more crystal in them than moving water does. There's crystal in the leaves, in the sap, in the trunks. Pine trees, especially, have more silica. I think the silica content might act as a thought amplifier for me.

PLAYBOY: Amplify that for us, please.

MACLAINE: Well, there's a reason why psychics look into crystal balls; why Venus or imaginary planets are usually depicted as crystal cities; why NASA is putting crystals in its space capsules; why all of us into this spiritual work wear crystals. They're a thought amplifier. You can feel it. If I take off my diamond necklace — and diamonds are just high-pressure crystals — I feel a depletion of energy. I'll tell you this for certain: the tree outside my hotel room in Houston, where we shot *Terms Of Endearment*, got me through that movie. I talked to that tree in my mind — not actually verbalising, of course, but just knowing the tree was there. It had a white sound effect when other noises were happening around the hotel. I could focus on that white sound and it obliterated other noises.

PLAYBOY: Some people have made fun of your beliefs about past lives and spirit guides.

MACLAINE: No one likes to be publicly humiliated. I knew there would be some resistance to this. So mostly I began to experiment by bringing my interests up at small gatherings; or people would ask what I was doing and I would lightly broach what I was writing about. I found the receptivity quotient much higher than I had expected. People had been thinking about these things in the privacy of their own hearts. I hadn't known only because they hadn't said it out loud.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you describe your own past lives. There was one in Atlantis, right?

MACLAINE: Yes, I remember that lifetime. I remember there was a high technological level there. There were spacecraft, cultural exchanges that included artists from other planetary dimensions, scientists, genetic experts, teachers of the meaning of energy.

PLAYBOY: How was this past life revealed to you? A spirit guide?

MACLAINE: No. It's in my cellular memory. In my soul memory.

PLAYBOY: When do these memories come to you? While walking down Fifth Avenue do you suddenly remember something?

MACLAINE: Sometimes it flashes at the strangest moments. But it usually happens when I write, when I meditate or when I'm in that alpha state right before I fall asleep. And then I check out the pictures with a spiritual guide — who is not in the body then — and it confirms it. Sometimes if a guide says things that don't sound familiar, I don't go with it. Only with what I resonate to. You know, there is a whole body of metaphysical literature — read Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis Part One.*

Bacon, the father of science, says most Americans are reincarnate Atlanteans with the task of not making the same mistake twice.

PLAYBOY: What mistake?

MACLAINE: *[dryly]* The Atlanteans blew themselves up.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned remembering beings from other planets. Have you ever seen a UFO?

MACLAINE: No.

PLAYBOY: But you'd like to.

MACLAINE: Oh! One of my fondest desires is for one to come over my house on a starlit night, hover there, have a little ladder come down and take me for a ride.

PLAYBOY: But you do believe that there's a close relationship between extraterrestrials and spirit guides?

MACLAINE: First, as Carl Sagan says, to think we are alone in the cosmos is the ultimate pomposity and arrogance. Okay. Now, of these UFO craft that are spotted I'm sure some are fake and some are natural phenomena and some are weather balloons — but a large portion are not.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

MACLAINE: They're really unexplained. From the people I've talked to who have had contact with other beings — either by going aboard craft or being taught by individuals who came out of craft — it seems the same message was given every time: higher knowledge is the knowledge of mind, body and spirit. The eternal triangle. The craft's vehicular motion is the knowledge of mind, electromagnetic waves in the universe and the ability to manipulate gravitational pulls from one planet to another. But even more than space-age technology, what they seem to be teaching is the need for understanding of the soul, which is not to be afraid of death. You do not die, you just change form. You are part of the giant thought, which is God. You are divine, as is everything.

PLAYBOY: When all beings die — including extraterrestrials — do their souls go to the astroplane and hang out with souls from all over the universe?

MACLAINE: Um-hmm. Hang out together. I think that's one reason why we are so attracted and indeed haunted by the idea of extraterrestrial life. I believe we've actually been there in other incarnations.

PLAYBOY: We don't necessarily have to come back to this Earth?

MACLAINE: You choose wherever you want to go. Imagine how much work we've got to do, huh? *[laughs]*

PLAYBOY: So no one really has anything to fear? It all works out in the end?

MACLAINE: Right. Exactly right. That's why this realisation totally changes your life when you begin to resonate to it on an everyday basis.

PLAYBOY: But some people will still not believe it.

MACLAINE: Well, everybody goes at their own pace. What do they think happens when you die? It gets back to that question. When you die, is that all? If you don't die — that is, if the spirit lives eternally — then there's a natural connection. It's easy for me to accept.

PLAYBOY: You know, it seems that your message is simply that peace on earth can be achieved if individuals are open-minded enough to be aware of their own enlightenment. Why then haven't you just emphasised the message and left what many consider to be the mumbo jumbo of UFOs, reincarnations, trance channelling and out-of-body experiences behind?

MACLAINE: Peace on Earth is what motivated my search in the first place. It became clear to me about 15 years ago that we had attended to the needs of the mind and body, but that the third dimension was missing: the spirit. And without it there is no way to effect peace. As for concentrating just on that and leaving the other stuff out — people just didn't seem to be listening. The basic message wasn't getting through. Most people are too afraid to think those things are possible because one of the big things they're afraid of is dying. But people are less afraid to talk now about what you call the mumbo jumbo. If I could tell you the number of people in this industry who've come up to me and said, "Oh my God, we've got to get together and discuss it."

PLAYBOY: Have you?

MACLAINE: I have.

PLAYBOY: With whom?

MACLAINE: Travolta, Carol Burnett, Marilu Henner, studio heads, bank presidents. I've gotten letters from three senators who agree with everything I've been saying.

PLAYBOY: All right. But as you said about Brando, people are often more interested in your work than your beliefs. For those who are still a bit more earthbound, how about a final run-through of some of the people you've known in *this* incarnation? Would you give some quick, spontaneous reactions to a list of names?

MACLAINE: Okay.

PLAYBOY: Jack Lemmon?

MACLAINE: A tea party with my best aunt. He felt like a close relative. *[pause]* Don't ask me to explain these.

PLAYBOY: Dean Martin?

MACLAINE: A sandal in a piano that he picks up and says, "Was Victor Mature just here?"

PLAYBOY: Alfred Hitchcock?

MACLAINE: Lifting his leg to a rung of a chair so fast for such a rotund little body.

PLAYBOY: Gloria Steinem?

MACLAINE: Movie star.

PLAYBOY: Mrs Chou En-lai?

MACLAINE: Crying and tears because we made a contact on a female level.

PLAYBOY: Peter Sellers?

MACLAINE: Past lives leaking through and confusing him in this life.

PLAYBOY: William Peter Blatty, who reportedly used you as the role model for the mother in *The Exorcist?*

MACLAINE: Determined to institutionalise evil.

PLAYBOY: Frank Sinatra?

MACLAINE: Vulnerable, moody and friendly.

PLAYBOY: Clint Eastwood?

MACLAINE: Slugging his horse in the nose because he wouldn't obey and my saying, "You must be a Republican."

PLAYBOY: Nikita Khrushchev?

MACLAINE: Upset because I wore panties in *Can Can* instead of none.

PLAYBOY: Henry Kissinger?

MACLAINE: Top half of his face saying one thing, the bottom half saying something else.

PLAYBOY: Anne Bancroft?

MACLAINE: Sophistication. One can never be too thin.

PLAYBOY: Your daughter, Sachi?

MACLAINE: Dandelions and daisies and fresh, open fields.

PLAYBOY: Oriana Falacci?

MACLAINE: Self-destruction.

PLAYBOY: Jerry Lewis?

MACLAINE: Sexy.

PLAYBOY: Marlon Brando?

MACLAINE: Unpredictable, emotional reactions.

PLAYBOY: Debra Winger?

MACLAINE: Curls bouncing around liquid, dancing eyes, and she's forgotten it.

PLAYBOY: Early life in Hollywood?

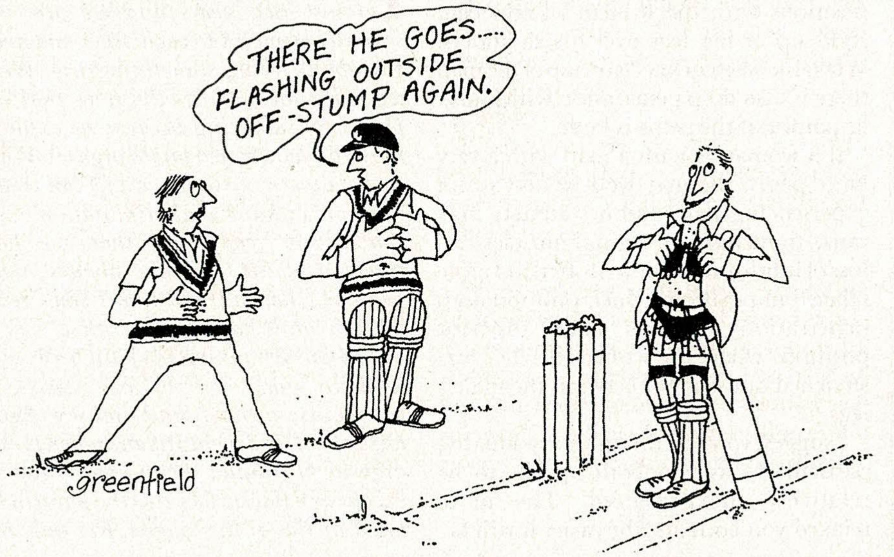
MACLAINE: A red Plymouth and blinding white soundstage walls, sunlit white walls.

PLAYBOY: Warren Beatty?

MACLAINE: Wait a second now . . . translating life into folk art.

PLAYBOY: Shirley Maclaine.

MACLAINE: A head up and eyes open, mouth agape — and trying to remember to shut her mouth.


THERE HE GOES..... FLASHING OUTSIDE OFF-STUMP AGAIN.
greenfield

SEX · BETTINA ARNDT

My girlfriend and I have just started having sex. The foreplay is great but when we get around to intercourse, that's when the trouble starts. My penis is 11½ inches long and very thick. I have problems gaining full entry. We both get worked up and can't finish the act. Could you explain the best way we could complete intercourse. We seem to be doing a lot of masturbating at the moment.

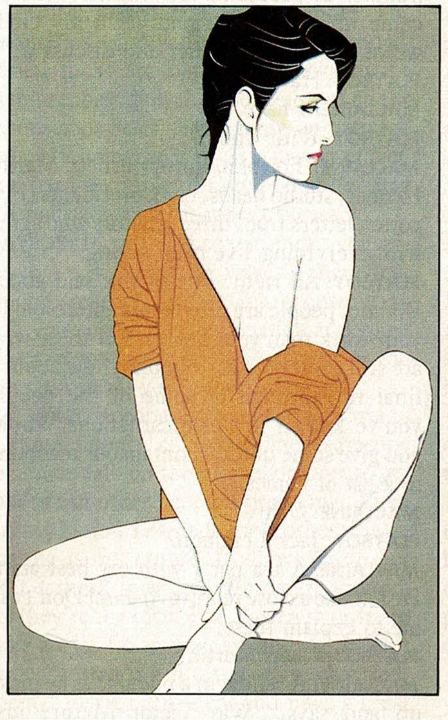
— S.F., Vic.

If your penis really is 11½ inches long, you are a very rare male indeed. The research on sexual anatomy shows it is extremely rare to find a penis more than 9 inches in length. The average is 6 inches and the normal range is between 4 and 8.

However, assuming your letter is genuine, it is worth pointing out that men who are well endowed often do experience difficulty in penetration, particularly with younger, inexperienced women. I have spoken to men who have spent their whole lives frustrated by the fact that they can never really let go and enjoy unabandoned thrusting because they constantly have to restrain movements to avoid hurting their partners. A large penis is very likely to make contact with the cervix, the neck of the uterus. The uterus is supported by ligaments well endowed with sensitive nerve endings and many women find it painful when the uterus is moved around violently during intercourse. Of course it is always possible to find positions where the cervix is out of the firing line. If the male is on top, he can bend one knee more than the other and aim to one side so that the penis slides into one of the pockets at the side of the cervix. If the woman is on top, she can avoid the cervix by leaning forward or aiming the penis to one side. The larger man may find he has to avoid all positions involving deep penetration such as male superior positions with the woman's knees bent right up or her legs over his shoulders. When the woman kneels on top of the man there is also deep penetration which may be painful if the penis is large.

If a woman is with a man with a very large penis, she may well be nervous of experiencing pain and her anxiety may cause tightening of vaginal muscles and loss of lubrication. She will often feel more relaxed in positions which prohibit deep penetration such as male superior positions where the woman has her legs stretched out straight between the male's legs.

I suggest you take things very gradually, particularly as you both appear to be relatively inexperienced. The more relaxed you both are, the easier it will be. Rather than rushing into intercourse, try to spend a lot of time in foreplay, particularly making sure your girlfriend is fully aroused. If she is extremely aroused and lubricated, the entrance to her vagina will open naturally thus making penetration easier. After all, the vagina was designed to allow delivery of a baby and hence is capable of great expansion. But this takes time, relaxation and plenty of arousal. You have plenty of time to achieve sexual experience.



Relaxation is the key to sexual satisfaction.

I've been going out with a guy for almost two years and we are very sexually attracted to each other and never shy about trying something new. When we make love we usually have oral sex. He's very satisfying because he explores me and I hardly ever fail to orgasm. When we have intercourse, however, I can't reach orgasm without oral stimulation until I'm nearly ready and then we have intercourse. It doesn't always work because I haven't told him I can't reach orgasm while having intercourse.

The problem is not his fault because he used to make me orgasm easily by intercourse even without oral sex. Also, I have a very tender clitoris and when I reach orgasm it cannot be touched directly except by a flat surface like the palm of his hand or flat of his tongue. I've only had one experience when my clitoris could be touched during climax without hurting me. That was when he stimulated me with ice in his mouth making it very cold as the ice melted. That orgasm was the longest, most enjoyable experience I've ever had.

I've read of other situations where a clitoris is too tender to touch in an orgasm. Is there a way to overcome this problem?

— P.J., SA.

You are certainly not alone in finding your clitoris is particularly sensitive just before you climax. Many women have this hypersensitivity just before orgasm and find they need to switch from direct clitoral stimulation to either a more generalised stimulation of the external genitals or to vaginal stimulation in the final stages before climax.

A pattern of oral stimulation followed by intercourse seems to work well for you. Your problem appears to be that you somehow feel you should be able to climax in intercourse without the prior oral stimulation. That is rather unrealistic as most women find it extremely difficult to respond to the less direct stimulation of the clitoris that occurs during intercourse. They need to build up arousal by oral or manual stimulation before intercourse commences. In fact many women need the direct clitoral stimulation to continue *during* intercourse in order to climax. They have to learn to touch themselves or have their partners add direct clitoral stimulation by hand if they are to maintain their arousal. Your boyfriend may also be unaware of the importance of clitoral stimulation in building arousal.

I feel it is important for you to learn to be honest about your needs. He can't know how to please you unless you tell him what you need to become aroused. The fact that you used to be able to come without needing this preparation probably means that some of the initial excitement of your relationship has worn off and now you simply need a little extra build-up. That is nobody's fault — it's just a fact of sexual life. Our sexual patterns vary and sometimes we need or want different types of stimulation to become aroused. That's why it's important to learn to talk honestly, about what you want at any one time and to *keep* talking as your needs change.

I am a 24-year-old male and my sexual experiences are very few. This worries and depresses me a lot. It is not that I don't try. Often I feel very depressed due to the fact that I have not had much intercourse with women. Because of this I get very frustrated and I masturbate two or three times a day. So could you please give me some help and advice on what to do.

— K.Y., NSW

There is nothing wrong with masturbating a couple of times a day, particularly as this is your major sexual outlet. Most young men have a very strong sexual desire and frequently feel the need for relief. I'm sure you have heard of the book *Portnoy's Complaint* by Phillip Roth. Portnoy is obsessed by masturbation and takes every opportunity to find new ways of giving himself pleasure. There are many, many perfectly normal males who find themselves driven to frequent masturbation and although the urgency may decrease as a man grows older, most men masturbate throughout their lives. This applies to men in happy, sexually satisfying relationships as well as men who, like you, find themselves without a partner. Masturbation provides sexual relief at times when one's partner is not in the mood for sex. It gives both partners the freedom to refuse sex without feeling guilty about leaving their spouse frustrated.

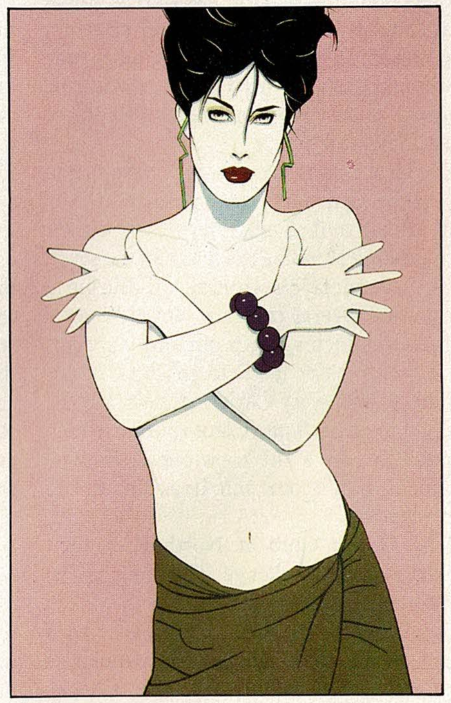
As for your lack of experience, please try not to worry about this too much. Your time will come. Make the most of the experiences you do have and remember it's quality rather than quantity which counts. There are many males with plenty of notches on the end of the bed but very few skills to show from all this so-called "experience". There are also plenty of others who boast of conquests simply to impress their mates. It worries me that you appear to place so much emphasis on intercourse as the yardstick of your success in relating to females. I suggest you concentrate your energies on making friends with women, learning to feel relaxed with them and enjoying their company. Then you may well establish a relationship which does lead on to intimate sexual contact. By then I hope you will have realised that intercourse is only one of the many wonderful pleasures that men and women can share.

I have a steady girlfriend and we have been going with each other for four months. I have a fear about the efficiency of the condom. I have heard of incidents of couples just using condoms whereby the girlfriend has fallen pregnant due to condoms breaking, tearing, etc. I know the chances of this happening are rare, but I would hate to be that one in a thousand to have a pregnant girlfriend as we are students with different career ideals.

I also have a query concerning breasts. I've heard that sucking on a woman's breast at different times during sex provides her with more stimulation in achieving an orgasm. I have only heard such reports from males. Do women usually object to this stimulation or do they enjoy it?

— P.F., WA

Condoms are a highly efficient form of contraception, provided they are used with care. You shouldn't have to worry about leakages or other hazards provided you stick to the following rules:



Breast stimulation a matter of personal taste.

* Purchase only condoms with a clearly marked expiry date and **throw out** condoms which remain unused after that date.

* Purchase only condoms completely sealed in foil.

* Keep condoms in a cool place (ie not in the glove-box of a car!) and do not fold.

* Use each condom only once. (There are *some* condoms which are specifically designed from thicker latex for use on more than one occasion. These must be carefully looked after in order to remain effective.)

* If you do not use a lubricated condom, use a lubricant such as spermicidal foam, cream or KY jelly to prevent tearing. Never use Vaseline which corrodes rubber. Apply the lubricant after the condom is on the penis.

* The condom must be put on the penis before any sexual contact involving the genitals.

* The condom should only be put on after the penis has become hard and erect.

* Do not unroll the condom before putting it on.

* Press together the teat or closed end between thumb and forefinger to expel air before unrolling it on the penis. If you do not do this, the teat end may blow up with air and burst with the pressure of intercourse.

* If there is no teat, leave about 1½cm free at the end to catch the semen.

* Pull back the foreskin on the shaft of the penis as the condom is rolled on so it rolls on to smooth skin.

* After ejaculation, hold the rim of the condom down on to the penis while withdrawing the penis from the vagina. This will prevent spillage and ensure that the condom is not left inside.

* For even greater protection against pregnancy, use spermicidal cream or jelly with the condom.

Despite the Pill, condoms are still the most popular form of contraception in the world.

They are cheap, readily available and ideal for young people who may be having infrequent intercourse. They also have the advantage of reducing the risk of sexually transmitted diseases.

As for women's reactions to breast sucking, this is very much a question of individual taste.

Different women enjoy different types of breast stimulation — some like sucking, some like firm fondling, some like tickling and some don't like breast stimulation at all.

To make matters even worse, some of us like breast stimulation at some times but not at others. For instance, some women find their breasts are too sensitive for stimulation just prior to menstruation.

We are a perverse lot and if you want to learn how to please your lady, you had better learn to ask her what she likes at various times.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes all inquiries but regrets she cannot always reply to each reader individually.

NEXT MONTH

SURVIVING THE CRIME WAVE: CRIME IS ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S FASTEST GROWING INDUSTRIES — EVEN THE POLICE ADMIT THEY'RE OVERWHELMED. SO PICK UP OUR SURVIVAL KIT AND DON'T BECOME A VICTIM.

THE GIRLS OF MELBOURNE: WHO SAYS MELBOURNE IS A COLD TOWN? PLAYBOY KNOWS BETTER AFTER COMPILING THIS PORTFOLIO OF SEXY GIRLS EAGER TO REVEAL SOME OF VICTORIA'S HIDDEN BEAUTY SPOTS.

RODNEY RUDE: AUSTRALIA'S RUDEST MAN FRONTS UP FOR 20 HILARIOUS, OUTRAGEOUS

AND OCCASIONALLY QUITE FILTHY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

HOLLYWOOD A GO GO: HOW COME TWO NICE JEWISH BOYS CAN TEACH HOLLYWOOD HOW TO MAKE MOVIES? WE MEET TWO HUSTLERS WHO CONQUERED HOLLYWOOD AND COULD TEACH AUSTRALIANS A THING OR TWO ABOUT MAKING MOVIES ON THE CHEAP.

GIRLS

(continued from page 59)

Rob gets a couple of girls onstage to tweak at his G-string. . . they are egged on by everyone in the room.

pondered on the fickleness of women. After all, these guys were pretty average looking. Sure, Paul was blond, had good muscles, the obligatory moustache and, like Sorelle, had a sun tan that looked more sun lamp than Barrier Reef. Roberto was, well, kind of obvious, and could that long hair be permed? Perhaps it was the moustache that did it. Rob looked good in a beefcakey kind of way. They were all quietly spoken, polite and good company. Guy has a great line in chat. Stan is desperately shy and insecure. They seemed to have spent a long time working out exactly what routines would be funny — a long way from the philosophy of most female strippers.

It's clear that to succeed they have had to hit on the right fantasy — pirate, cowboy, leather man and so on. They describe their acts as being a bit like the dance of the seven veils: several layers coming off during a routine of several minutes. Sorelle does a mean witchdoctor which obviously appeals to a pretty basic demand in some of his audience, and every Christmas he's only too pleased to do his Santa Claus routine, which apparently is a little winner. Embarrassment didn't come into it, as long as you kept dancing.

The Sports Club at North Richmond looked a bit of a challenge. The diners in the restaurant all stopped eating as I walked through. The pink hair didn't agree with their spring rolls. About 150 women, a relatively small crowd for The Cheeky Chaps, were waiting expectantly. Guy told me that club managers often have said to him the evening wasn't suitable for their kind of town and that the local women wouldn't be interested. "If I had a dollar for every time that's been said, I'd be rich," he laughs. "All women are the same everywhere. We always break the bar sales and ticket sales. It's a very big business."

Well, this looked like Guy's Waterloo. He seemed depressed about the size of the crowd, but ironically this time the club manager wasn't. It was a huge success as far as he was concerned — the biggest crowd ever on a Wednesday.

As the lights went down to the sound of *Let Us Entertain You* Stan emerged to his fresh, slightly apprehensive audience. "What's the manager's name, girls? I was going to call him dickhead. . . he's got one of those drip-dry ones. . . you know, too short to shake. . ." Already the ice had been broken and another evening was under way.

Twenty minutes later a couple of girls are helping Rob unzip his leather gear and everyone he touches as he leaps around the audience is overcome with a mixture of hysteria and excitement. Stan follows on with a sharp line in birth control jokes. Paul ends his next strip by running round the room in a G-string clutching the Australian flag. It seems to be well received as a gesture of patriotism. By the second half Rob gets a couple of girls onstage to tweak at his G-string. They look embarrassed but are egged on by everyone in the room. Ladies at the back are screaming to get a closer look.

As the evening progressed I took a little trip round the rest of the premises. The madness was tightly confined to the auditorium. Elsewhere a few locals propped up the bar and the manager was enthusing about the success of the evening. "We usually have meat raffles and bingo," he told me, "but this is something else."

As I returned to the action the grand finale was under way. The guys all came onstage in bath robes and displayed bare backsides to the audience. There was an announcement that Cheeky Chaps G-strings and T-shirts would be on sale, and then they were gone. The room gradually calmed down. By tomorrow North Richmond would have returned to normal and The Cheeky Chaps would be arriving in another motel in another slice of virgin territory.

Stan seemed a bit depressed about the fact that during the second half of the show most of the girls in the audience just started screaming for the strippers. He had to deal with more and more hecklers. "It does get me down, especially when I have to go back to an empty hotel room. . . motelevision. . . I mean how many times can you have a wank?" he laments.

So if it's any consolation to the male population of Australia, being a male stripper has its drawbacks. Paul dreams of having a night out with his girlfriend, while Stan's idea of coming home to fun is to pop *Debbie Does Dallas Number 2* on the video while eating a vegetarian sandwich. Funnily enough Paul said he'd never go to see a female strip show, which isn't surprising as he'd probably do it better. It seems a rather lonely life. Not much to do on the road. Playing to the same rapturous reaction from flesh-starved females nightly.

It's so easy to cater to women, isn't it? We're not difficult to please once you know the rules. Perhaps it's time the men of Australia started taking their clothes off with the light on. And one final word of advice, fellas: could you just gyrate about the bed a bit to a bit of rock 'n' roll? And what about swapping that pair of Y-fronts for a natty G-string? Surely that's not much to ask.

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